HYMNAL AND CANTICLES

OF THE

Protestant Episcopal Church

WITH MUSIC

EDITED BY THE

REV. A. B. GOODRICH, D.D.

RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, UTICA, N. Y.,

AND

WALTER B. GILBERT, MUS. B. OXON.

ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHAPEL, NEW YORK

REVISED EDITION.

LIBRARY

NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

31 WEST 23D STREET

1886

M1
5380
.G625
1876

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by

THE TRUSTEES OF THE FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF DECEASED CLERGYMEN, AND OF AGED, INFIRM, AND DISABLED CLERGYMEN OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington,

34549

CANON 23 OF TITLE 1 OF THE DIGEST.

OF CHURCH MUSIC.

§ 1. *The Selections of the Psalms in Metre, and Hymns, which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Psalms, Hymns, or Anthems as are to be sung.*

§ 2. *It shall be the duty of every Minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the Sanctuary.*

Adopted in General Convention, October, 1874.

Attest: { HENRY C. POTTER, Sec'y of the House of Bishops.
{ WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY, Sec'y of the House of Deputies, General Convention of Protestant Episcopal Church.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by

E. P. DUTTON & CO.,

in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Copyright, 1875, by E. P. DUTTON & CO.

J. W. TAYLOR,
MUSIC ELECTROTYPER AND STEREOTYPER,
15 VANDEWATER STREET, NEW YORK.

Press of J. J. Little & Co.,
Nos. 10 to 20 Astor Place, New York.

PREFACE.

In the preparation of this work the same principle has been observed which seems to have guided the Hymnal Committee in the compilation of the words to which tunes are here set, namely, to provide, within proper limits, for a great variety of wants and tastes. A comprehensive range in the character of the tunes is required in a work designed for general use, and although the expectation is not entertained of pleasing all, yet it is believed that the present collection will be found well adapted to meet the wants of most of our congregations, in town and country. While care has been taken to exclude frivolous and secular compositions, and to sustain throughout a high average level in the character of the music, a few tunes which the student of a severe style of ecclesiastical music might not approve have been admitted, because on certain occasions any other tunes would not be acceptable or practicable. At missionary services especially, the introduction of other than familiar melodies would deprive the majority of the worshippers of the privilege of joining in the service of sacred song. Differences of taste and local preferences have in a measure been provided for. by giving in many cases alternate tunes. In some instances this plan seemed the more desirable on account of the difficulty of making a selection from several tunes equally suitable.

The Editors feel deeply the importance of elevating the standard of musical culture in our congregations, and they are in hearty sympathy with those who are labouring for this most desirable object; but they believe that the improvement will be best promoted, not by attempting a complete and radical change at once, but by gradually educating the people in a purer taste and better knowledge of the sacred art. The present work is prepared in accordance with these views, and in the hope that it will prove practically useful as a musical companion of the new Hymnal, and be found to contribute in some degree to the improvement of our ecclesiastical music.

The various sources from which materials have been obtained for this work are given in the index. The best ancient, together with modern compositions of acknowledged excellence, have been freely used. The greater part of the collection consists of the standard tunes which have been so long and justly prized. For some of the peculiar metres it was found necessary to provide new tunes. Our grateful acknowledgments are tendered to those authors and proprietors who have so courteously placed their compositions at our disposal, and to the many kind friends who have aided us by their valuable suggestions. We have drawn largely from several admirable English Hymnals, especially "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the "Hymnary," and the "S. P. C. K. Hymnal," the authors and proprietors of which have our cordial thanks for the valuable aid which we have derived from their works. We also beg to express our grateful appreciation of the very liberal manner in which the publishers have carried out all our suggestions and wishes.

The system of notation which has been observed, it is believed, will prove advantageous in many respects, especially in suggesting a more spirited movement than that which is usually adopted for congregational singing. It is not intended, however, to indicate that *all* the tunes are to be sung at a rapid pace. The character of the tune and the subject-matter of the hymn in each case will suggest to the leader or choir the proper style of performance.

The tunes are given in keys best adapted to congregational singing, a matter of some importance, as organs are now built with a higher pitch than formerly.

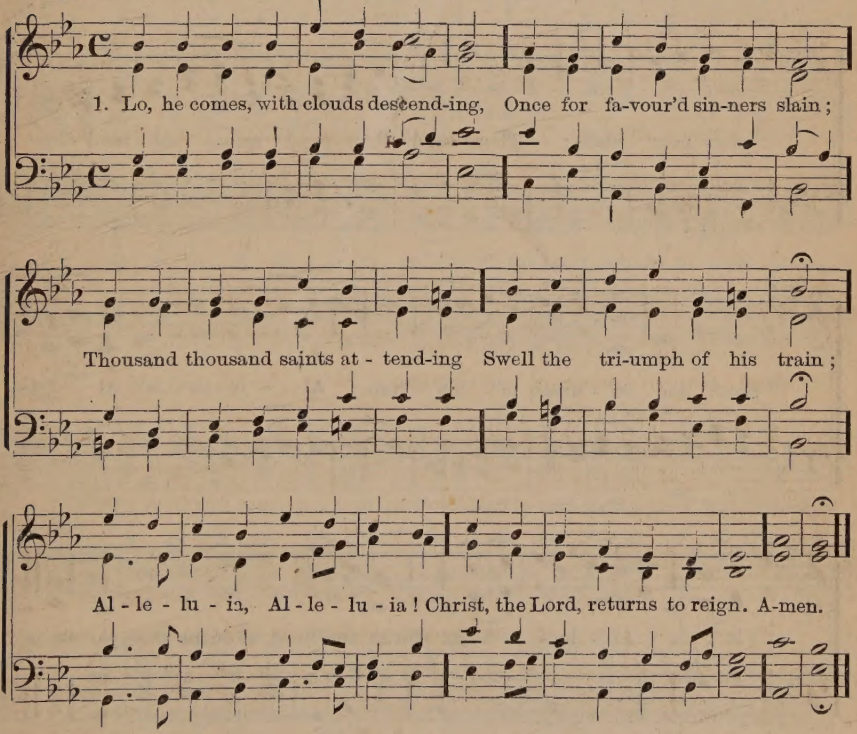
The insertion of first verses between the staves, and the placing of the stems of the notes for each part in their proper positions, are advantages which will be readily recognized, and it is hoped will increase the value of the book sufficiently to compensate for the additional outlay required to secure this desirable feature.

A. B. GOODRICH,
W. B. GILBERT.

HYMNAL

Advent.

Hymn 1. First Tune. 8.7.8.7.4.7. GOSS.


1. Lo, he comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for fa-vour'd sin-ners slain;
Thousand thousand saints at - tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of his train;
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, returns to reign. A-men.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree.
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

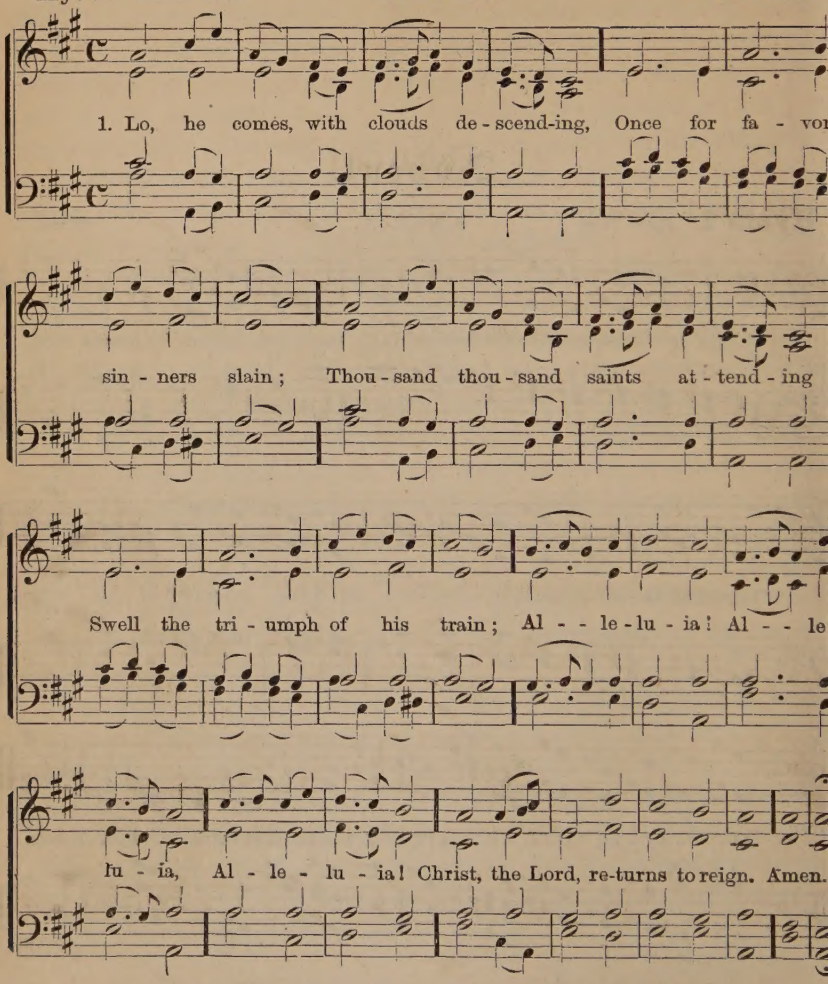
3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
And who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly!
Alleluia! Come, Lord, come!

Advent.

Hy. I. SECOND TUNE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. HELMSLEY.


1. Lo, he comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa - vor
sin - ners slain; Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing
Swell the tri-umph of his train; Al - - le-lu-ia! Al - - le
lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re-turns to reign. Amen.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

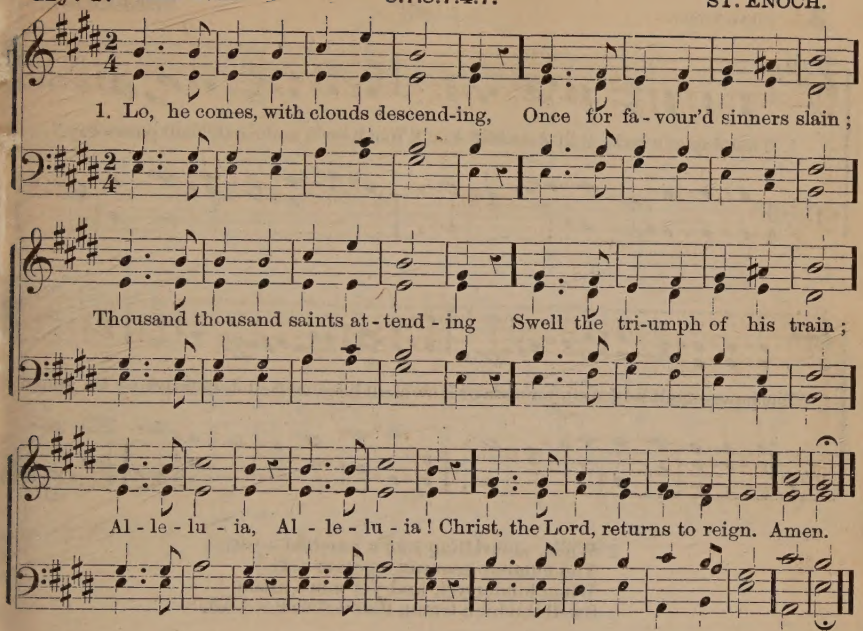
3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

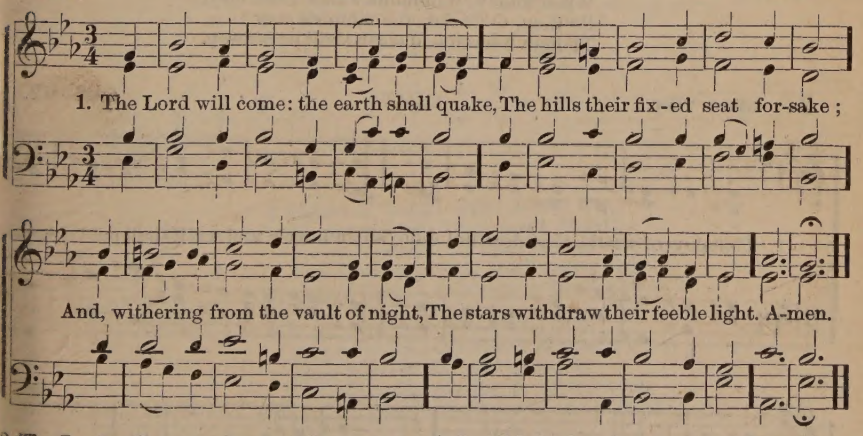
5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly!
Alleluia! Come, Lord, come!

Advent.

Hy. 1. THIRD TUNE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. ST. ENOCH.


1. Lo, he comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for fa-vour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of his train;
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia! Christ, the Lord, returns to reign. Amen.

2. L. M. LENTZ.


1. The Lord will come: the earth shall quake, The hills their fix-ed seat for-sake;
And, withering from the vault of night, The stars withdraw their feeble light. A-men.

2 The Lord will come: but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

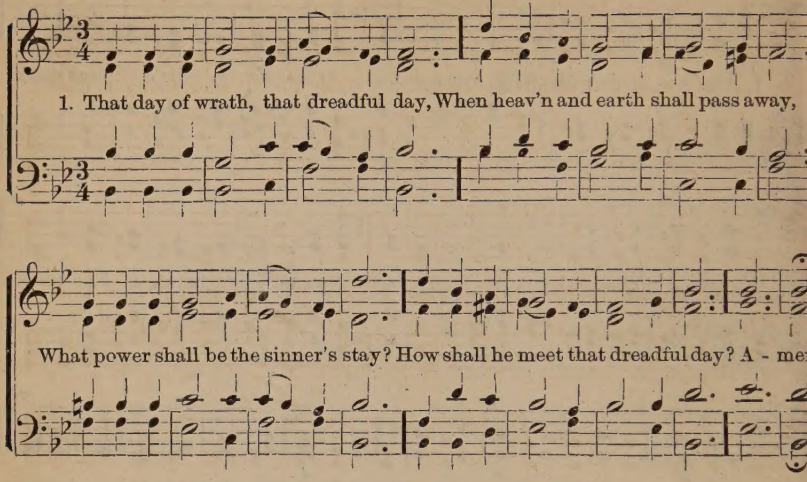
3 The Lord will come: a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride,
O God! is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.

Advent.

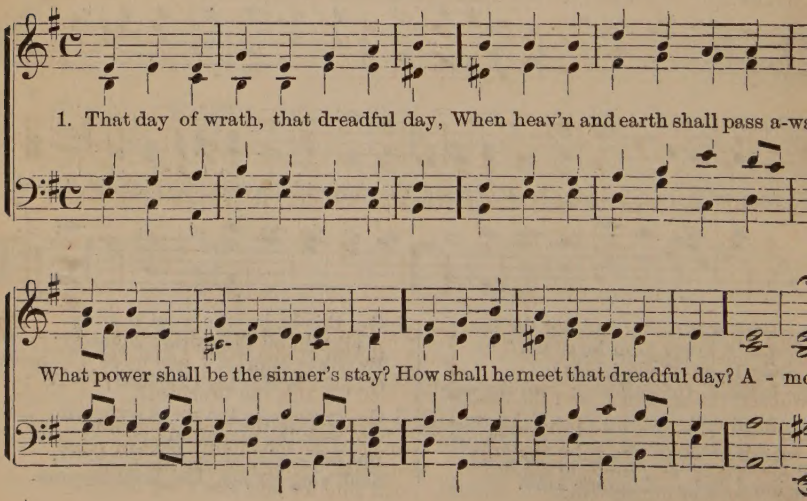
3. First Tune. L. M. SHEPHERD


1. That day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day? A - me

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead.

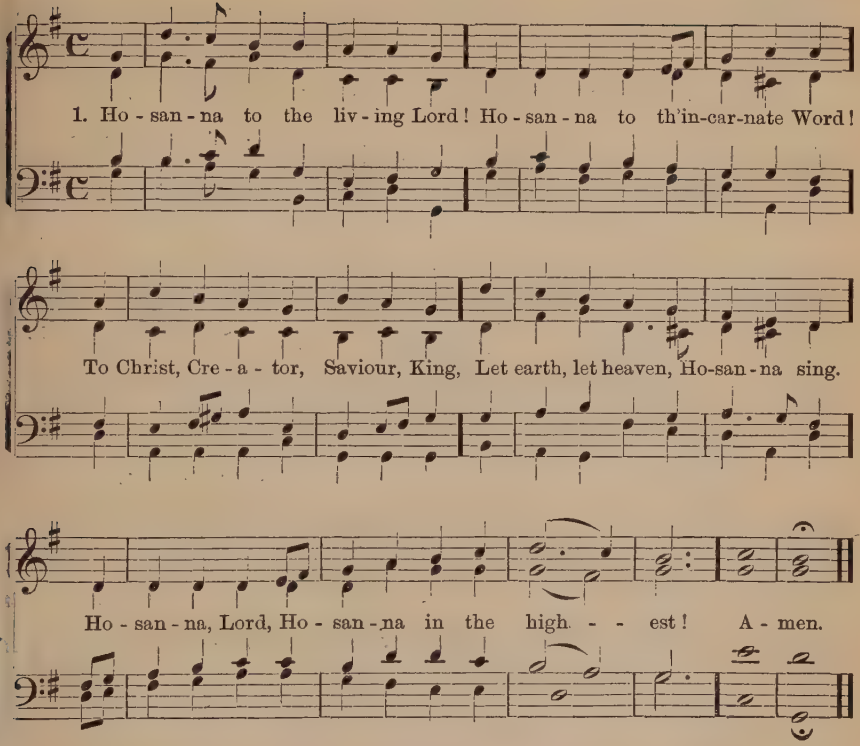
3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

3. Second Tune. L. M. SAXON


1. That day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a-w
What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day? A - m

Advent.

4. L. M. With Chorus. **HOSANNA.**


1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'in-car-nate Word!
To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Saviour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Ho-san - na sing.
Ho - san - na, Lord, Ho - san - na in the high - - est! A - men.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

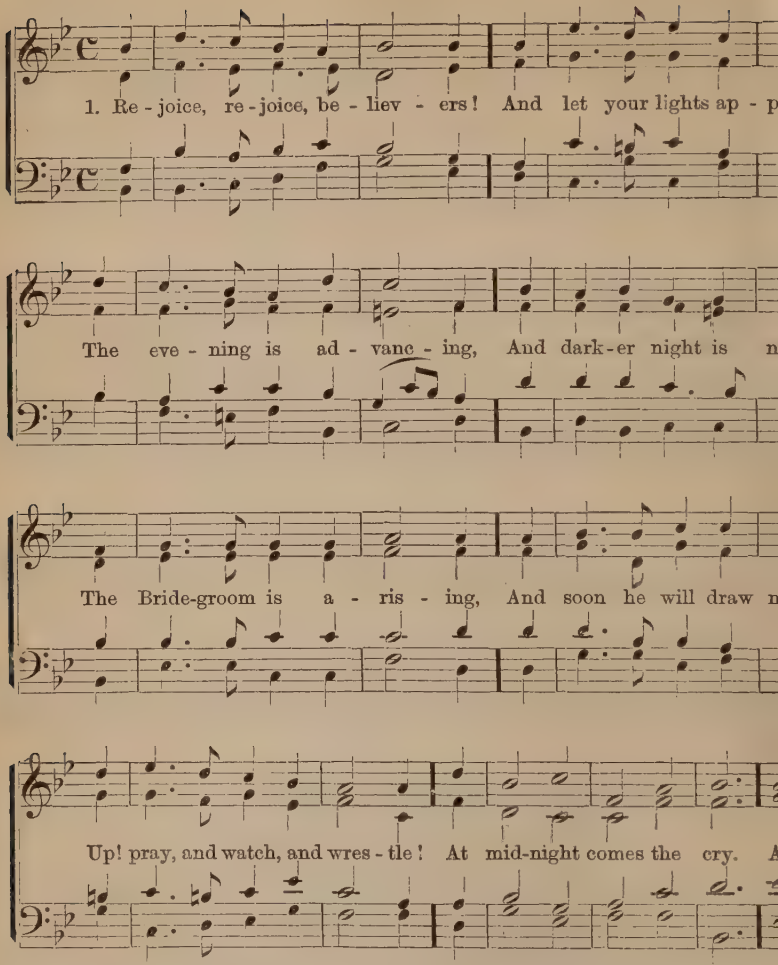
3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer:
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Advent.

5. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. Z

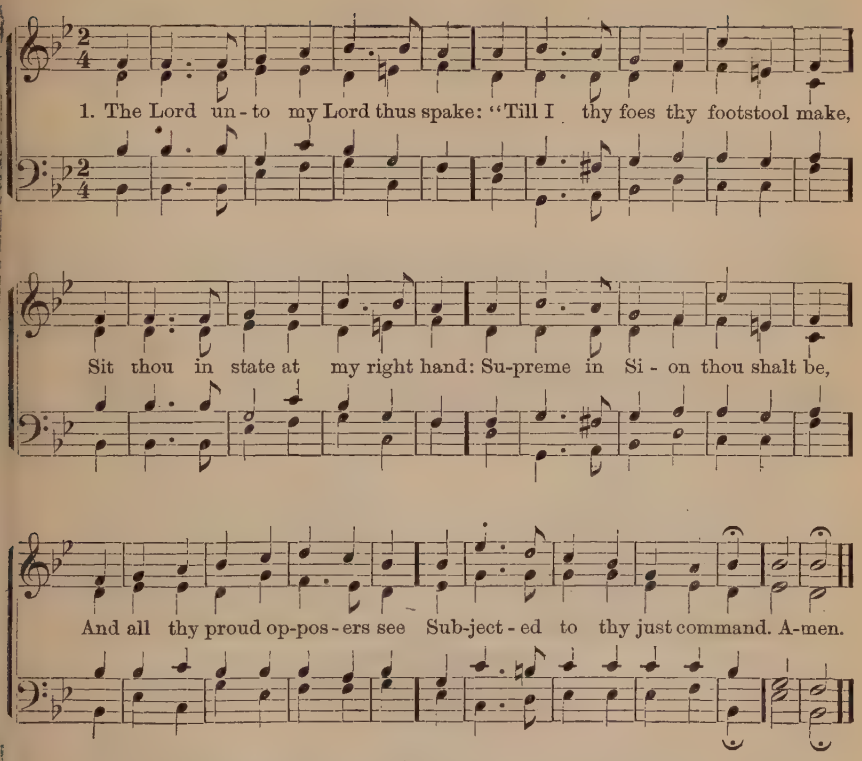

1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - p
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is n
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon he will draw n
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid-night comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee!

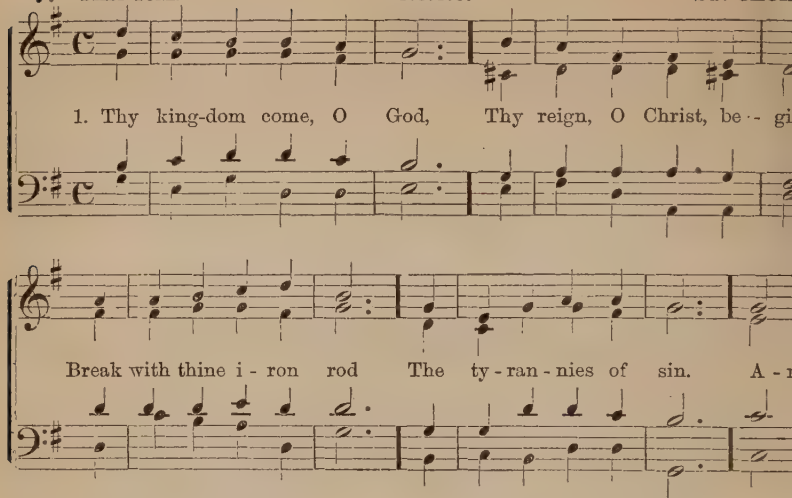
Advent.

6. 8.8.8.8.8.8. RALEIGH.

1. The Lord un - to my Lord thus spake: "Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
Sit thou in state at my right hand: Su-preme in Si - on thou shalt be,
And all thy proud op-pos - ers see Sub-ject - ed to thy just command. A-men.

2 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
The willing people shall obey;
And, when thy rising beams they view,
Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
Appear more numerous and bright
Than crystal drops of morning dew."

3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchizedek's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period see;
Anointed Prince! thou, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
Then raise thy head in victory!

Advent.

7. First Tune. 6.6.6.6. ST. CECI

2 Where is thy rule of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

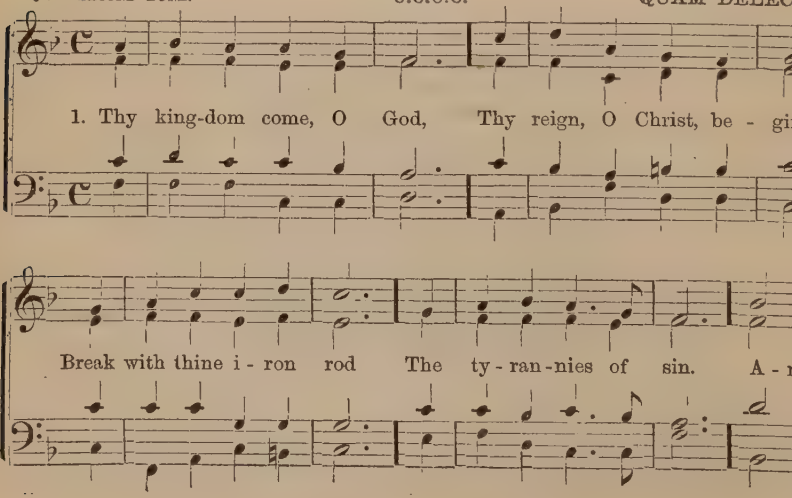
3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before?

4 We pray thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.

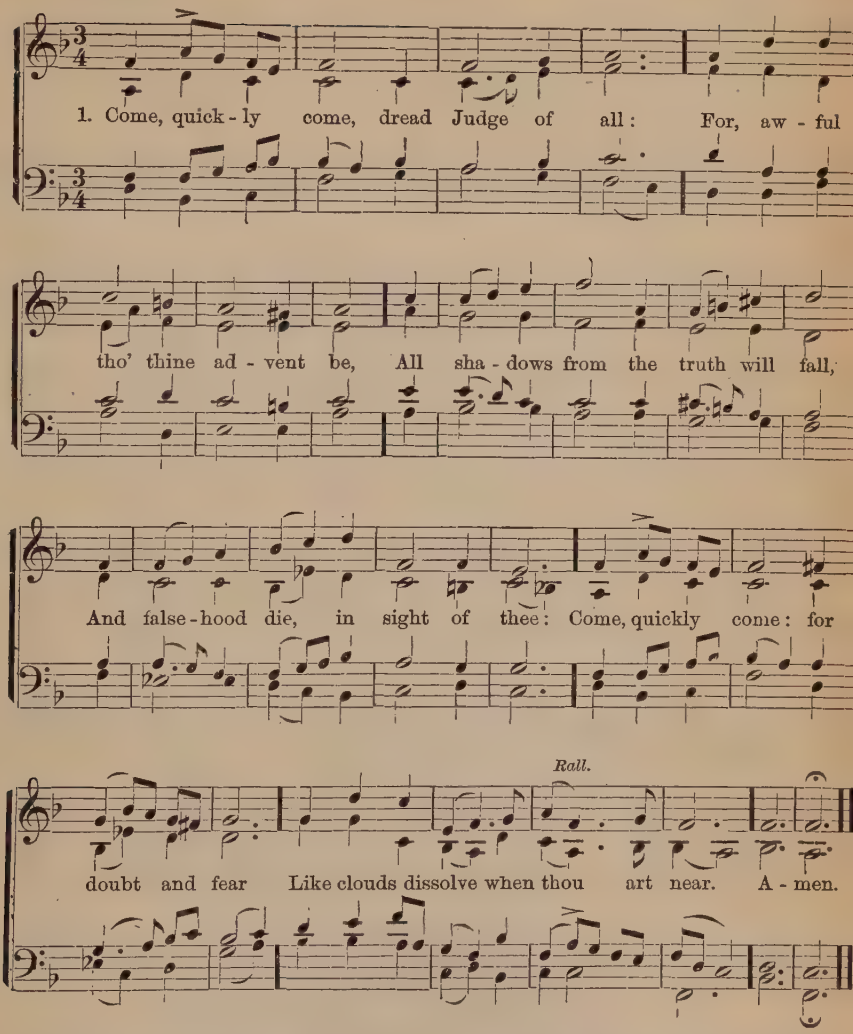
5 Men scorn thy sacred name,
And wolves devour thy fold:
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

7. Second Tune. 6.6.6.6. QUAM DELEC



Advent.

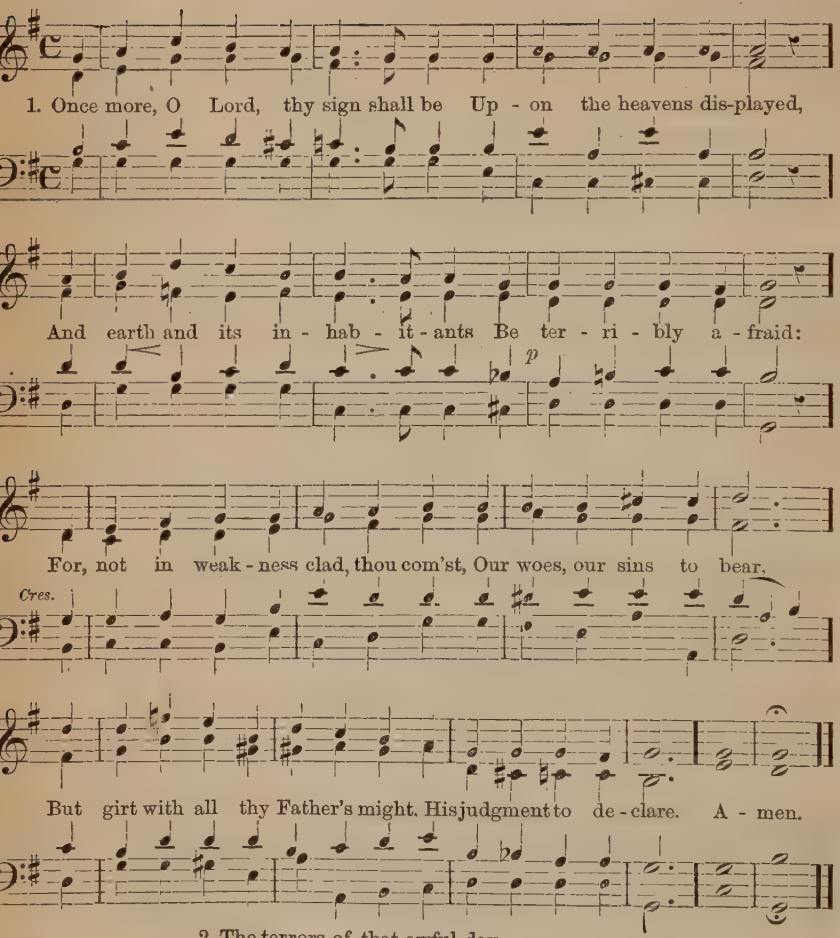
9. FIRST TUNE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. VENI CITO.

1. Come, quick - ly come, dread Judge of all: For, aw - ful
tho' thine ad - vent be, All sha - dows from the truth will fall,
And false - hood die, in sight of thee: Come, quickly come: for
Rall.
doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when thou art near. A - men.

2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Come, quickly come: for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

3 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
The curse of death is on the ground;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Come, quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come: for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

Advent.

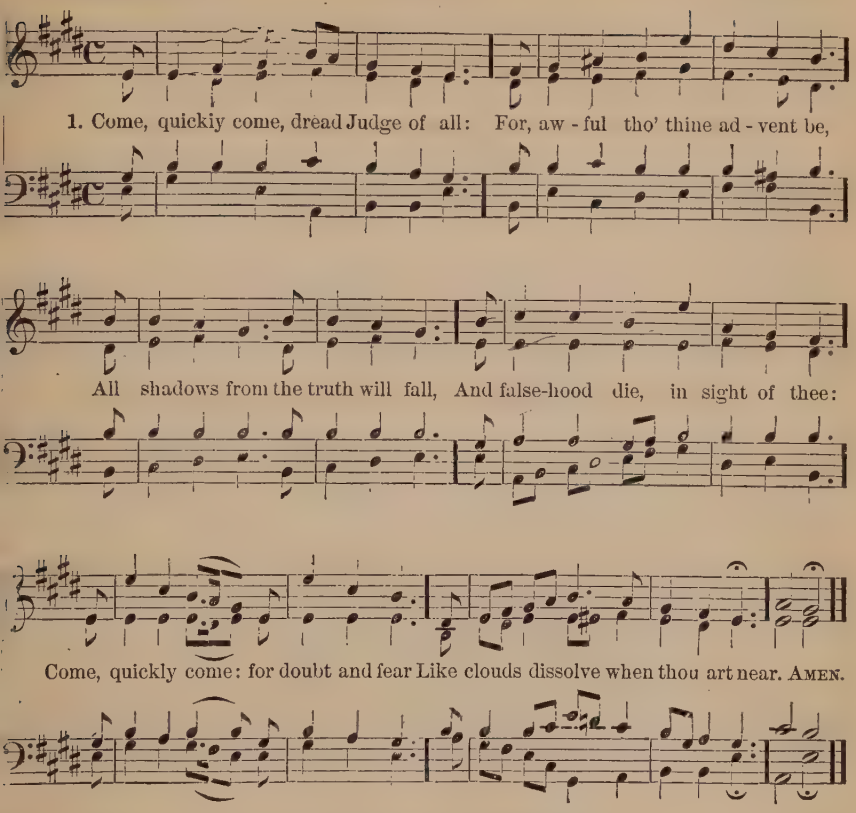
8. D. C. M. ST. LEONARD.

1. Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be Up - on the heavens dis-played,
And earth and its in - hab - it - ants Be ter - ri - bly a - fraid:
p
For, not in weak - ness clad, thou com'st, Our woes, our sins to bear.
Cres.
But girt with all thy Father's might. His judgment to de - clare. A - men.

2 The terrors of that awful day,
O who can understand?
Or who abide, when thou in wrath
Shall lift thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

Advent.

9. SECOND TUNE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. EATON.


1. Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all: For, aw - ful tho' thine ad - vent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of thee:
Come, quickly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when thou art near. AMEN.

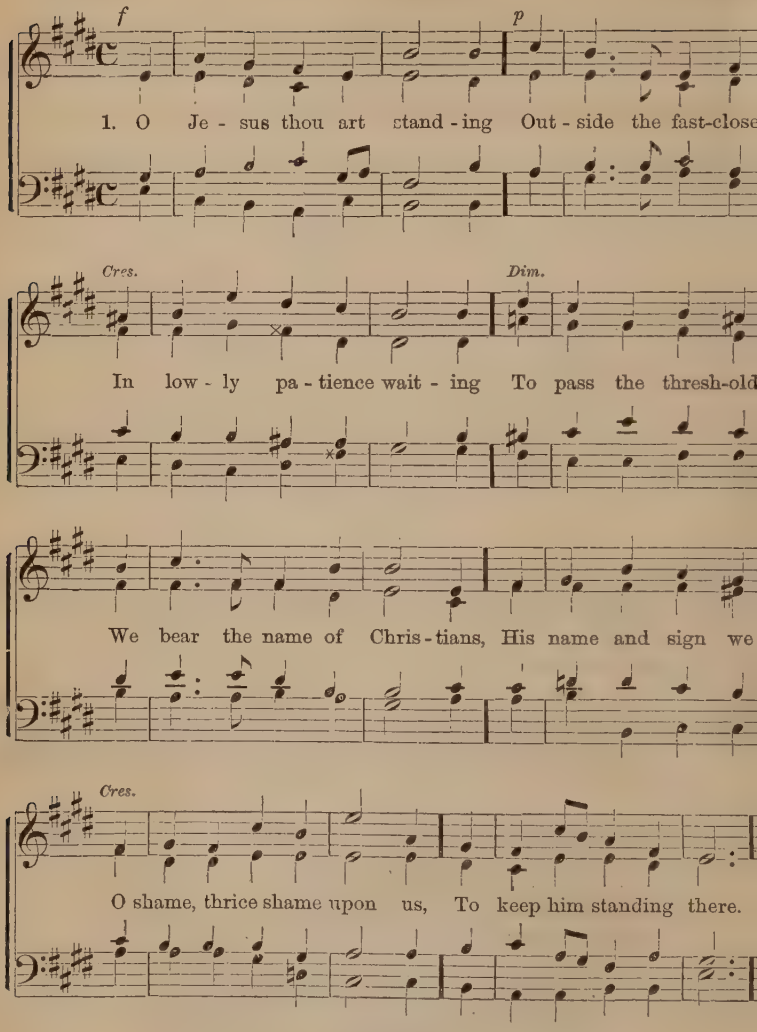
2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Come, quickly come: for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

3 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
The curse of death is on the ground;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found;
Come, quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come; for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

Advent.

10. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. MAGDA

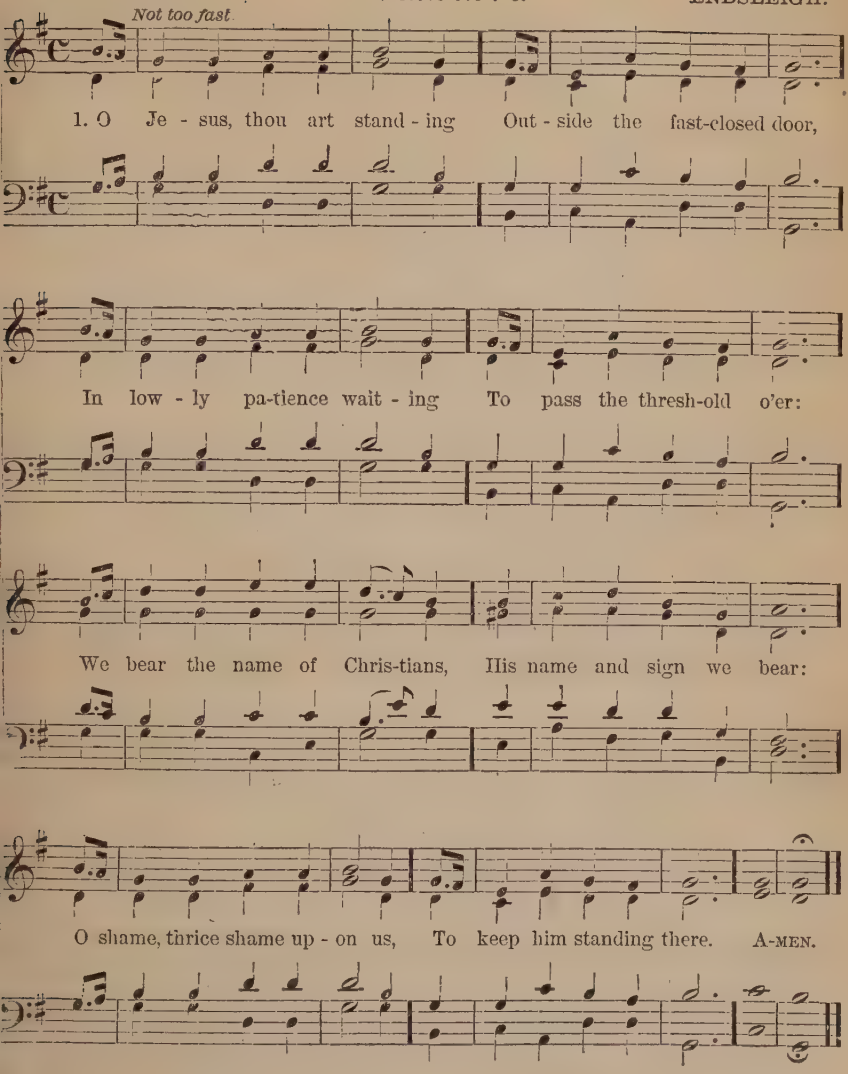

f
p
1. O Je - sus thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-close
Cres.
Dim.
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old
We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we
Cres.
O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus thou art pleading
In accents meek and low
"I died for you, my childr
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and so
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Advent.

10. SECOND TUNE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ENDSLEIGH.

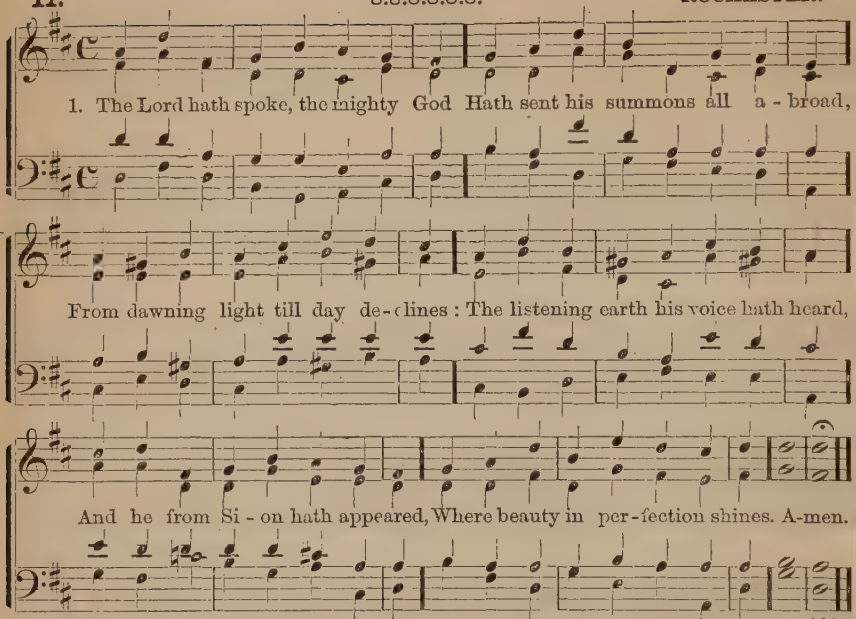

Not too fast.
1. O Je - sus, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear:
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep him standing there. A-MEN.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will you treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

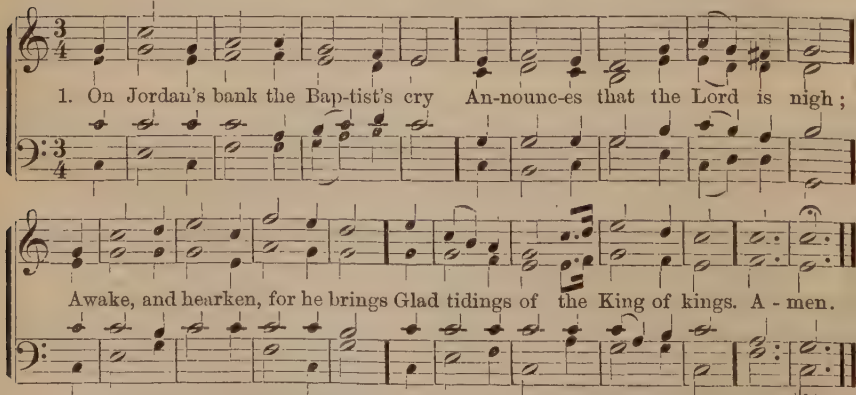
Advent.

11. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ROCHESTER.


1. The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God Hath sent his summons all a - broad,
From dawning light till day de - clines : The listening earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Si - on hath appeared, Where beauty in per - fection shines. A-men.

2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before him send;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

12. L. M. WINCHESTER NEW.


1. On Jordan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-nounc-es that the Lord is nigh ;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings Glad tidings of the King of kings. A - men.

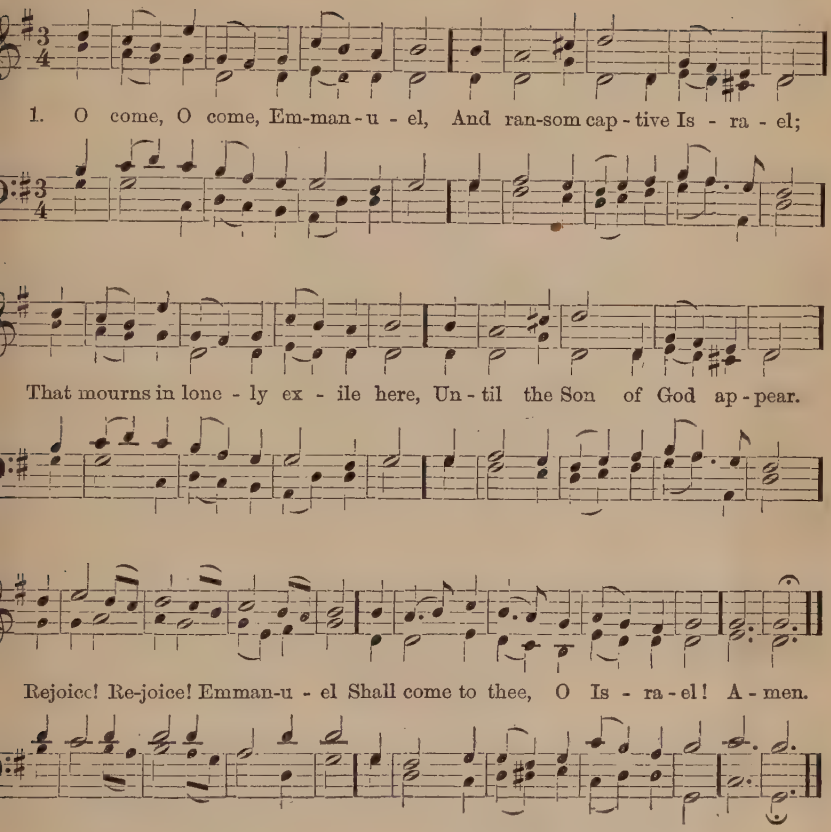
2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin ;
Make straight the way for God within ;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty guest may come.

3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward ;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

5 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whose advent doth thy people free ;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Advent.

13. First Tune. 8.8.8.8.8.8. CAREYS.

1. O come, O come, Em-man-u - el, And ran-som cap - tive Is - ra - el;
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
Rejoice! Re-joice! Emman-u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

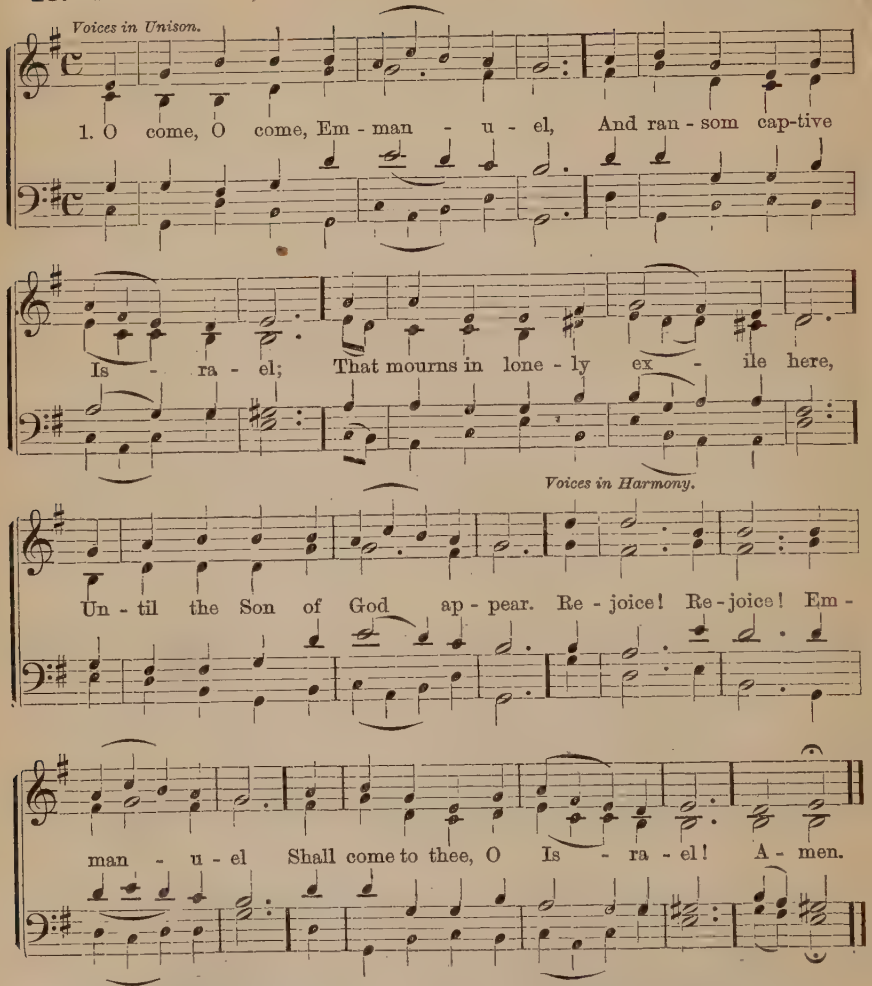
O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might;
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Advent.

13. SECOND TUNE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. VENI EMMANUEL.


Voices in Unison.
1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap-tive
Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,
Voices in Harmony.
Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

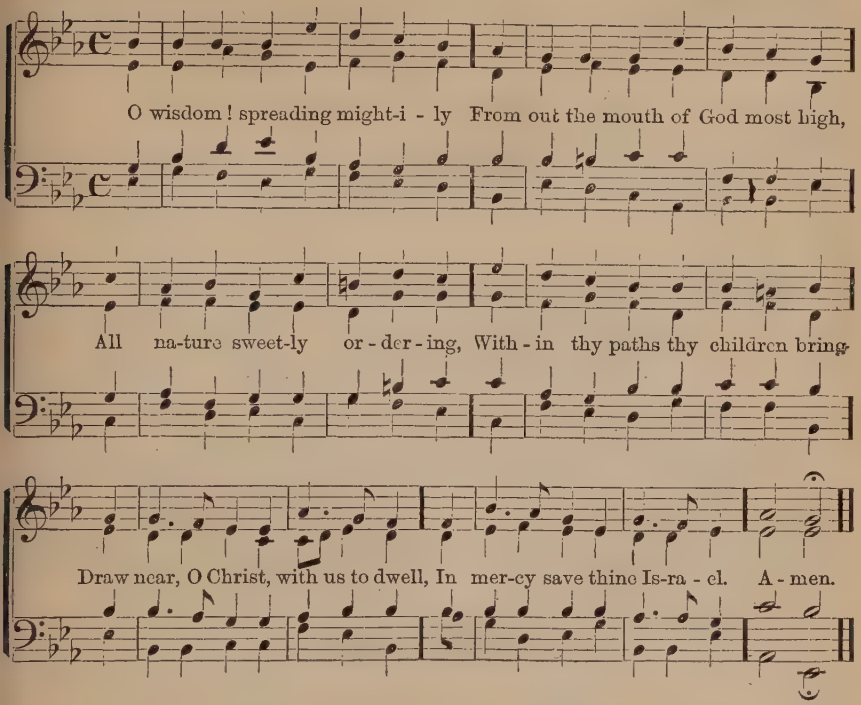
2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might;
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

14. *Dec. 16.—O Sapientia.* 8.8.8.8.8.8. COMPLINE.


O wisdom! spreading might-i - ly From out the mouth of God most high,
All na-ture sweet-ly or - der - ing, With - in thy paths thy children bring
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell, In mer-cy save thine Is-ra - el. A - men.

Dec. 17.—O Adonai.

Ruler of Israel, Lord of might,
Who gavest the law from Sinai's height;
Once in the fiery bush revealed,
With outstretched arm thy chosen shield;
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 18.—O Radix Jesse.

O Root of Jesse! Ensign thou!
To whom all Gentile kings shall bow,
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 19.—O Clavis David.

O Israel's Sceptre! David's Key!
Come thou, and set death's captives free,
Unlock the gate that bars their road,
And lead them to the throne of God.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 20.—O Oriens.

O Day-spring and Eternal Light!
Pierce through the gloom of error's night;
Predestined Sun of Righteousness!
Haste with thy rising beams to bless.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 22.—O Rex Gentium.

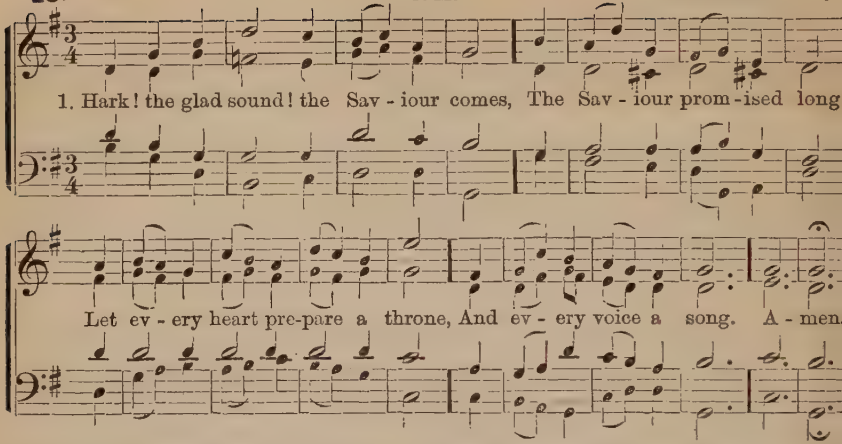
O King! Desire of nations! come,
Lead sons of earth to heav'n's high home;
Thou chief and precious Corner-stone,
Binding the sever'd into one.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 23.—O Emmanuel.

O Lawgiver! Emmanuel! King!
Thy praises we would ever sing;
The Gentile's hope, the Saviour blest,
Take us to thine eternal rest.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Advent.

15. C. M. CHESTERFIELD.


1. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom - ised long
Let ev - ery heart pre-pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song. A - men.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

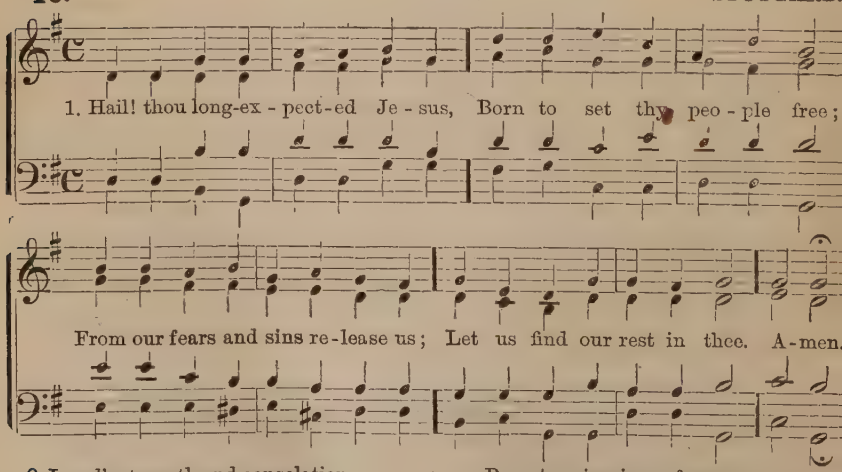
4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Christmas.

16. 8.7.8.7. STUTGARD.


1. Hail! thou long-ex - pect-ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free;
From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in thee. A-men.

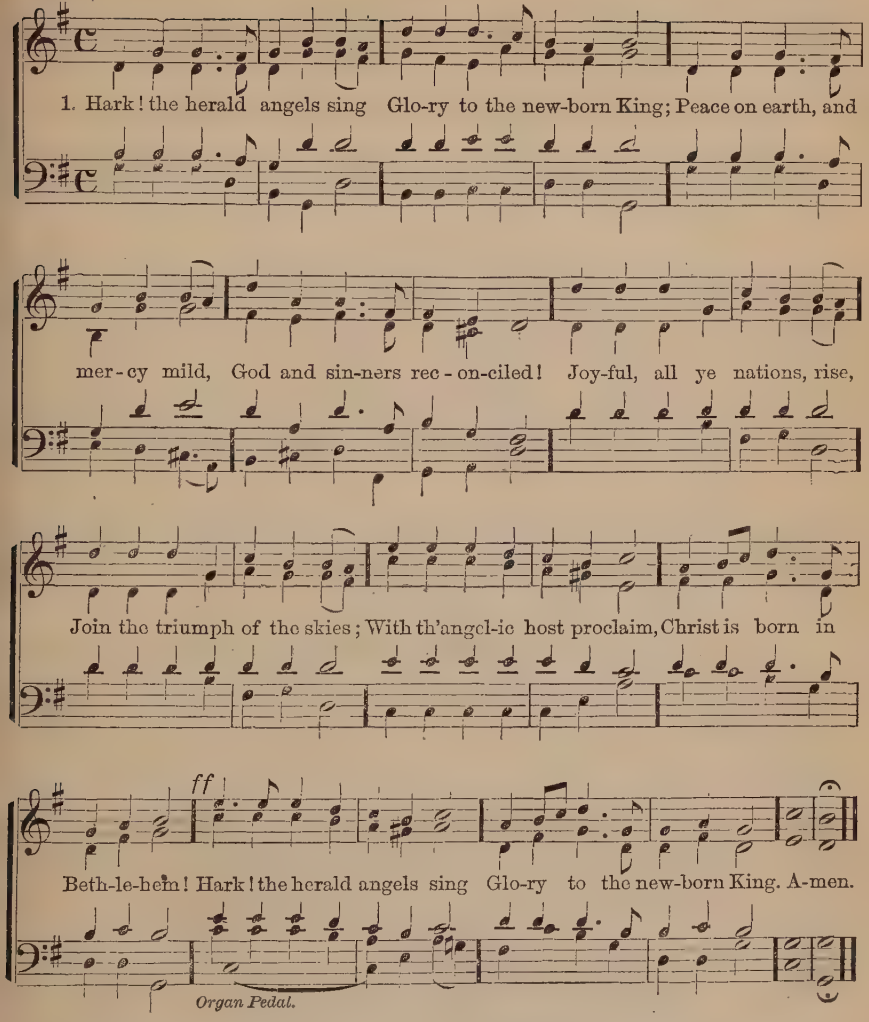
2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Christmas.

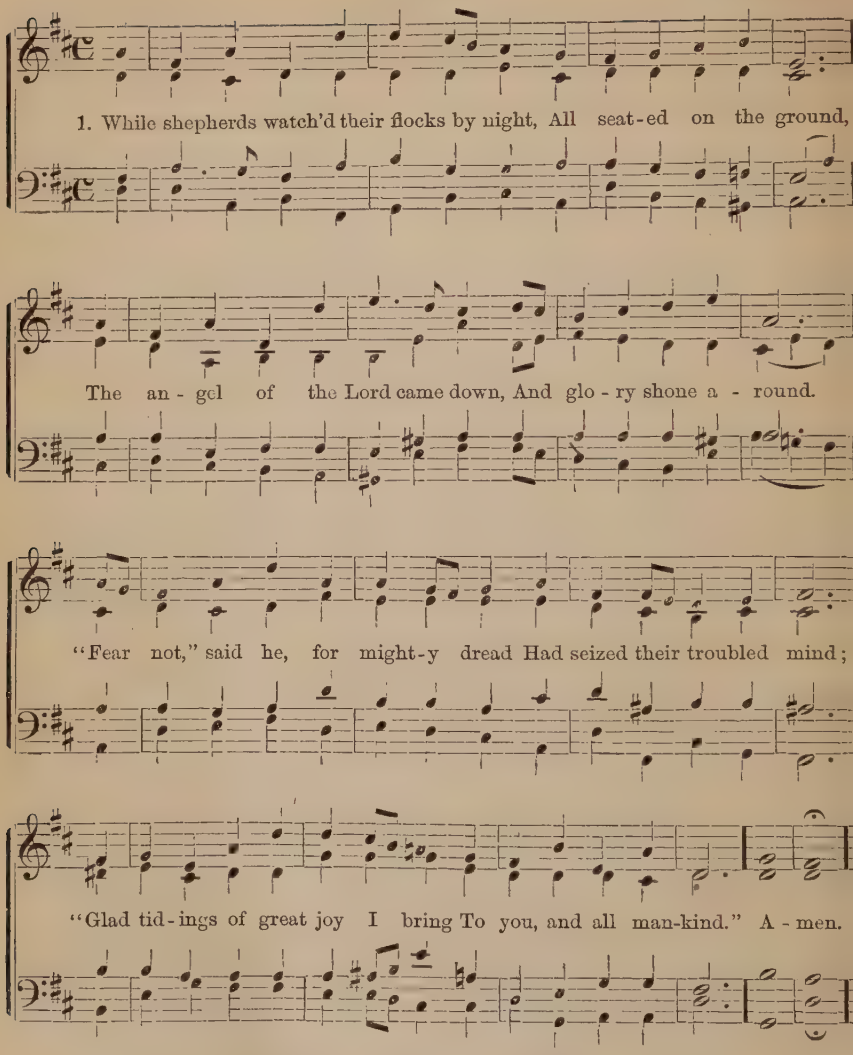
17. Ten 7s. MENDELSSOHN.


1. Hark! the herald angels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled! Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in
ff
Beth-le-hem! Hark! the herald angels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King. A-men.
Organ Pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

18. D. C. M. FLENSBURG.


1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.
"Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tid-ings of great joy I bring To you, and all man-kind." A-men.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

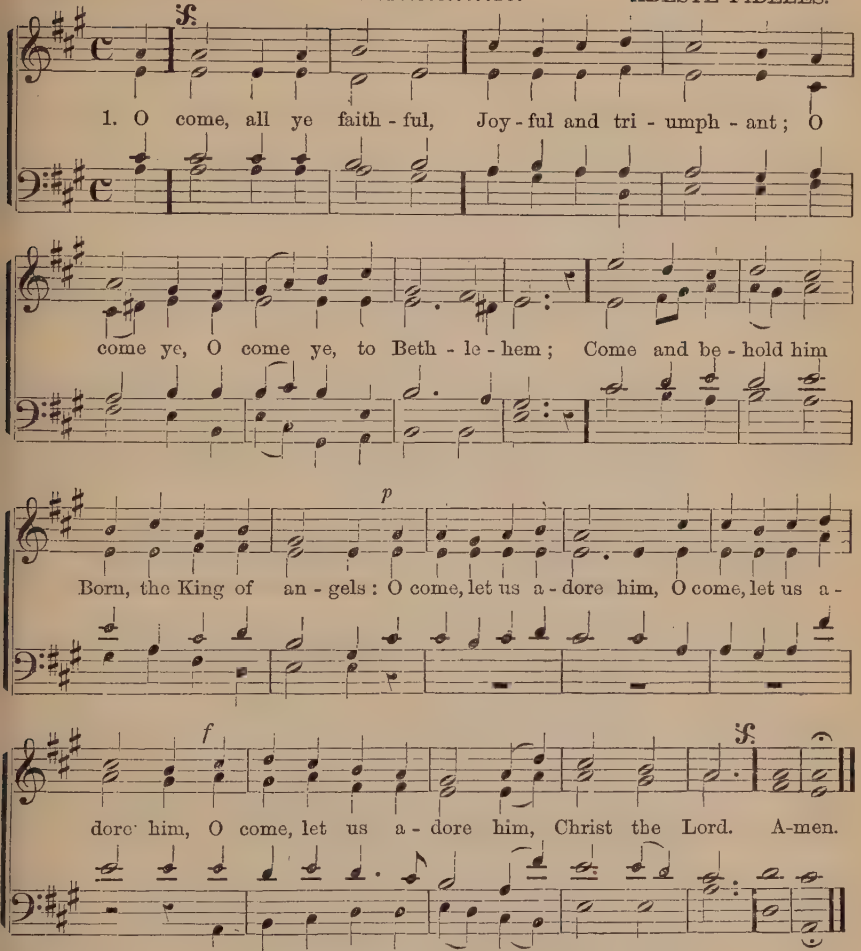
4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Christmas.

19. *2d and other verses.* 6.6.10.5.6.7.7.10. ADESTE FIDELES.

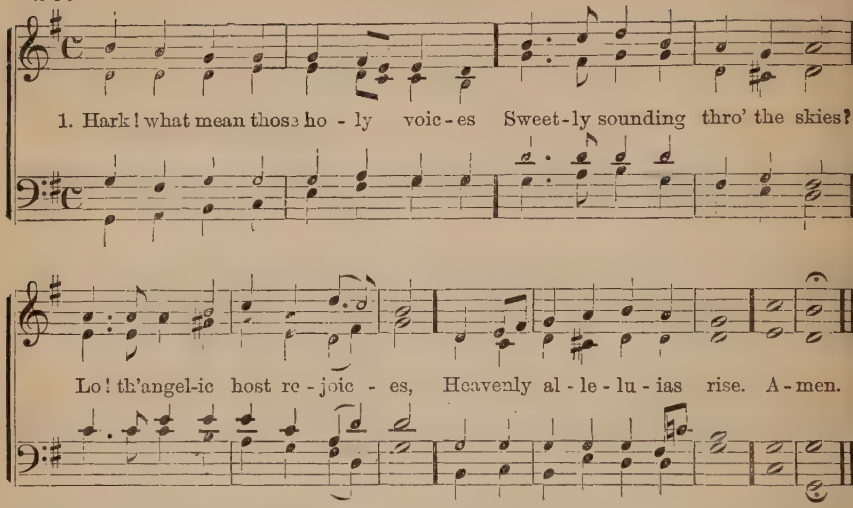

f
1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant; O
come ye, O come ye, to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold him
p
Born, the King of an - gels: O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a -
f
dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord. A-men.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore him, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest;
O come, let us adore him, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

20. 8.7.8.7. LENHAM.


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies?
Lo! th'angel-ic host re - joic - es, Heavenly al - le - lu - ias rise. A - men.

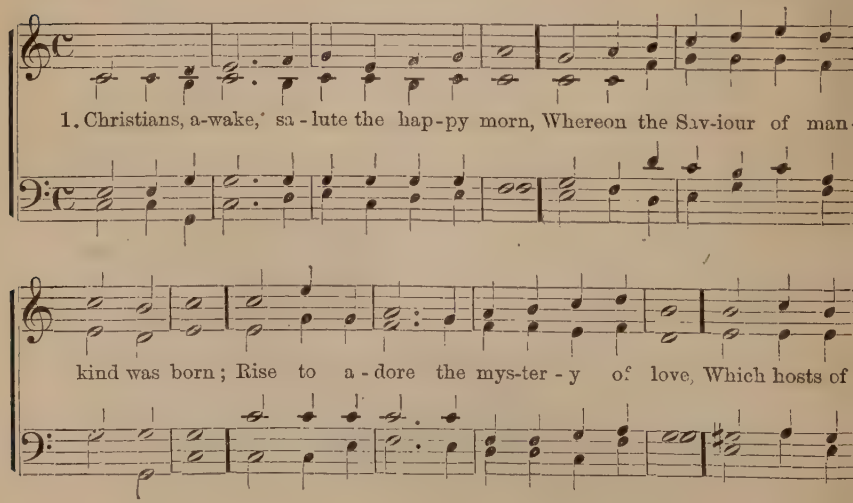
2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

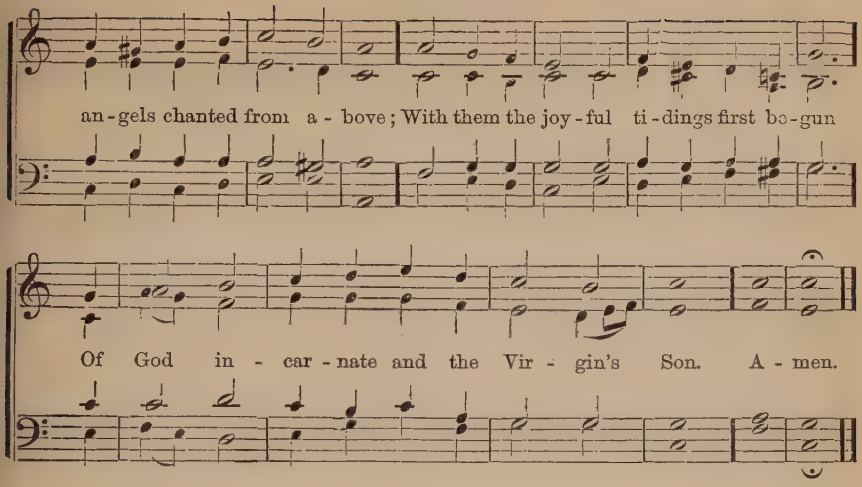
4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

21. First Tune. 10.10.10.10.10.10. YORKSHIRE.


1. Christians, a-wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn, Whereon the Sav-iour of man
kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys-ter - y of love, Which hosts of

Christmas.



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day has God fulfill'd his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

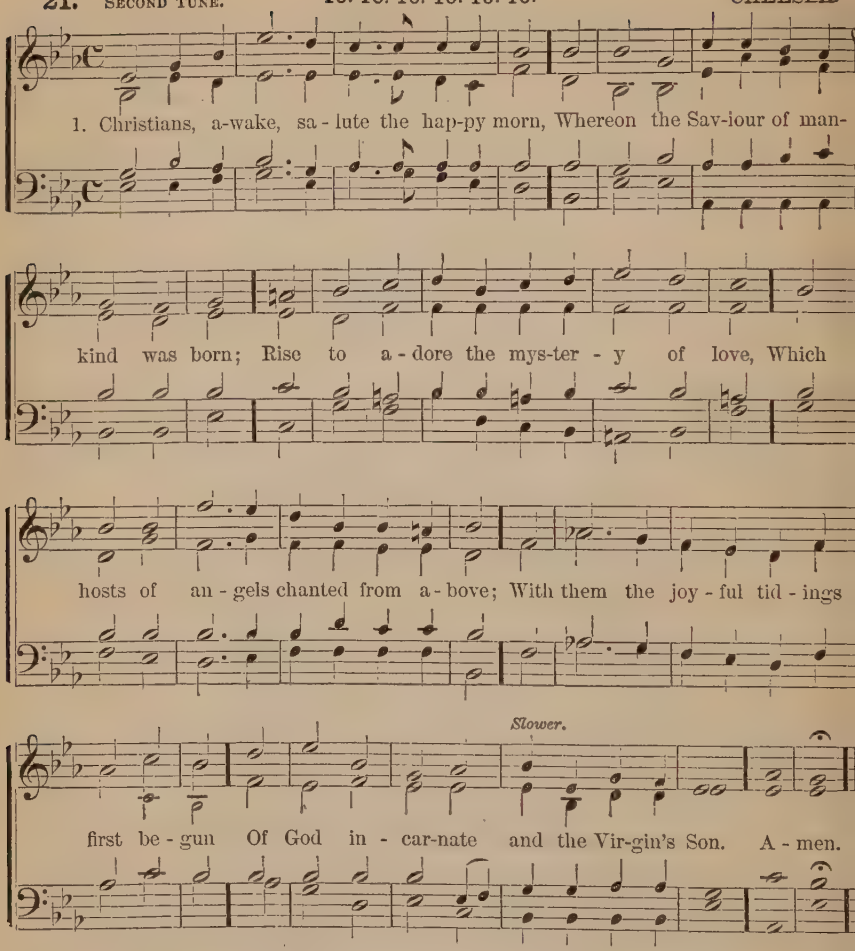
4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

Christmas.

21. SECOND TUNE. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. CHELSEA.


1. Christians, a-wake, sa - lute the hap-py morn, Whereon the Sav-iour of man-
kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys-ter - y of love, Which
hosts of an - gels chanted from a - bove; With them the joy - ful tid - ings
Slower.
first be - gun Of God in - car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son. A - men.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfill'd his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

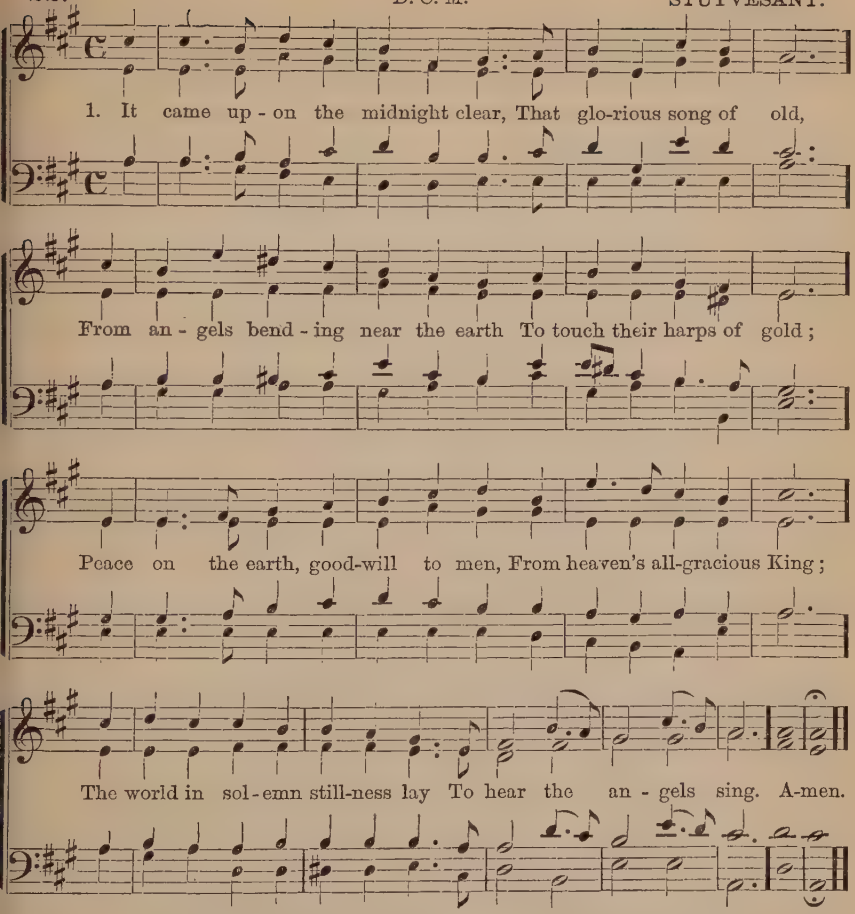
3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's own arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphant song
He, that was born, upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

Christmas.

22. D. C. M. STUYVESANT.

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo-rious song of old,
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A-men.

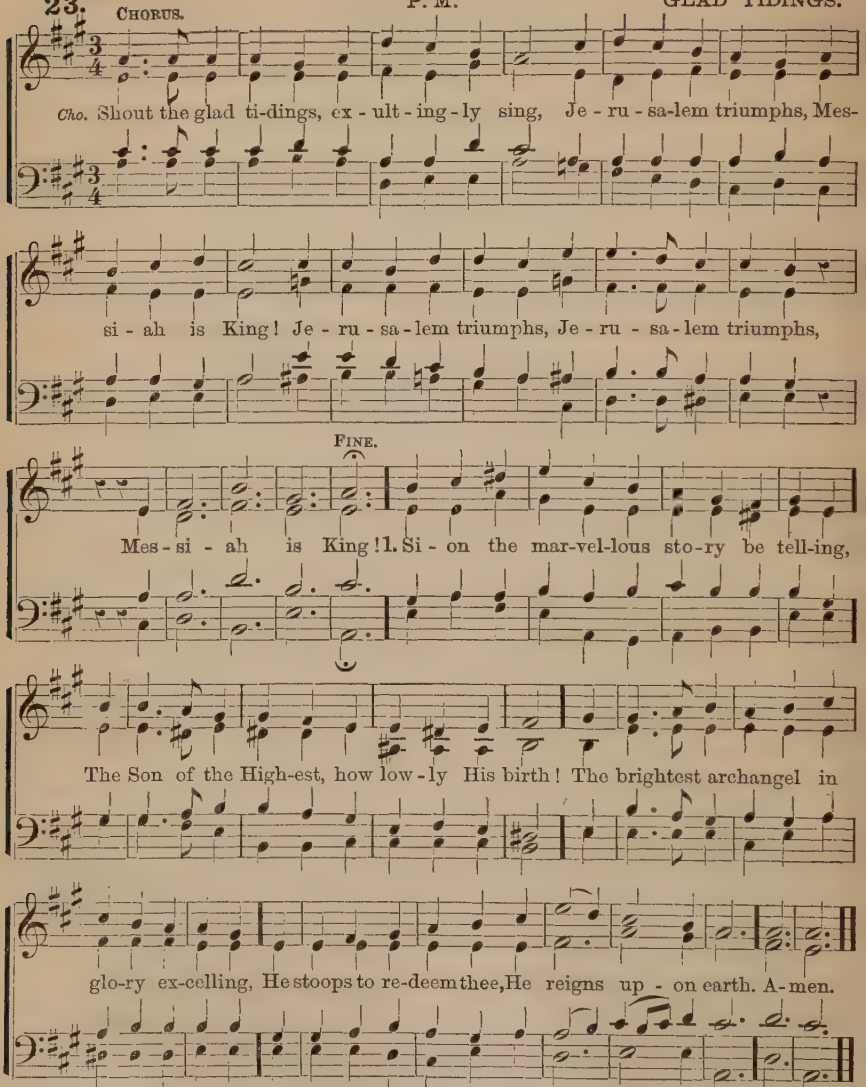
2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye beneath life's crush'ing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Christmas.

23. CHORUS. P. M. GLAD TIDINGS.

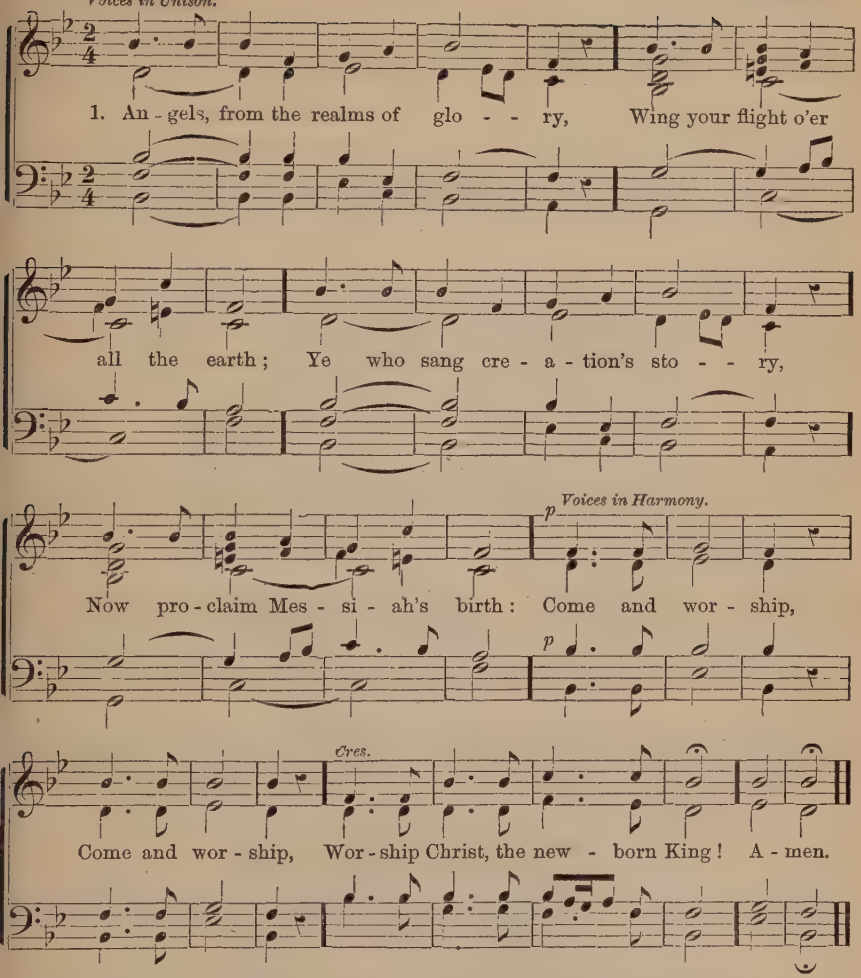

Cho. Shout the glad ti-dings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing, Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-
si-ah is King! Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs,
FINE.
Mes-si-ah is King! 1. Si-on the mar-vel-lous sto-ry be tell-ing,
The Son of the High-est, how low-ly His birth! The brightest archangel in
glo-ry ex-celling, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth. A-men.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned:
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.

Christmas.

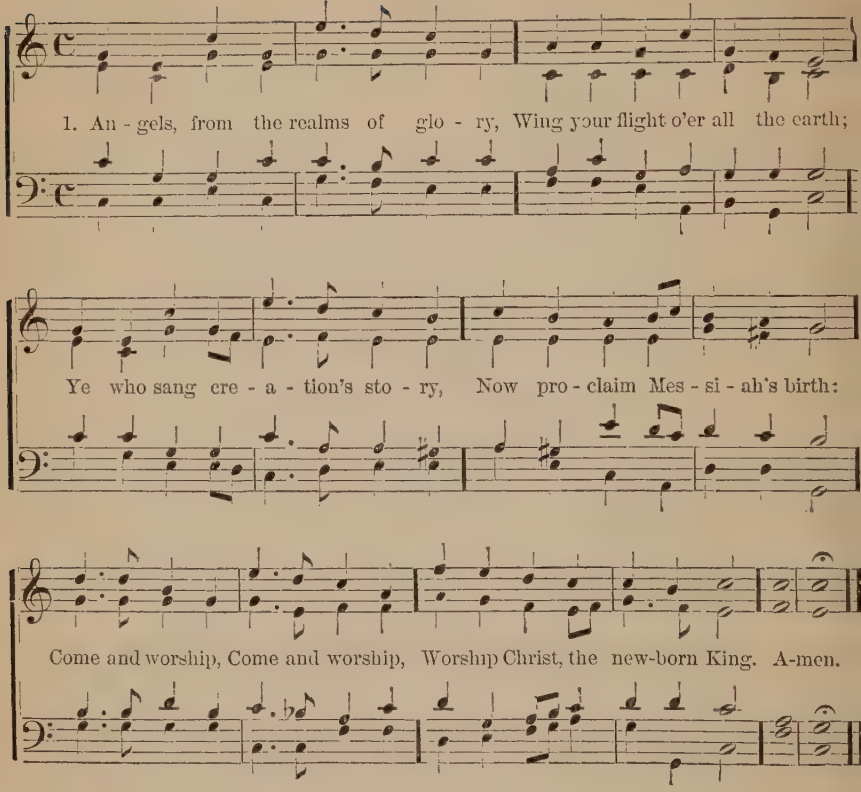
24. FIRST TUNE. *Voices in Unison.* 8.7.8.7.4.7. GILBERTS.


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - - ry, Wing your flight o'er
all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - - ry,
Voices in Harmony.
p
Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth: Come and wor - ship,
Cres.
Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King! A - men.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

24. SECOND TUNE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. REGENT SQUARE.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

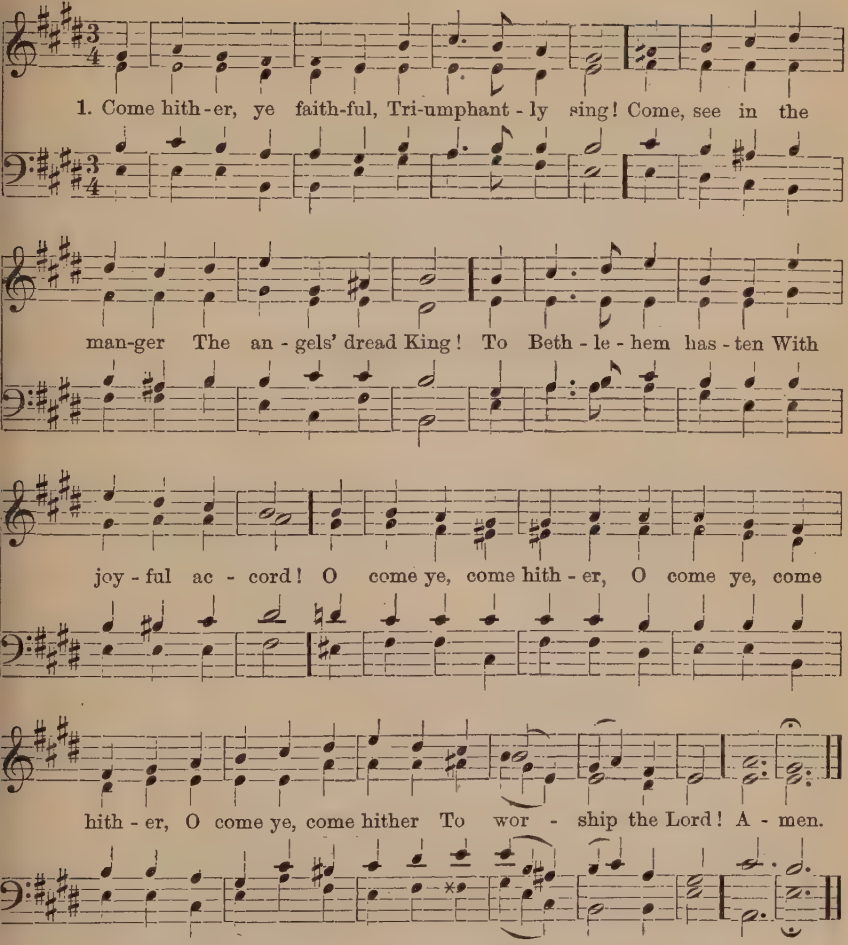
2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Christmas.

25. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. NORCOTT.

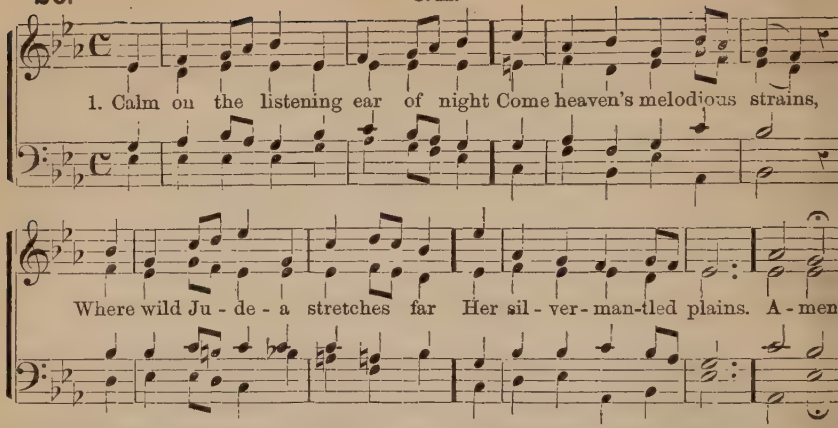

1. Come hith - er, ye faith-ful, Tri-umphant - ly sing! Come, see in the
man-ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem has - ten With
joy - ful ac - cord! O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
hith - er, O come ye, come hither To wor - ship the Lord! A - men.

2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

3 Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

4 To thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

26. C. M. BRIGHTON.


1. Calm on the listening ear of night Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Ju - de - a stretches far Her sil - ver - man-tled plains. A - men

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

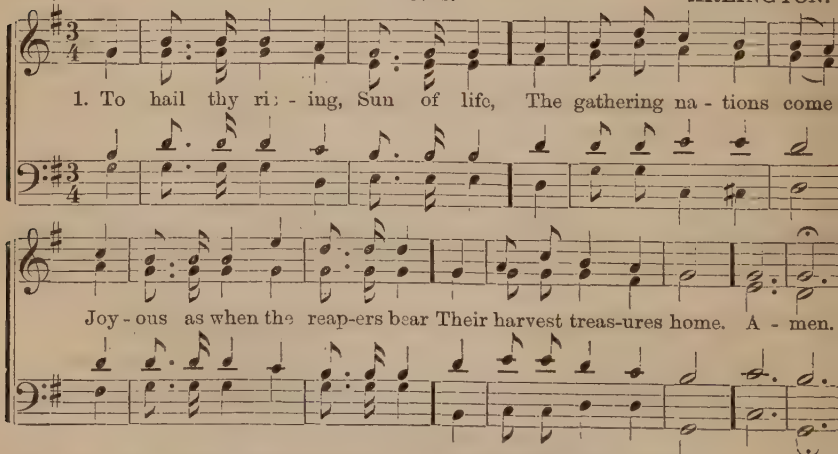
3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plain
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

27. C. M. ARLINGTON.


1. To hail thy ri - ing, Sun of life, The gathering na - tions come
Joy - ous as when the reap-ers bear Their harvest treas-ures home. A - men.

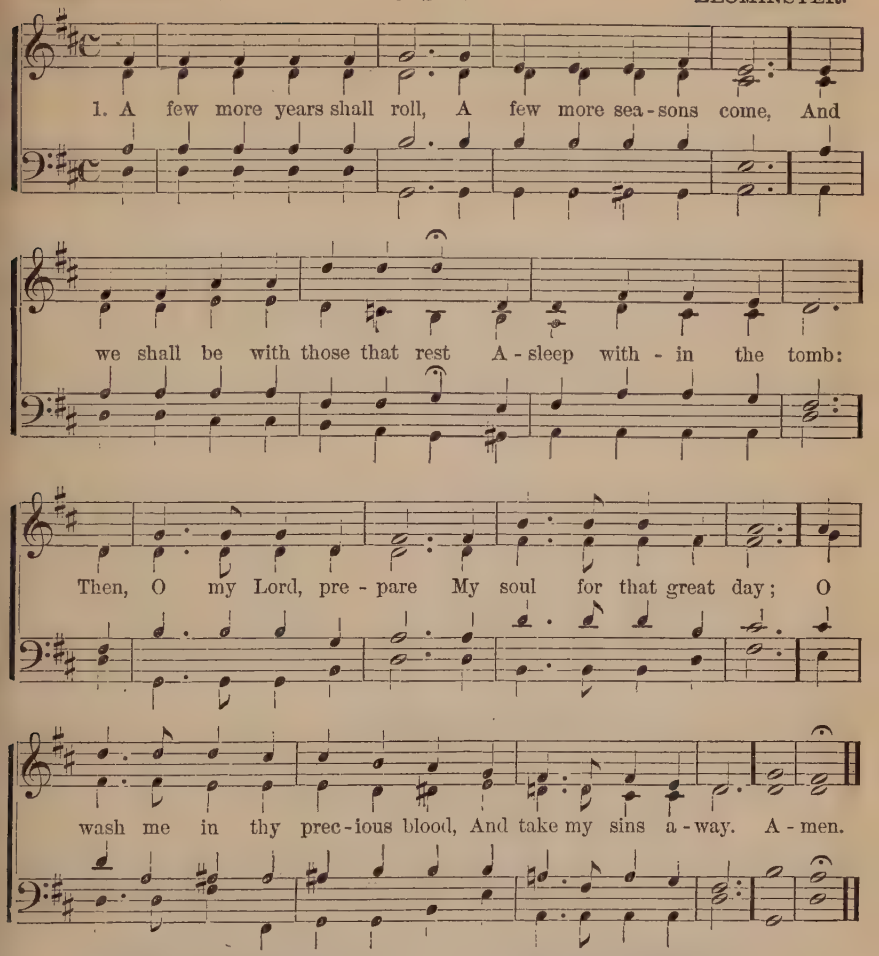
2 For thou our burden hast removed;
The oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

3 To us the promised Child is born;
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

End of the Year.

28. FIRST TUNE. D. S. M. LEOMINSTER.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And
we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; O
wash me in thy prec - ious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

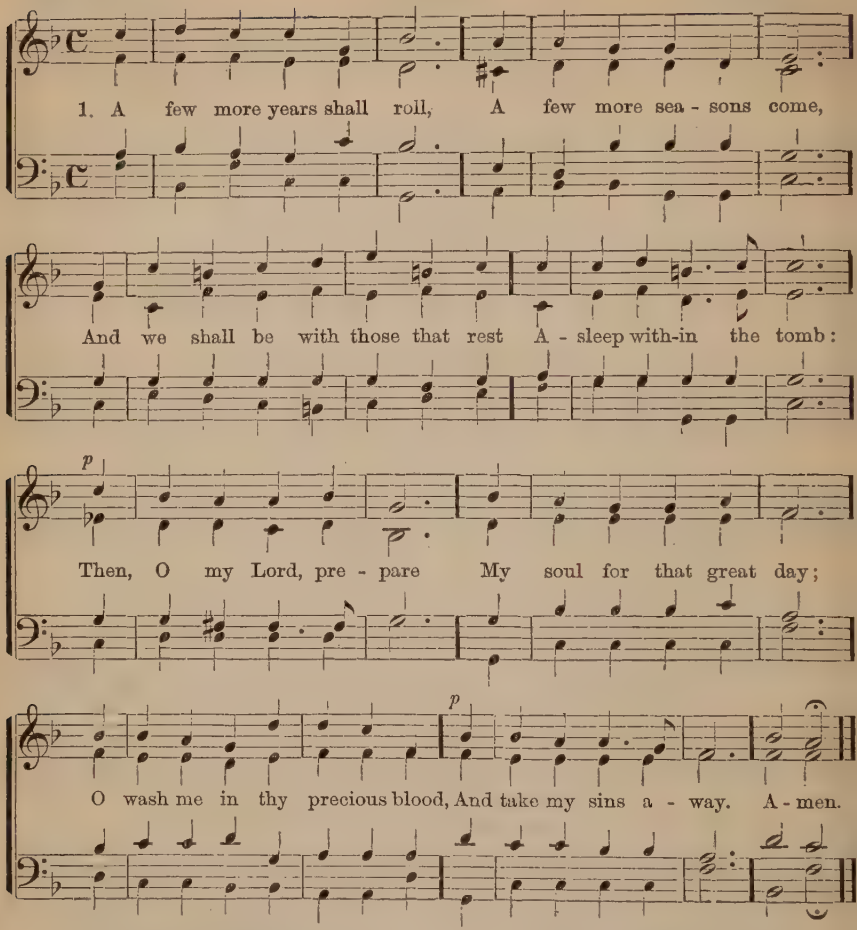
2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day.
O wash me, etc.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day.
O wash me, etc.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me, etc.

5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day.
O wash me, etc.

End of the Year.

28. Second Tune. D. S. M. CHALVEY.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with-in the tomb:
p
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
p
O wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

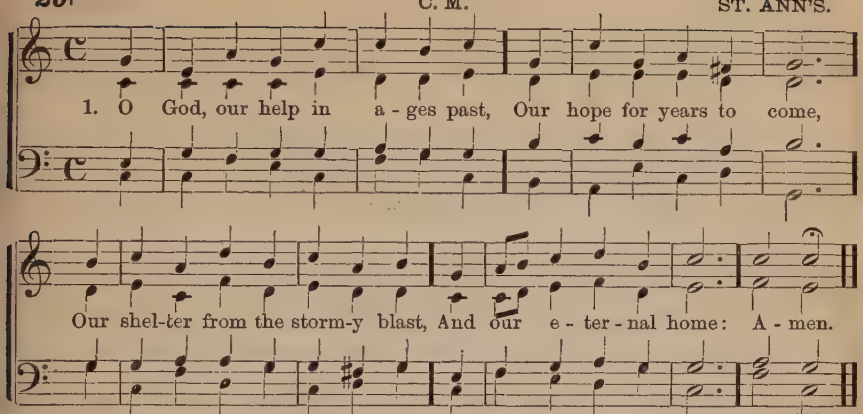
2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

29. C. M. ST. ANN'S.



2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

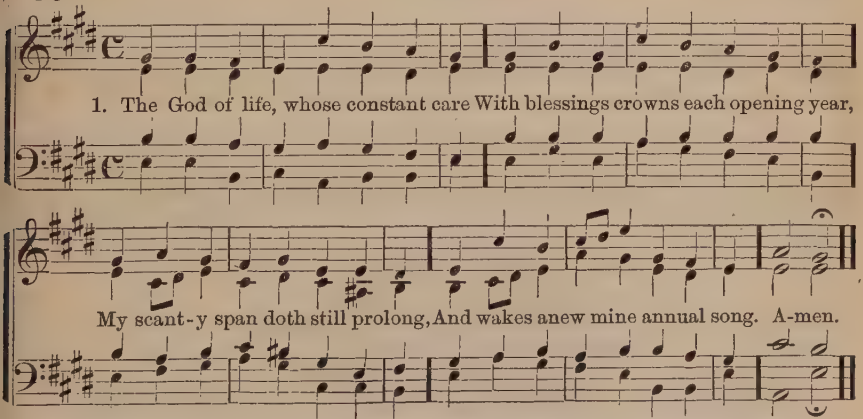
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

30. L. M. LEIGH.


1. The God of life, whose constant care With blessings crowns each opening year,
My scant-y span doth still prolong, And wakes anew mine annual song. A-men.

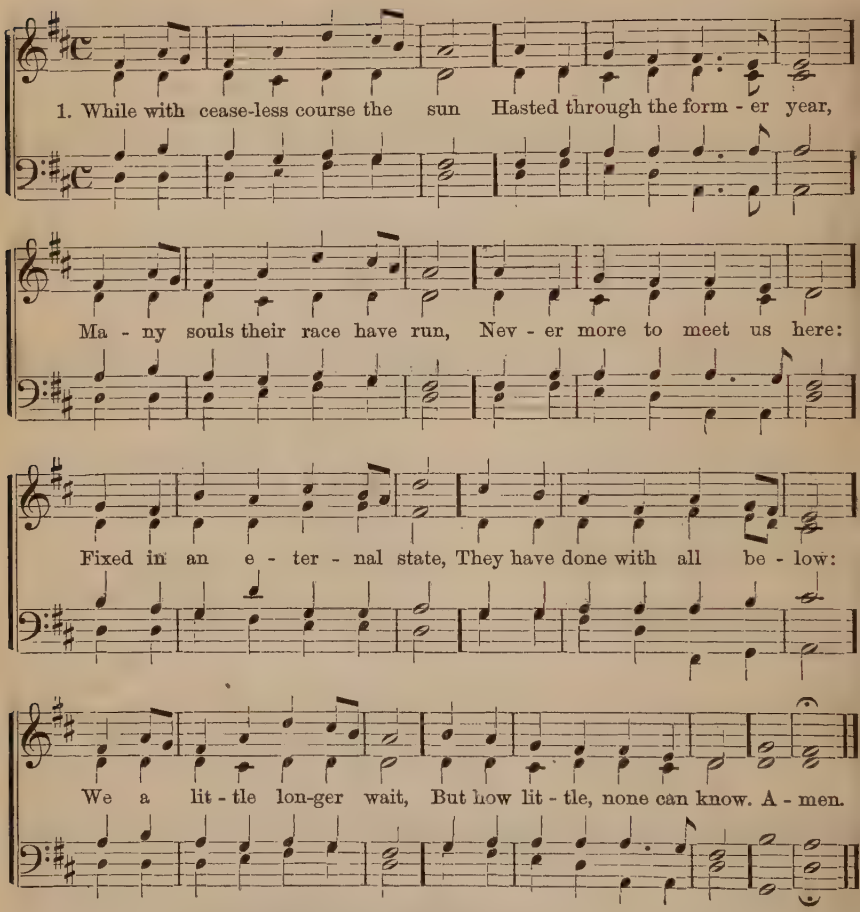
2 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore
Where years and death are known no more.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:

4 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

New Year.

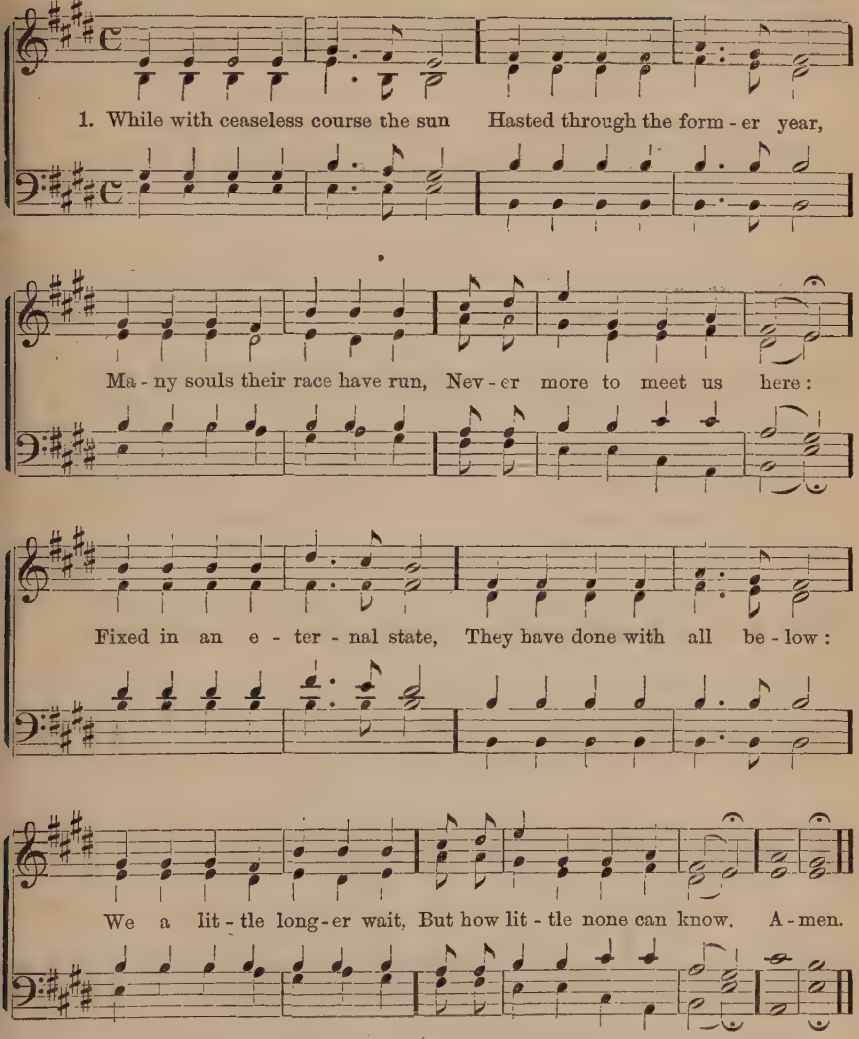
31. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. TICHFIELD.

1. While with cease-less course the sun Hasted through the form - er year,
Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:
Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low:
We a lit - tle lon-ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know. A - men.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

New Year.

31. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. BENEVENTO.

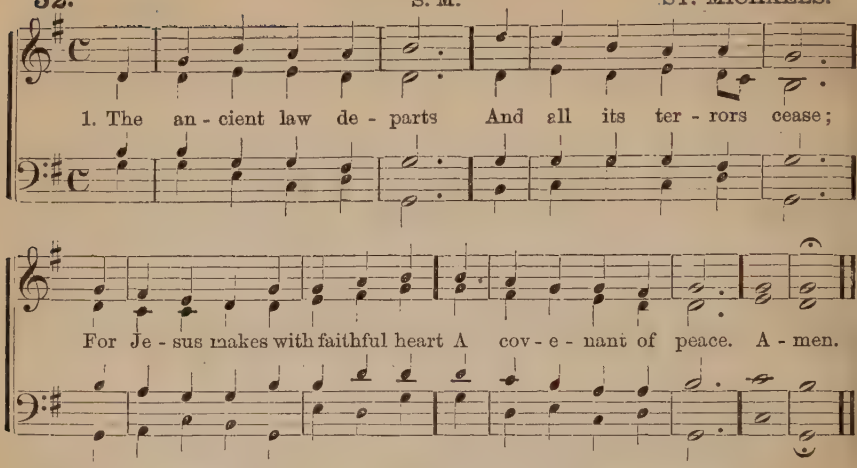

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the form - er year,
Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:
Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low:
We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know. A - men.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find:
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

Circumcision.

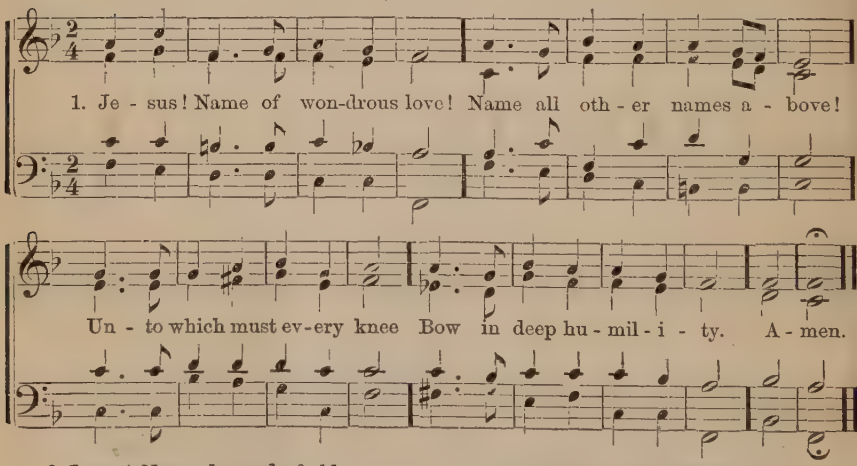
32. S. M. ST. MICHAELS.



2 The Light of light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

33. 7.7.7.7. NOMEN.



2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave--
"Jesus shall his people save."

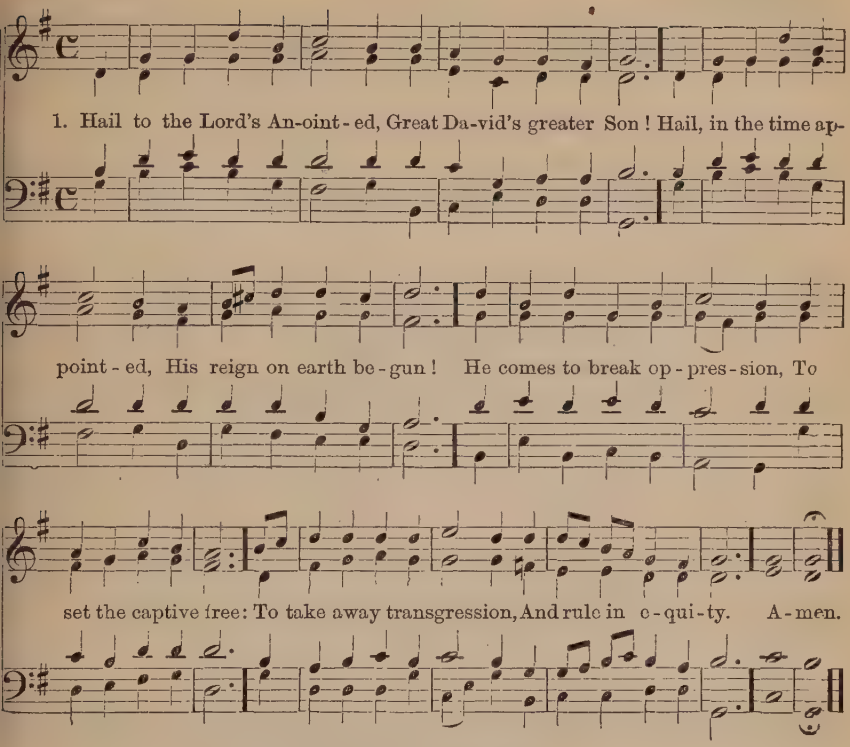
4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First he tasted here below.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

Epiphany.

34. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ROMAINE.

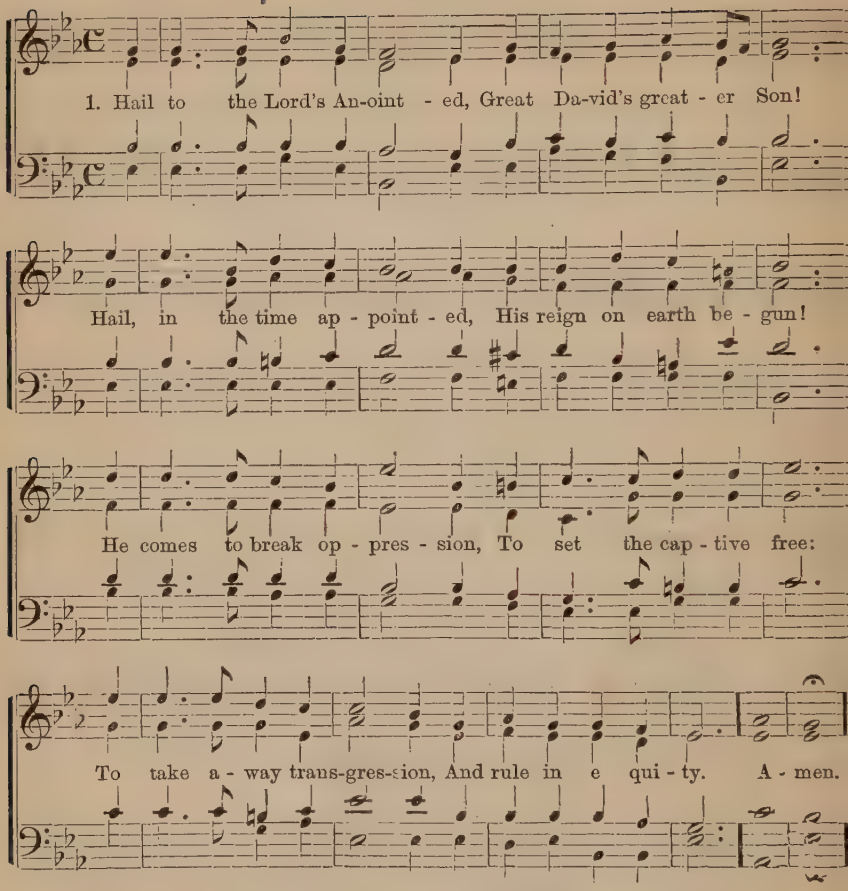

1. Hail to the Lord's An-oint-ed, Great Da-vid's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-
point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion, To
set the captive free: To take away transgression, And rule in e-qui-ty. A-men.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

Epiphany.

34. SECOND TUNE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. MEDWAY.

1. Hail to the Lord's An-oint - ed, Great Da-vid's great - er Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free:
To take a - way trans-gres-sion, And rule in e qui - ty. A - men.

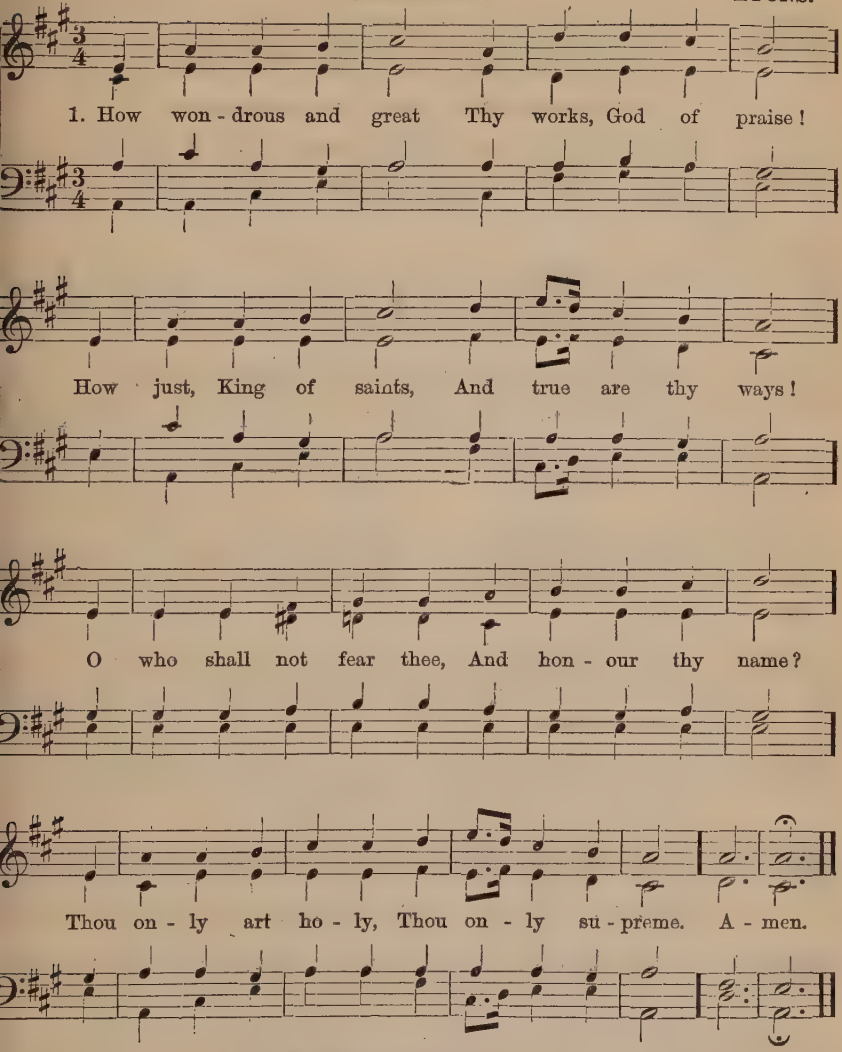
2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

Epiphany.

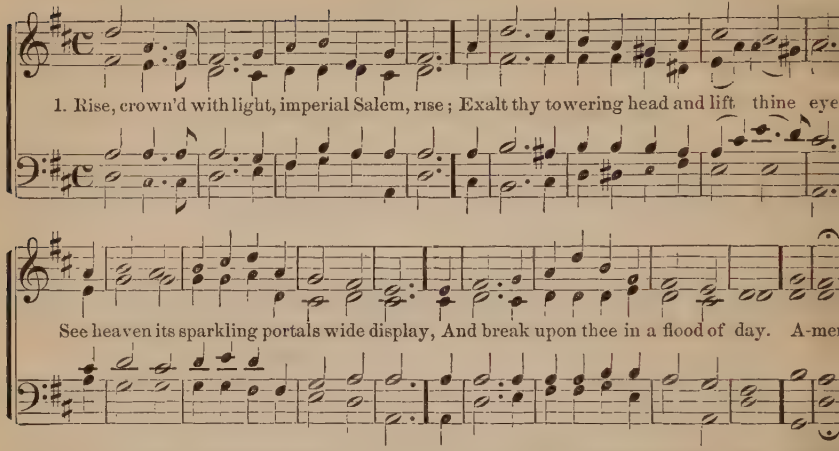
35. 5.5.5.5.C.5.C.5. LYONS.


1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints, And true are thy ways!
O who shall not fear thee, And hon - our thy name?
Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme. A - men.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.

Epiphany.

36. First Tune. 10.10.10.10. MURRAY HILL.

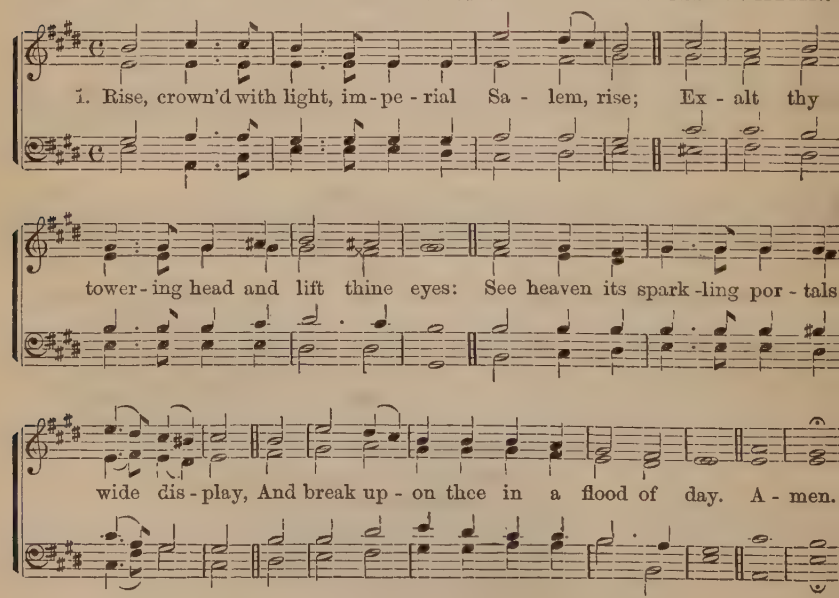

1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise; Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eye
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day. A-men

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostra
kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

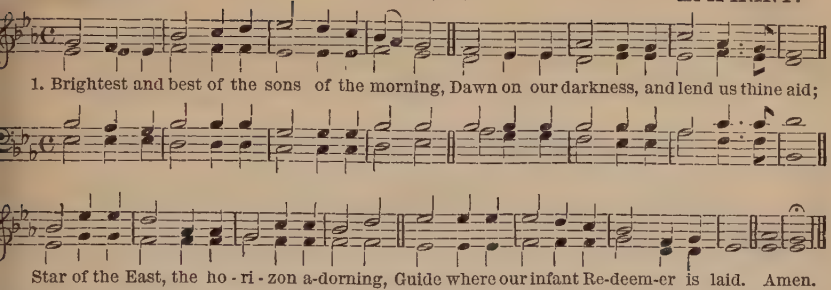
4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke deca
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt awa
But fix'd his word, his saving power remain
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reign

36. Second Tune. 10.10.10.10. RUSSIAN HYMN.


1. Rise, crown'd with light, im-pe-rial Sa-lem, rise; Ex-alt thy
tower-ing head and lift thine eyes: See heaven its spark-ling por-tals
wide dis-play, And break up-on thee in a flood of day. A-men.

Epiphany.

37. First Tune. 11.10.11.10. EPIPHANY.


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a-dorning, Guide where our infant Re-deem-er is laid. Amen.

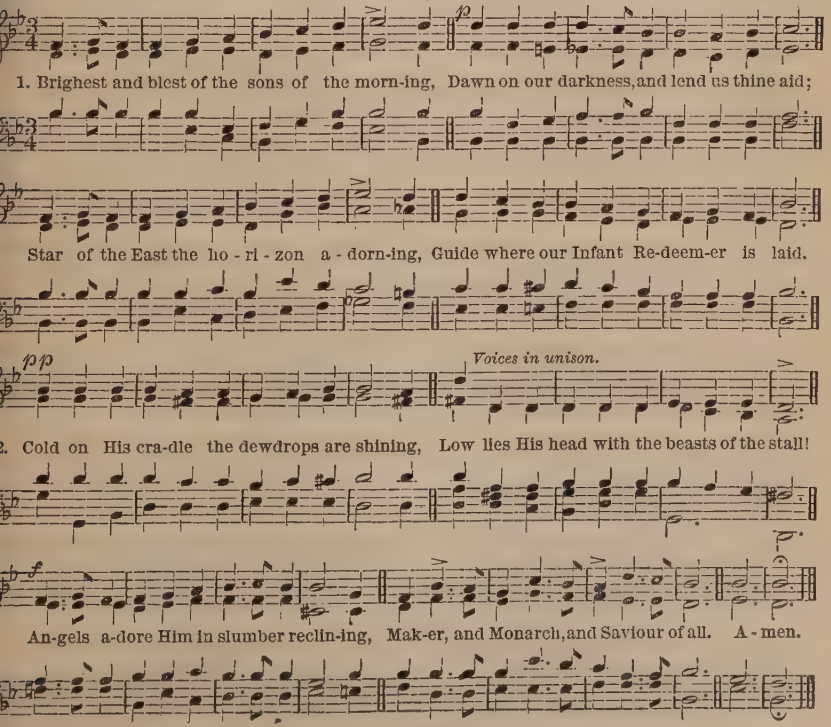
old on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
ngels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

ay, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
ems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

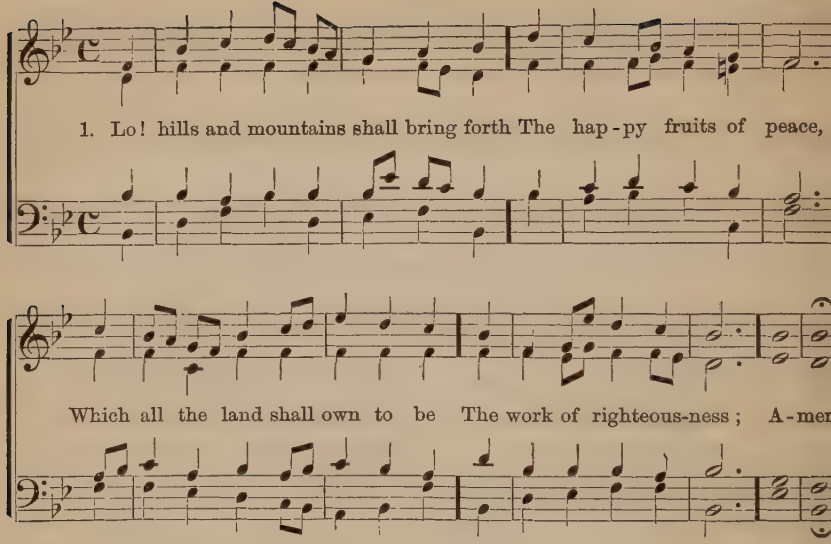
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

37. Second Tune. 11.10.11.10. HARVEYS.


1. Brighest and blest of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our Infant Re-deem-er is laid.
Voices in unison.
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dewdrops are shining, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall!
An-gels a-dore Him in slumber reclin-ing, Mak-er, and Monarch, and Saviour of all. A - men.

38. C. M. TIVERTON.


1. Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth The hap-py fruits of peace,
Which all the land shall own to be The work of righteous-ness; A-men

2 While David's Son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

3 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth;
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

5 In his blest days the just and good
Shall spring up all around;
The happy land shall everywhere
With endless peace abound.

6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.

7 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquest spreads.

8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

9 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay;
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

10 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

11 For him shall constant prayer be mad
Through all his prosperous days:
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

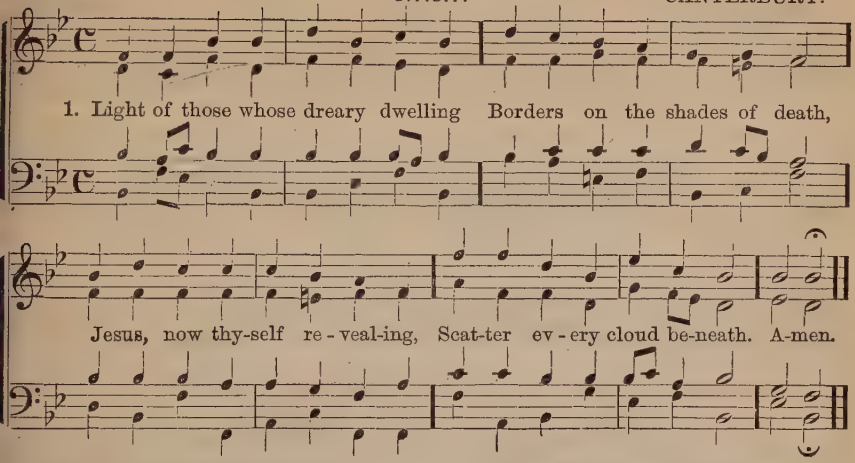
12 The memory of his glorious name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as brigh
And lasting as the sun.

13 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.

14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lor
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in his works,
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the listening wor
Their glad accent proclaim.

39. 8.7.8.7. CANTERBURY.

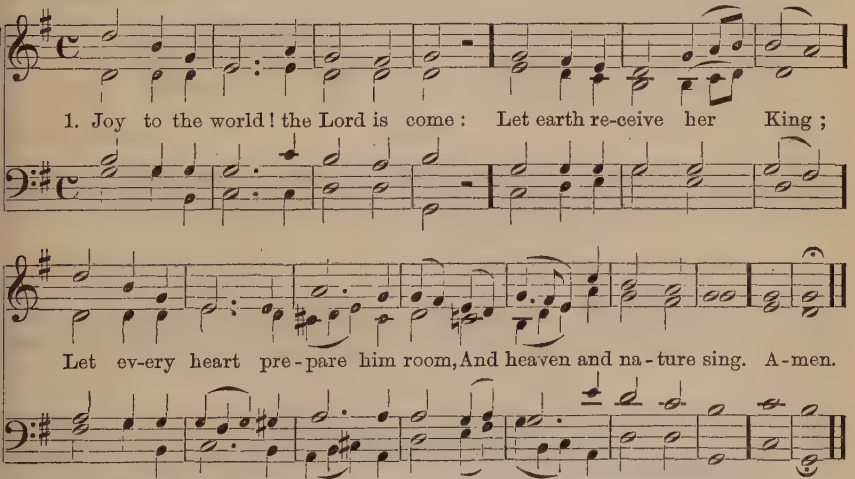

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now thy-self re-veal-ing, Scat-ter ev-ery cloud be-neath. A-men.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Show thy power in every nation,
O thou Prince of peace and love?
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release:
By the presence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

40. C. M. EXPECTATION.

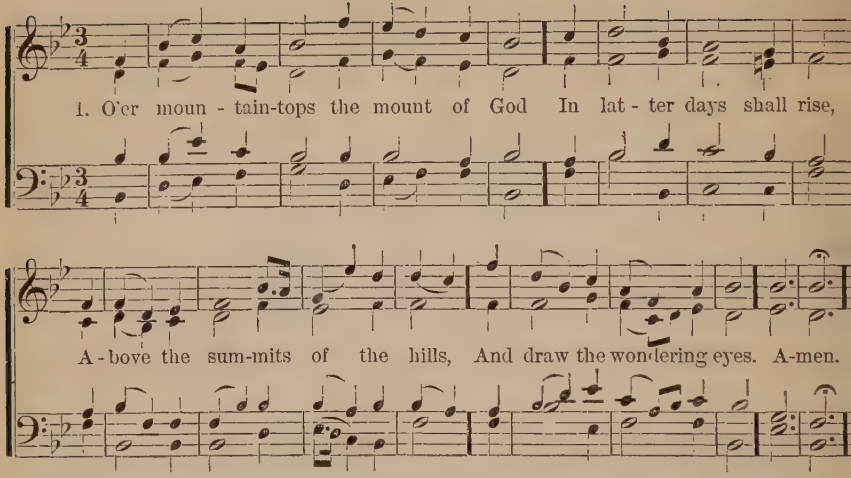

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;
Let ev-ery heart pre-pare him room, And heaven and na-ture sing. A-men.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

41. First Tune. C. M. NEWTON.


1. O'er moun - tain-tops the mount of God In lat - ter days shall rise,
A - bove the sum-mits of the hills, And draw the wondering eyes. A-men.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

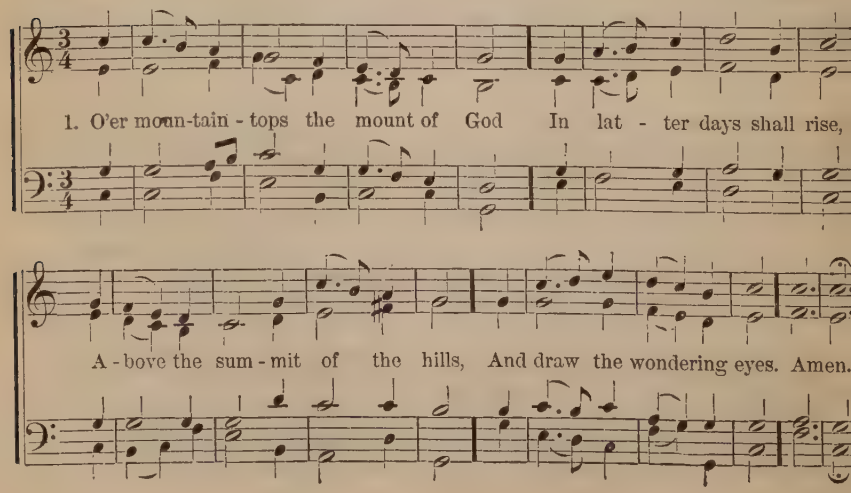
3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide:
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

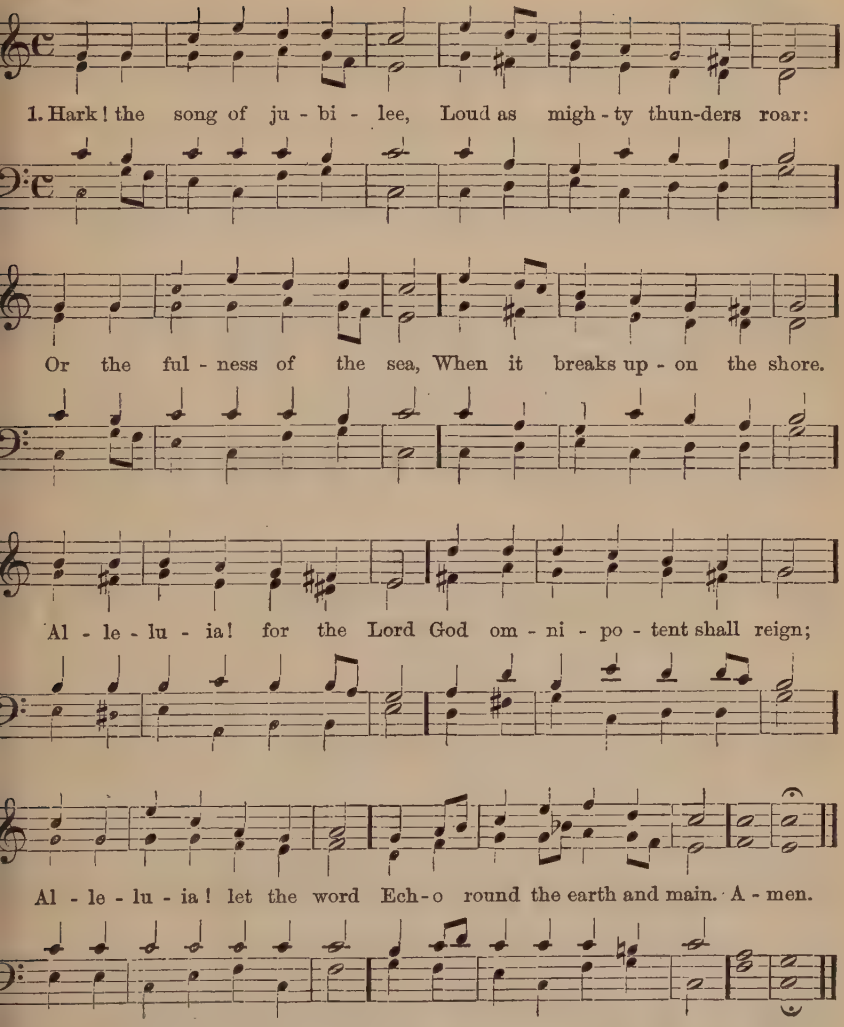
6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

41. Second Tune. C. M. COLCHESTER.


1. O'er moun-tain - tops the mount of God In lat - ter days shall rise,
A - bove the sum - mit of the hills, And draw the wondering eyes. Amen.

Epiphany.

42. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. CHORAL.

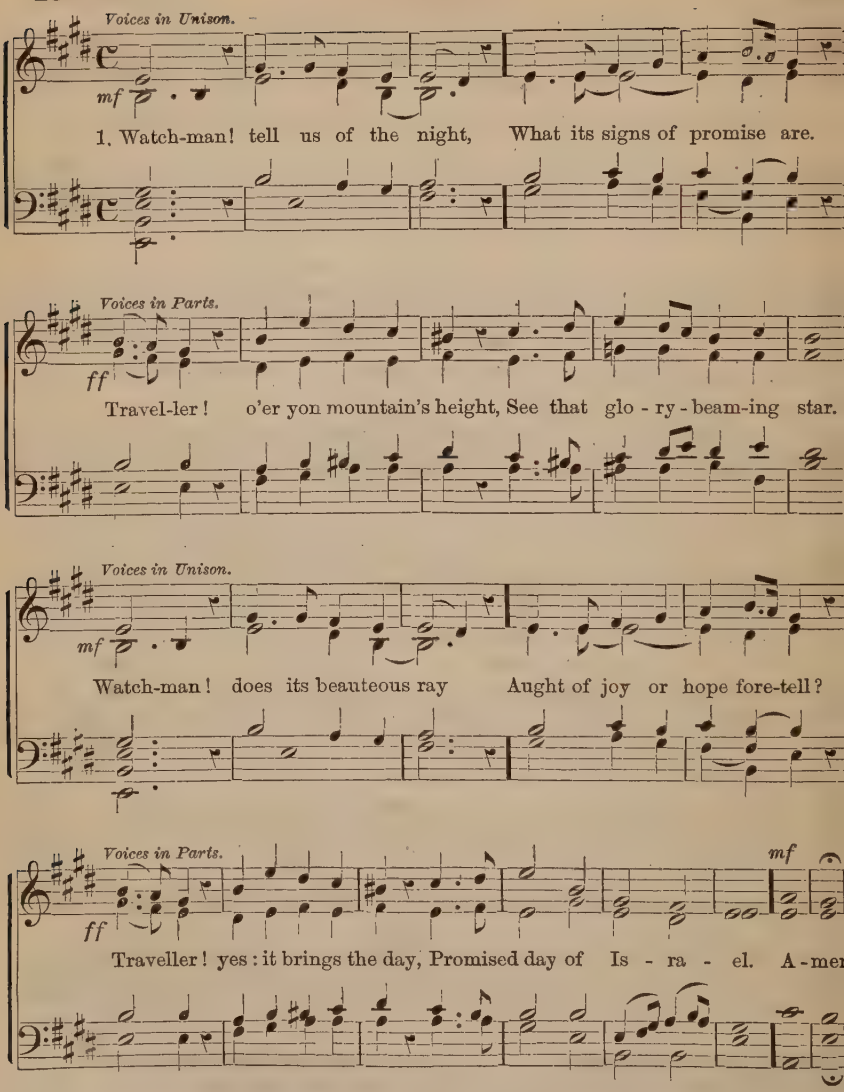

1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as migh - ty thun-ders roar:
Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.
Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent shall reign;
Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main. A - men.

Alleluia! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See, Jehovah's banners furled; [done,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Epiphany.

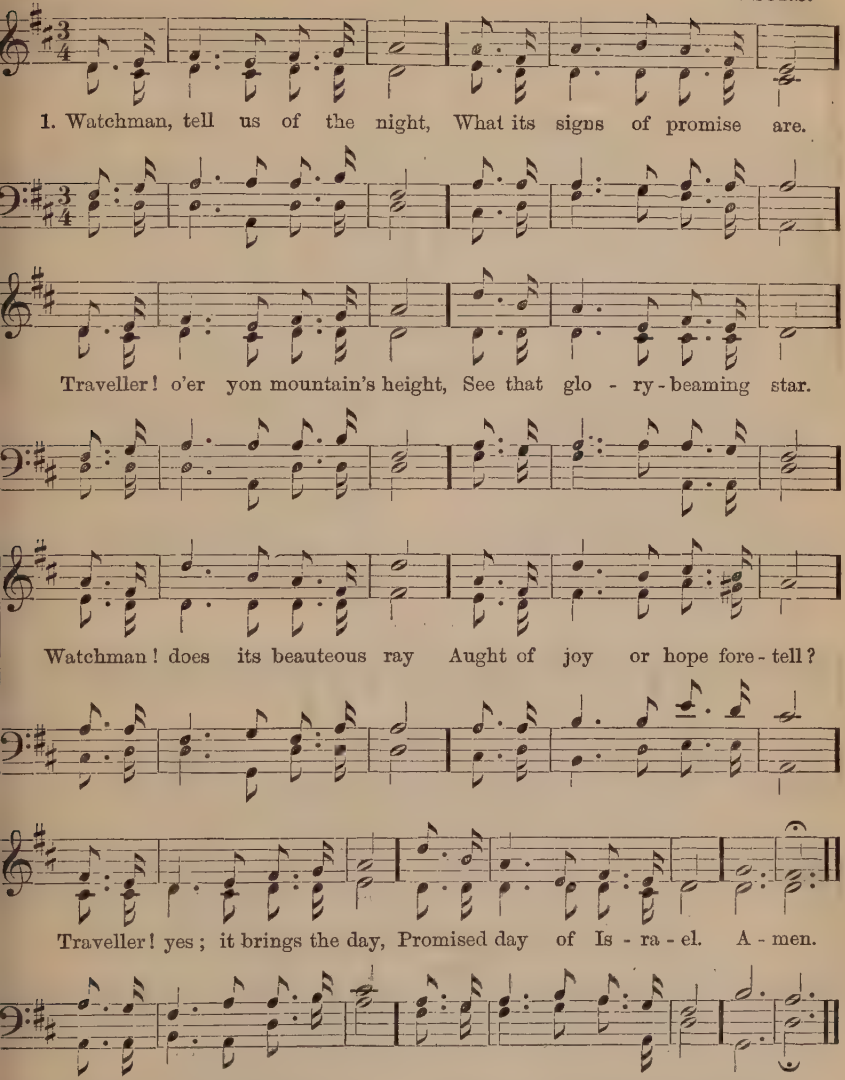
43. FIRST TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. WATCHMAN.


Voices in Unison.
mf
1. Watch-man! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.
Voices in Parts.
ff
Travel-ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam-ing star.
Voices in Unison.
mf
Watch-man! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Voices in Parts.
ff
mf
Traveller! yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. A-men

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness take; its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Epiphany.

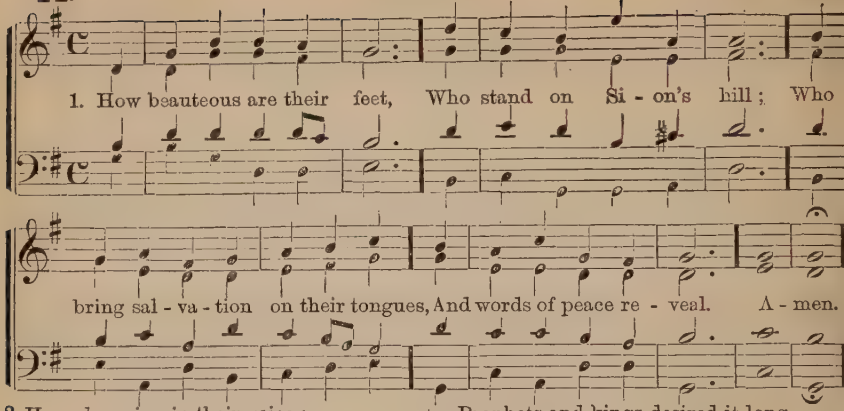
43. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. MASONS.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beaming star.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Epiphany.

44. S. M. SANDFORD.


1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Si - on's hill; Who
bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal. A - men.

2 How charming is their voice:
How sweet their tidings are!—
"Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

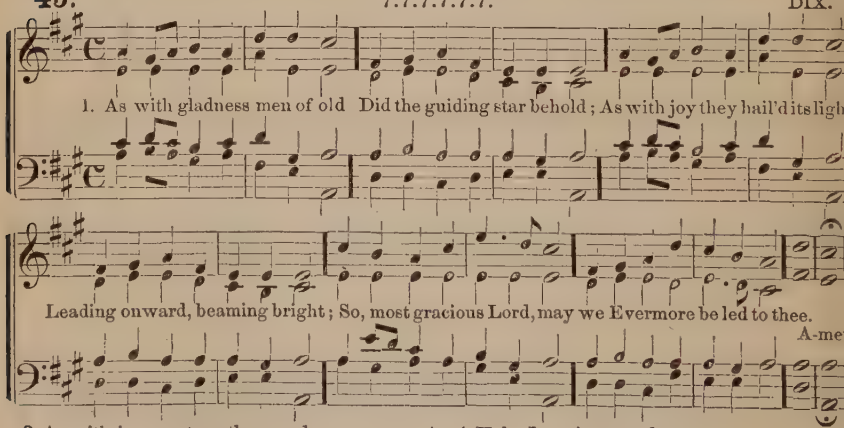
3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

45. 7.7.7.7.7.7. DIX.


1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hail'd its ligh
Leading onward, beaming bright; So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee.
A-me

2 As with joyous steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

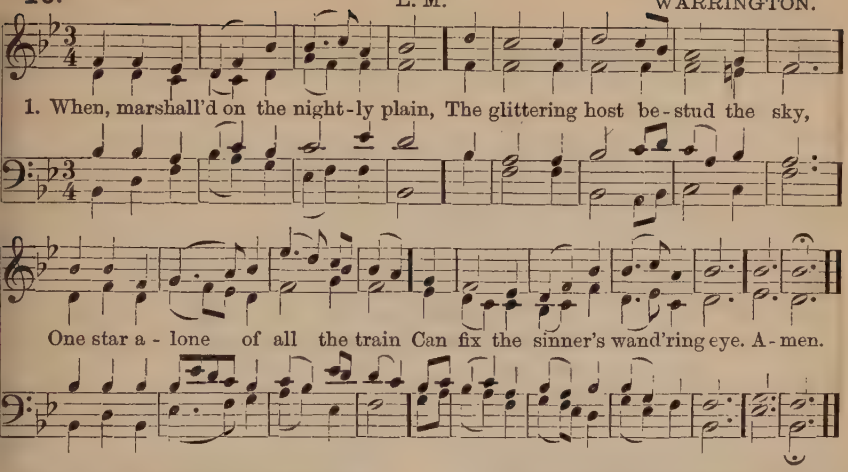
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Epiphany.

46. L. M. WARRINGTON.

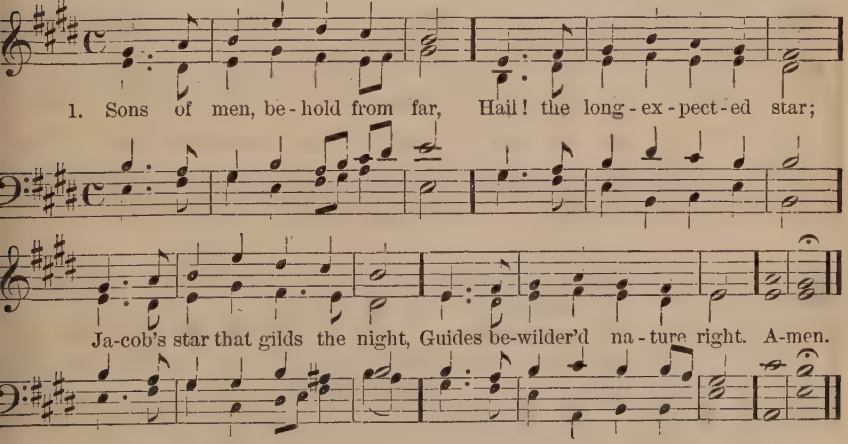

1. When, marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,
One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye. A-men.

Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

It is my guide, my light, my all,
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Then, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

47. 7. 7. 7. 7. DURHAM, or INNOCENTS.


1. Sons of men, be-hold from far, Hail! the long-ex-pect-ed star;
Ja-cob's star that gilds the night, Guides be-wilder'd na-ture right. A-men.

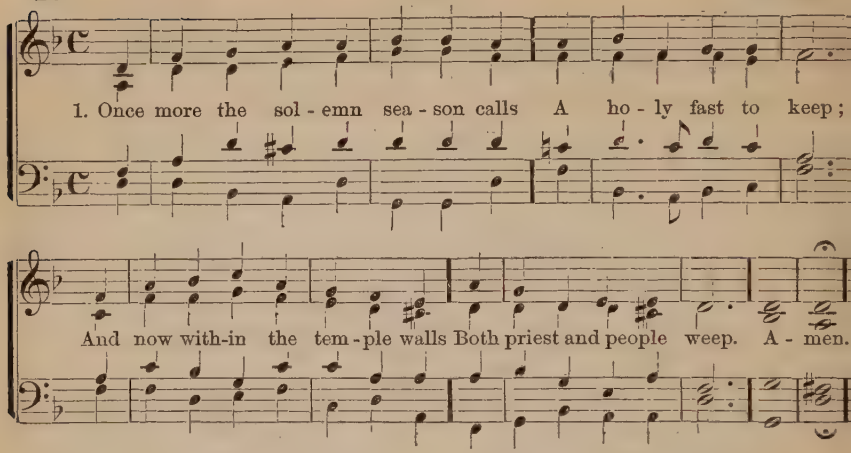
Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear:
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

4 There behold the Day-Spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes:
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man his life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

48. C. M. NORWICH.



2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

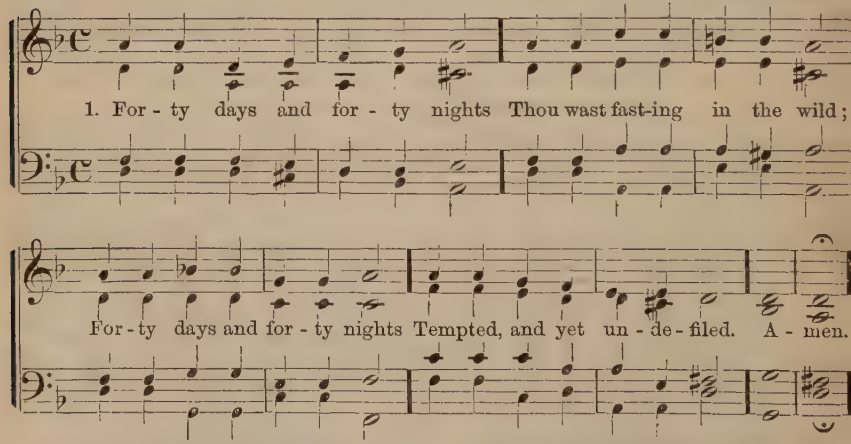
3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.

4 In sorrow true now let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn his wrath away,
And stay the uplifted rod.

5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To spare the bruisèd reed;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Three in One, to thee we bow;
Vouchsafe us in thy love
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

49. 7.7.7.7. HERNLEIN.



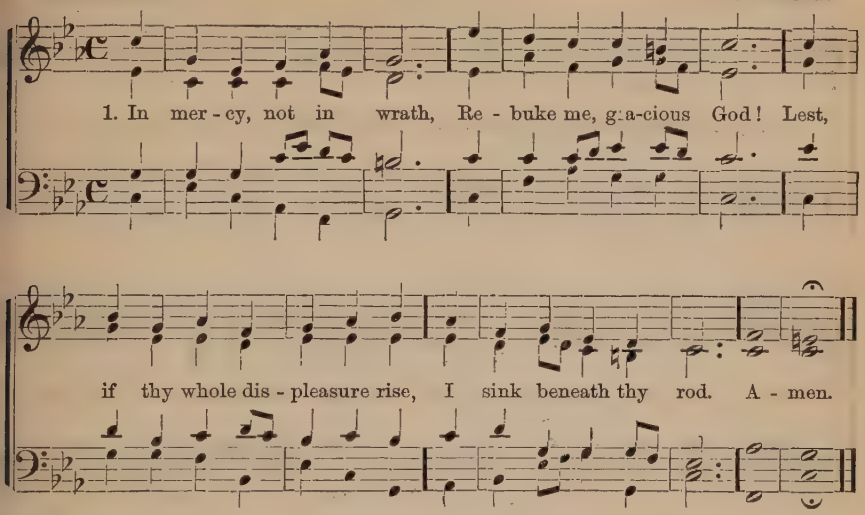
2 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as minister'd to thee.

5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by thy side;
That with thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide.

50. First Tune. S. M. LEIPSIG.



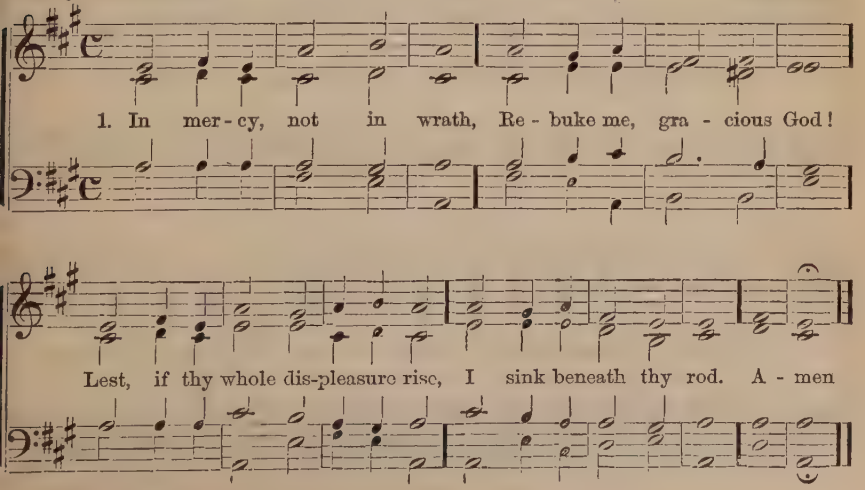
2 Touch'd by thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

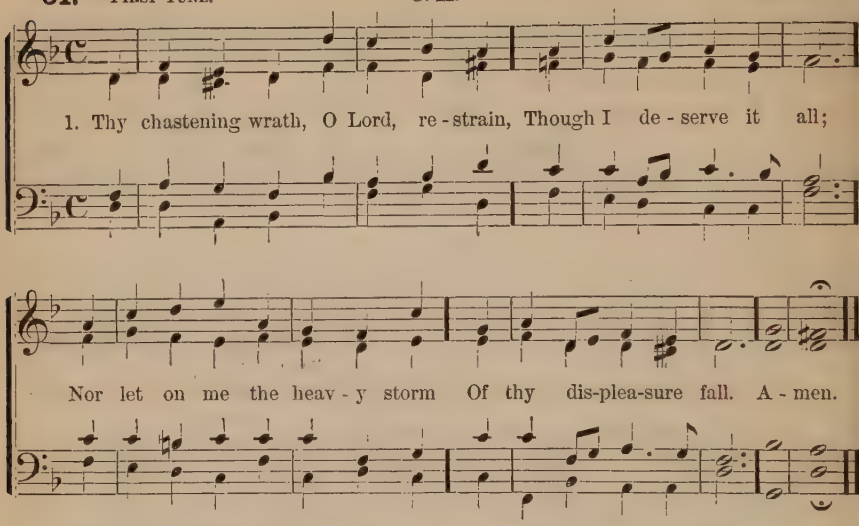
4 O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save;
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

50. Second Tune. S. M. OLMUTZ.



51. First Tune. C. M. ST. MARYS.

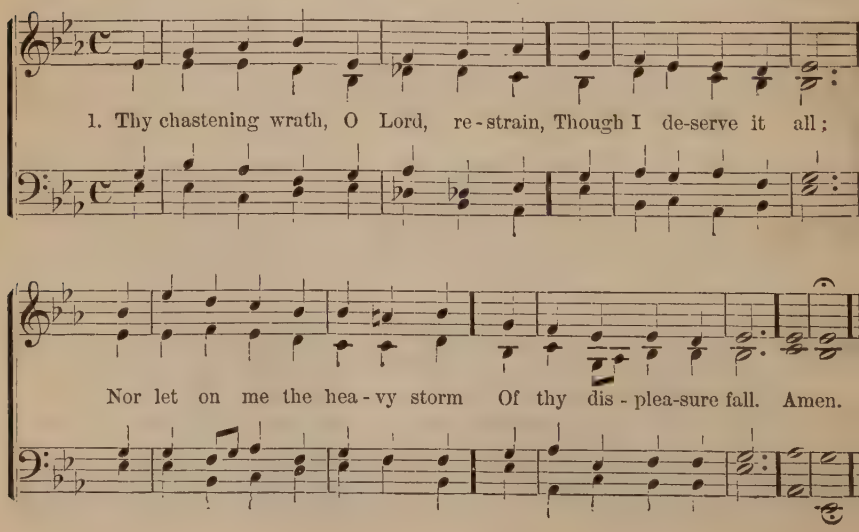


2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burdend soul
Have reached thine open ear.

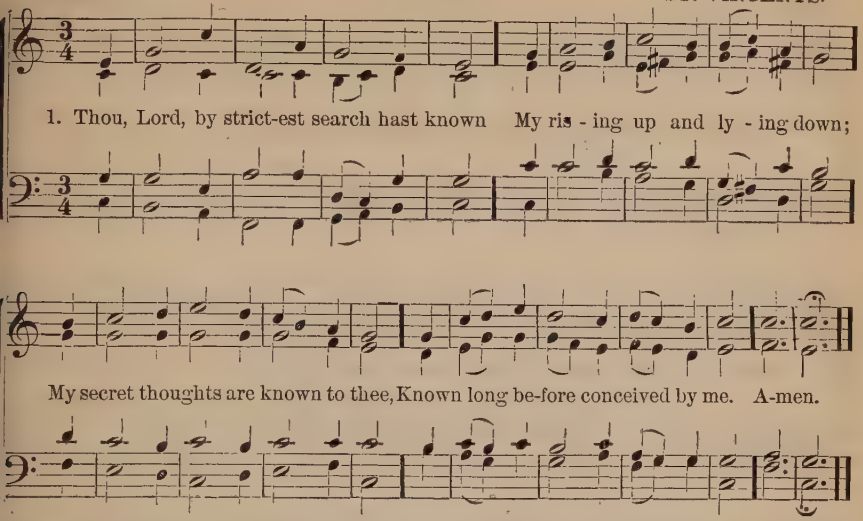
4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart.
Make haste to my relief, O thou
Who my salvation art.

51. Second Tune. C. M. DUNDEE.



Ash Wednesday and Lent.

52. FIRST TUNE. L. M. ST. VINCENTS.

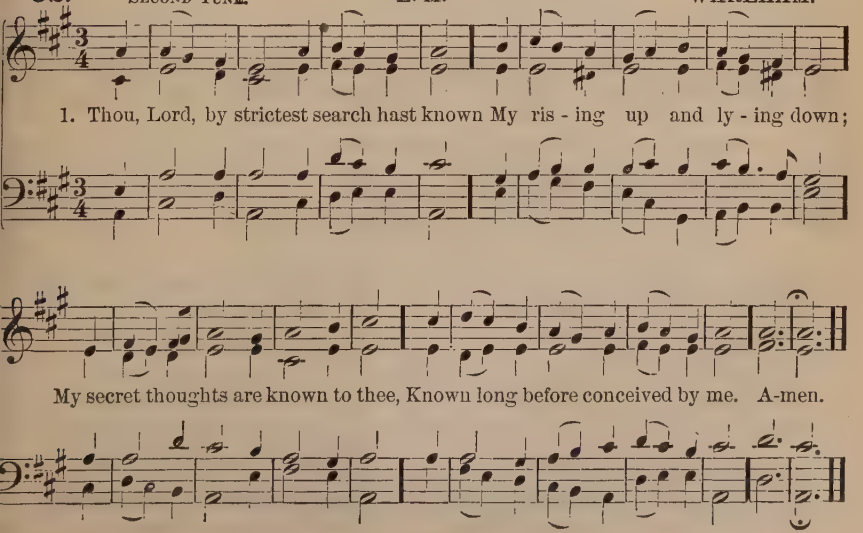

1. Thou, Lord, by strict-est search hast known My ris - ing up and ly - ing down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee, Known long be-fore conceived by me. A-men.

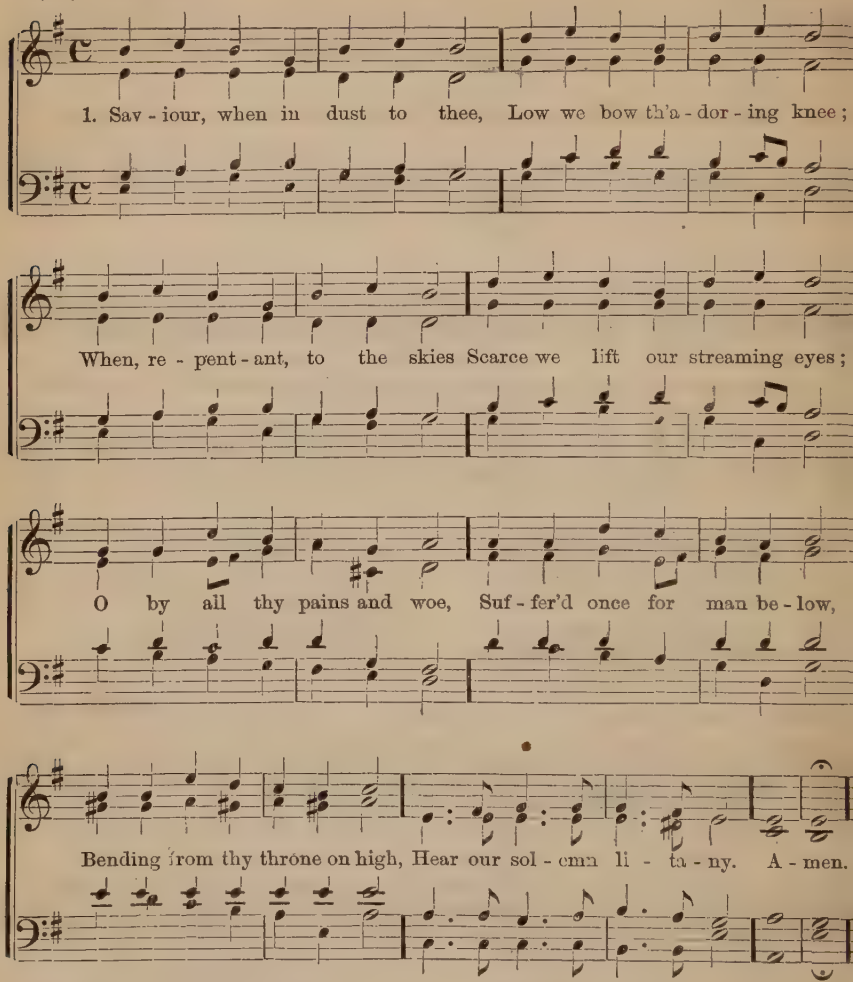
2 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place doth earth afford?
O where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?

3 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thro' midnight shades thou finds't thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

52. SECOND TUNE. L. M. WAREHAM.


1. Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known My ris - ing up and ly - ing down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee, Known long before conceived by me. A-men.

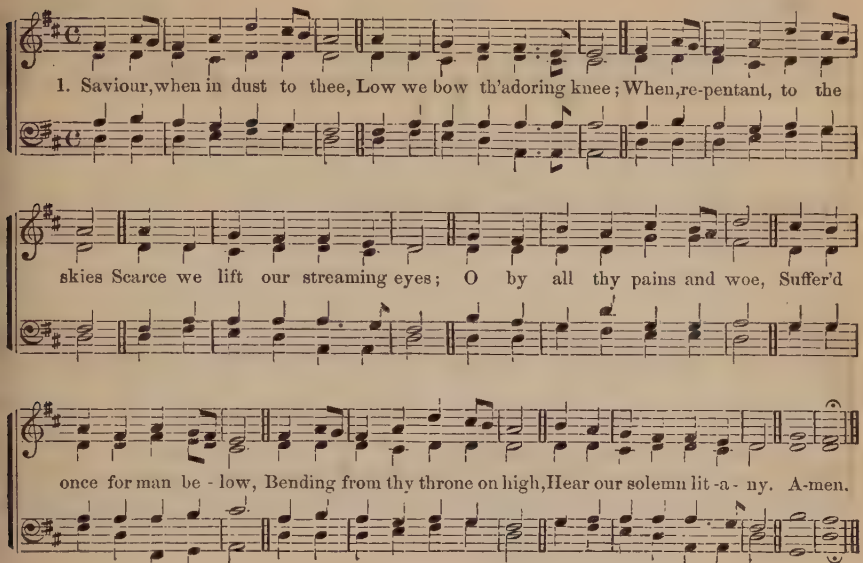
53. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. LITANY.

1. Sav - iour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O by all thy pains and woe, Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,
Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn li - ta - ny. A - men.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

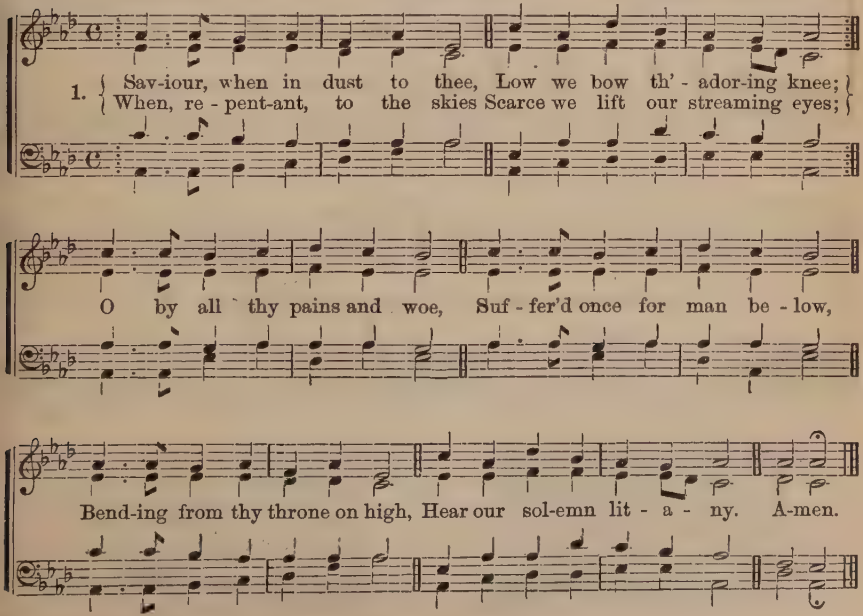
3 By thy conflict with despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

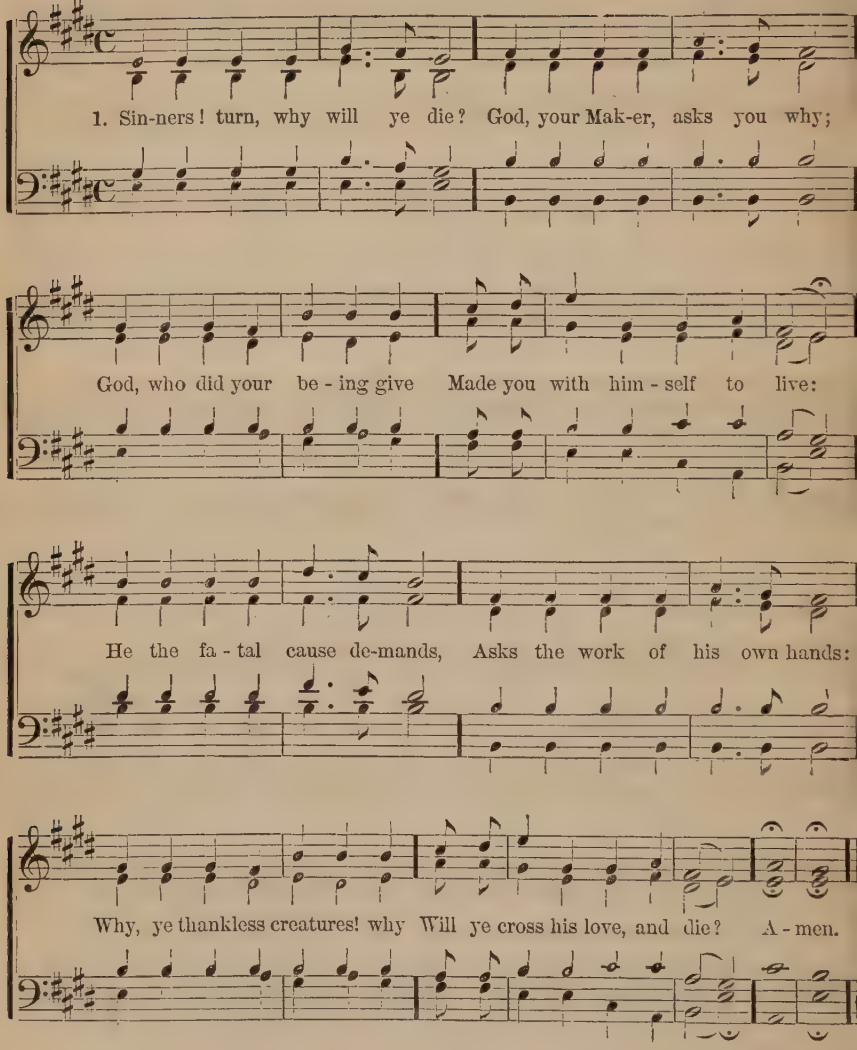
53. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. TICHFIELD.


1. Saviour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'adoring knee; When, re-pentant, to the
skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; O by all thy pains and woe, Suffer'd
once for man be - low, Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit - a - ny. A-men.

53. THIRD TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. SPANISH CHANT.


1. { Sav-iour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th' - ador-ing knee; }
{ When, re - pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; }
O by all thy pains and woe, Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,
Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit - a - ny. A-men.

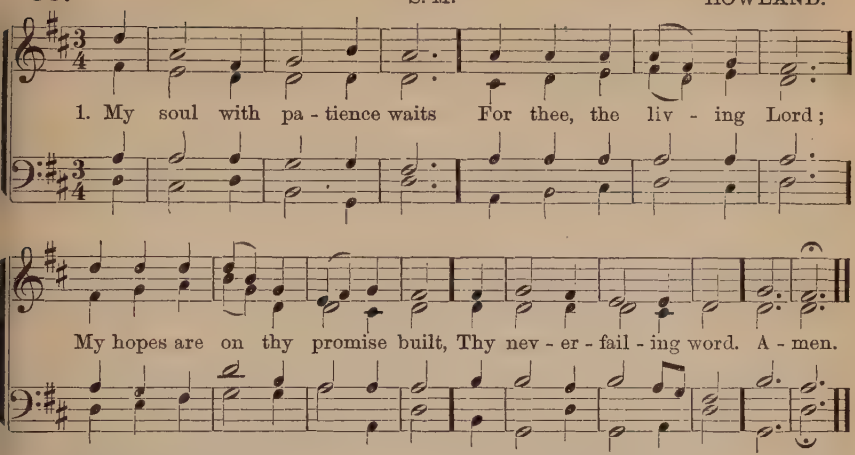
54. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. BENEVENTO.


1. Sin-ners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Mak-er, asks you why;
God, who did your be - ing give Made you with him - self to live:
He the fa - tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures! why Will ye cross his love, and die? A - men.

2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove-
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

55. S. M. HOWLAND.

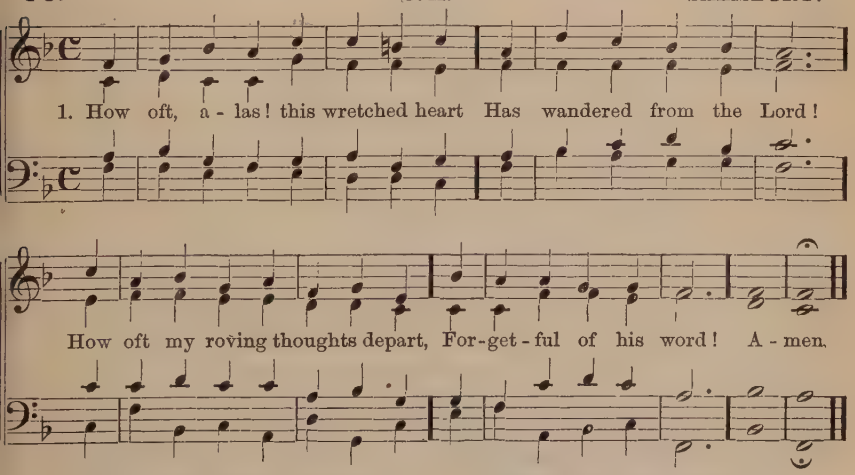


2 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from
Eternal succour flows; [whence

4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

56. C. M. SALISBURY.


1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart, For-get - ful of his word! A - men.

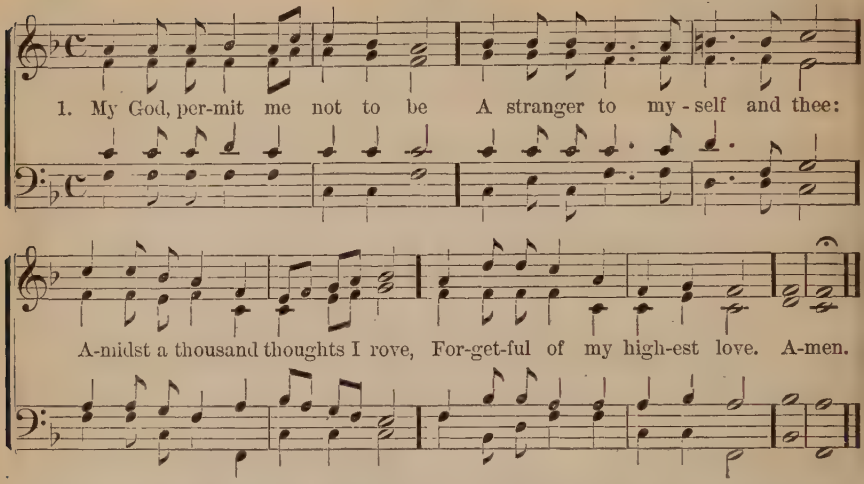
2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

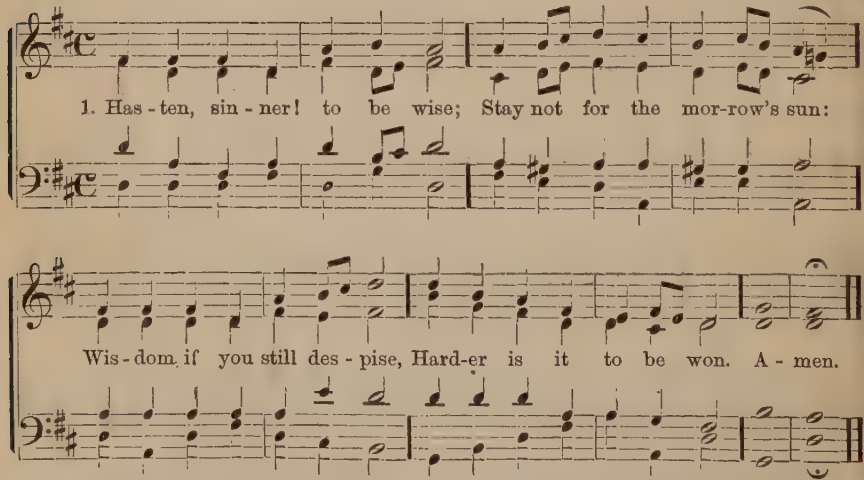
57. L. M. FEDERAL STREET.


1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee:
A-midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love. A-men.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

58. 7.7.7.7. FERRIER.

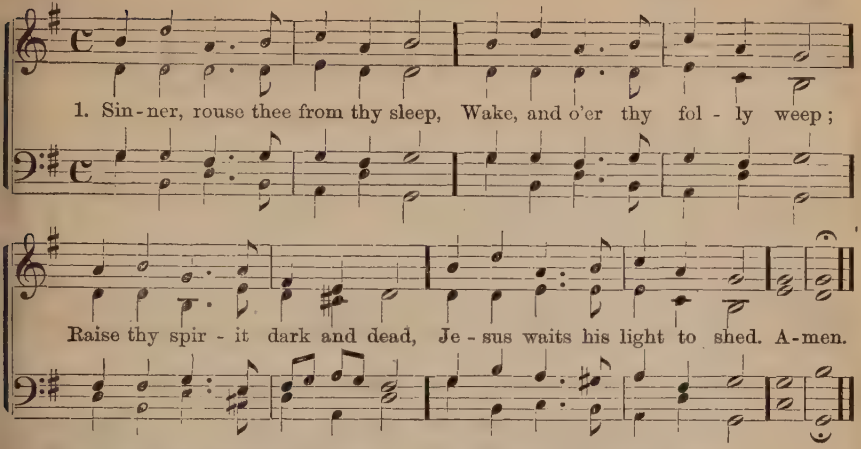


2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

59. 7.7.7.7. GERMAN HYMN.

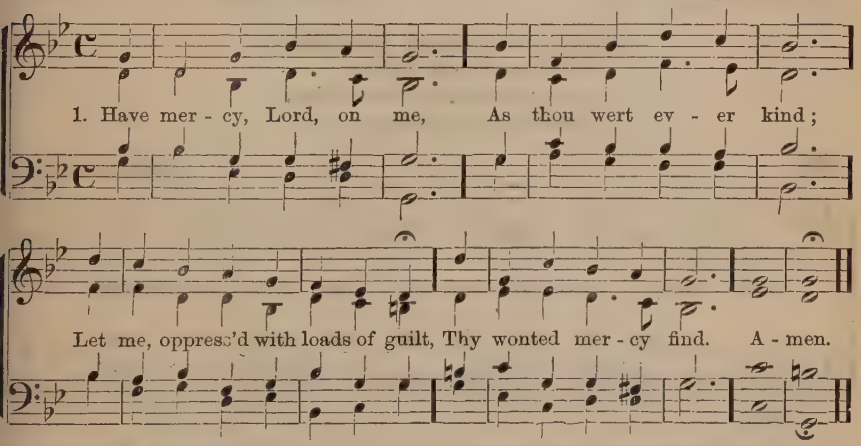

1. Sin-ner, rouse thee from thy sleep, Wake, and o'er thy fol-ly weep;
Raise thy spir-it dark and dead, Je-sus waits his light to shed. A-men.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path;
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

60. S. M. ST. BRIDE.



2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight, [demn'd,
Have I transgress'd; and, though con-
Must own thy judgment right.

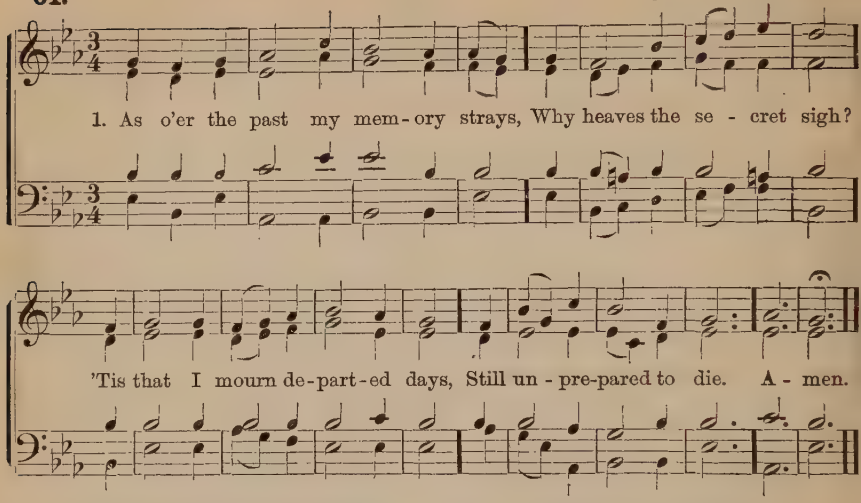
4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy thy favour gives
Let me, O Lord, regain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

61. C. M. ECKARDTSHEIM.

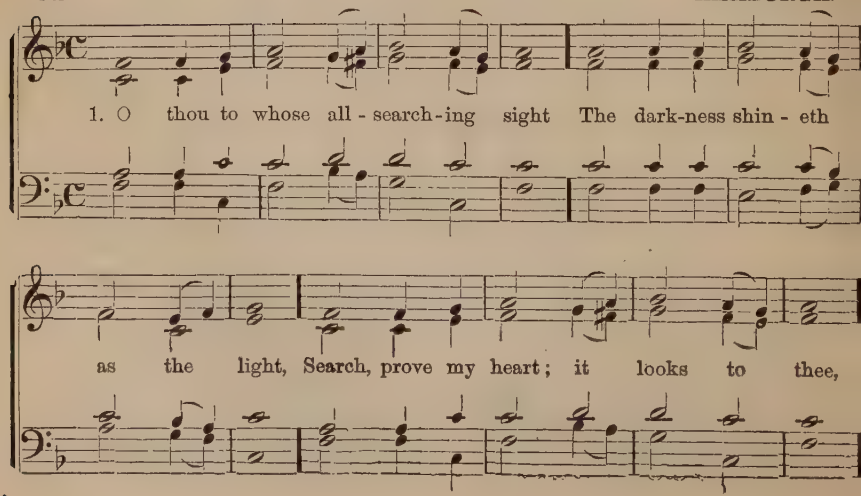


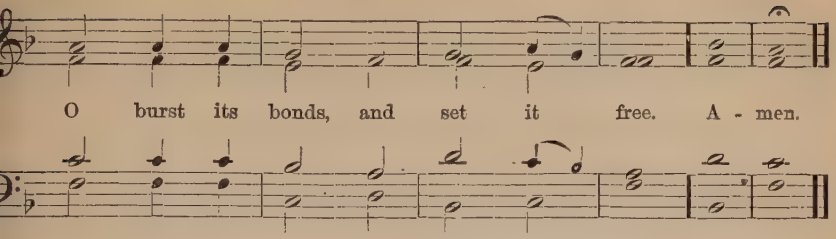
2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

62. L. M. HAMBURGH.



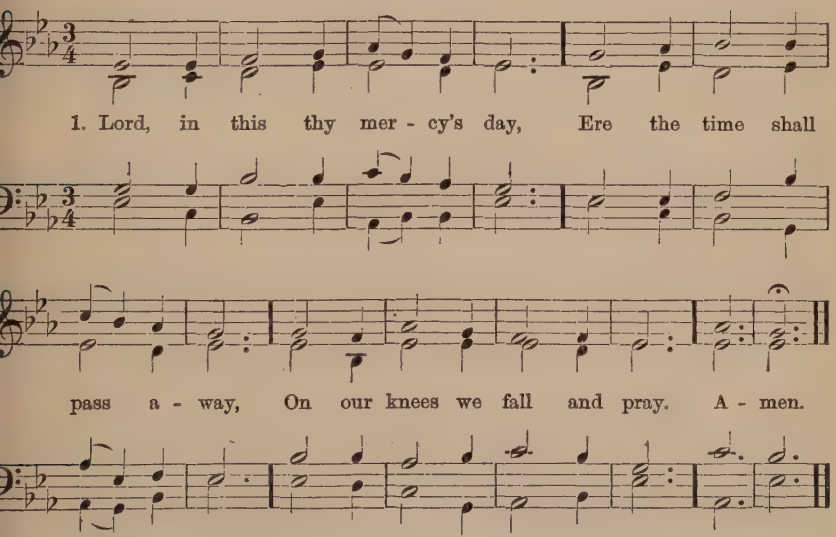


Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

63. 7.7.7. ST. PHILIP.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

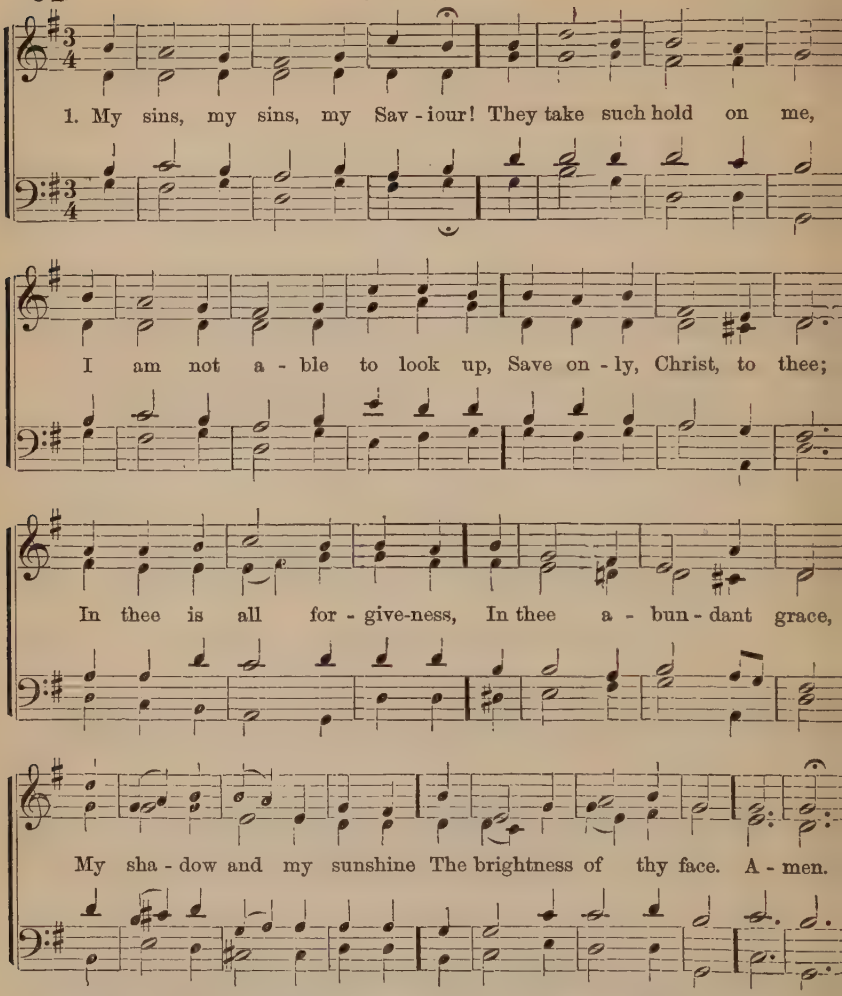
4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath thy wings a place.

7 On thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round thy throne.

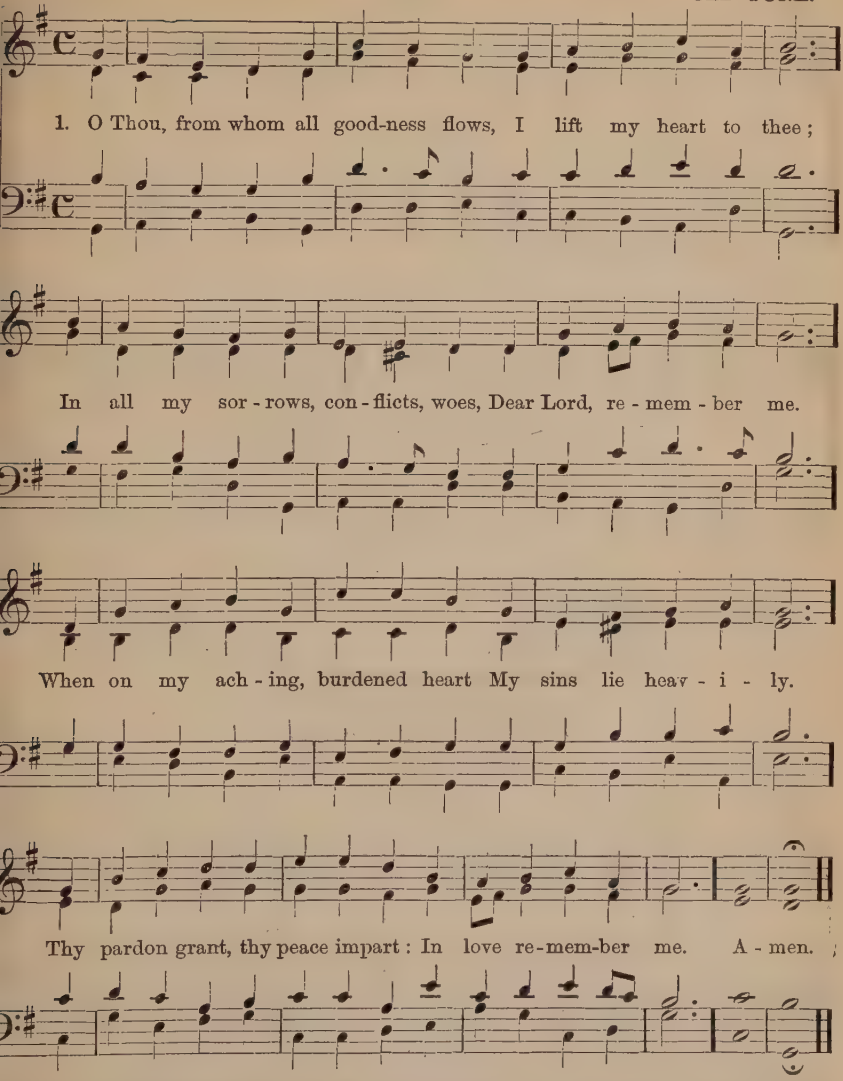
64. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. VIRGINIA.


1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,
I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to thee;
In thee is all for - give-ness, In thee a - bun - dant grace,
My sha - dow and my sunshine The brightness of thy face. A - men.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on thee they fall!
Seen through thy gentle patience
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with thee, in the desert
I near thy Passion drew;
Till, with thee, in the garden
I heard thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told thy sorrow there.

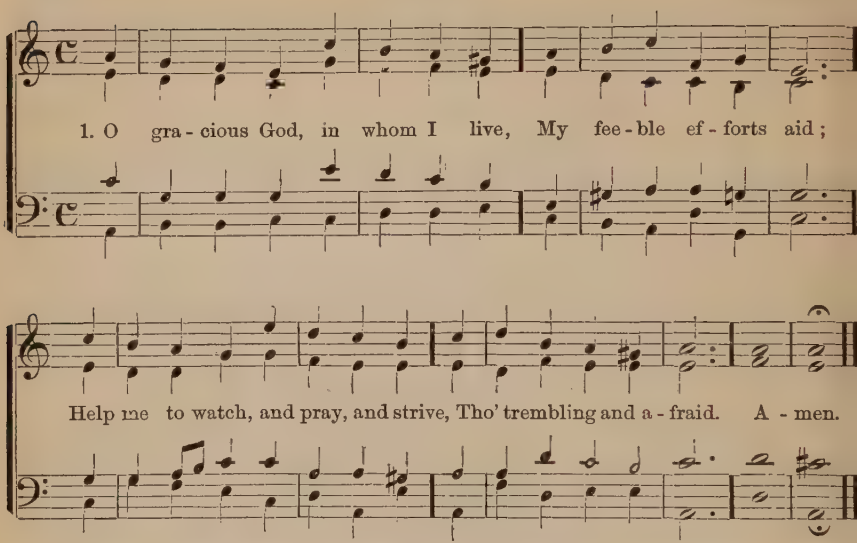
4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all thy goodness
To suffering man below.
Thy goodness and thy favour,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in thee and love.

65. D.C.M. OLD TUNE.

1. O Thou, from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
When on my ach - ing, burdened heart My sins lie heav - i - ly.
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart: In love re-mem-ber me. A - men.

2 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
For good, remember me.
If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear and remember me.

3 And oh, when in the hour of death
I own thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

66. C. M. ARNOLD.



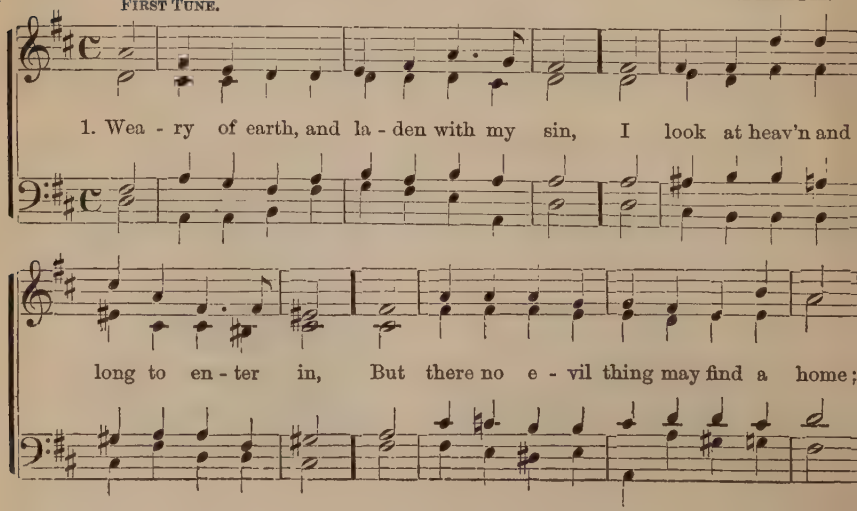
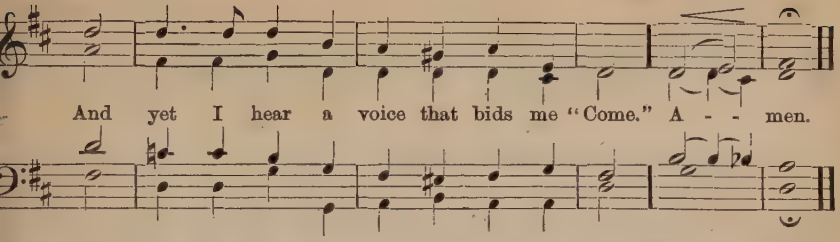
2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

67. 10.10.10.10. DALKEITH.

FIRST TUNE.



So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

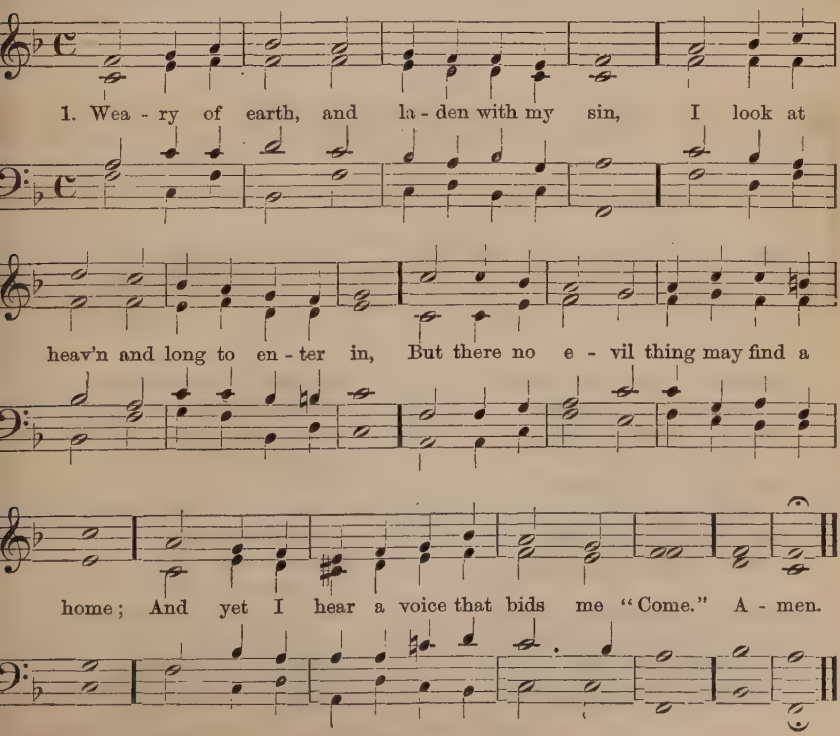
The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me, day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

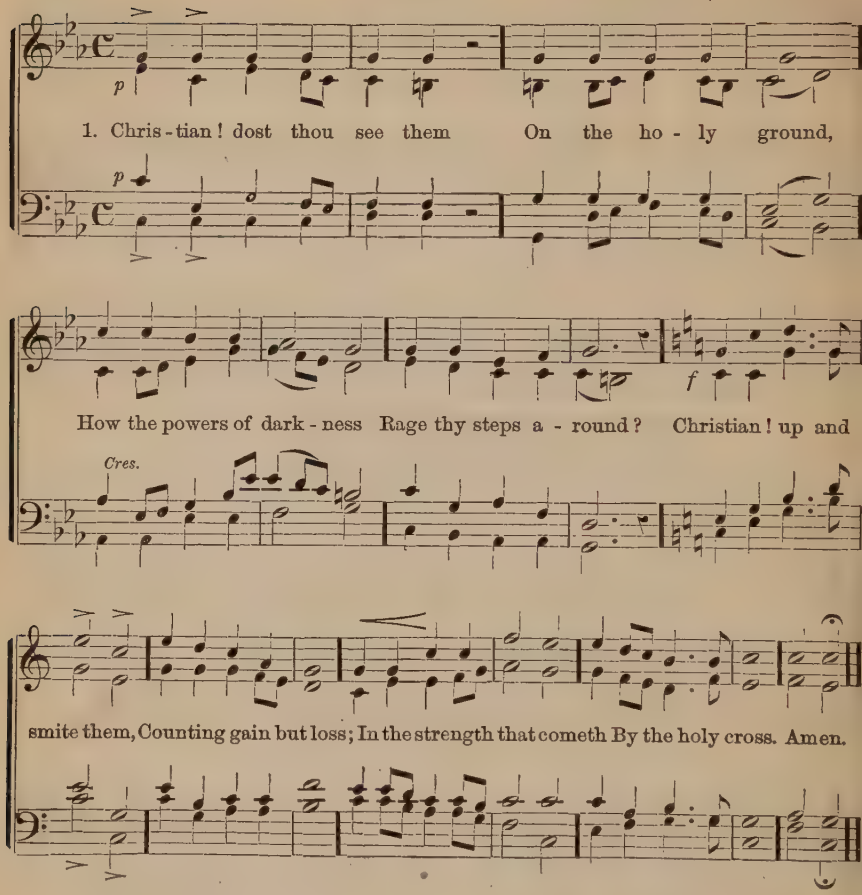
5 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father' child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

6 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

67. SECOND TUNE. 10.10.10.10. TOULON.


1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at
heav'n and long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a
home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A - men.

68. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. ST. ANDREW OF CRETE.

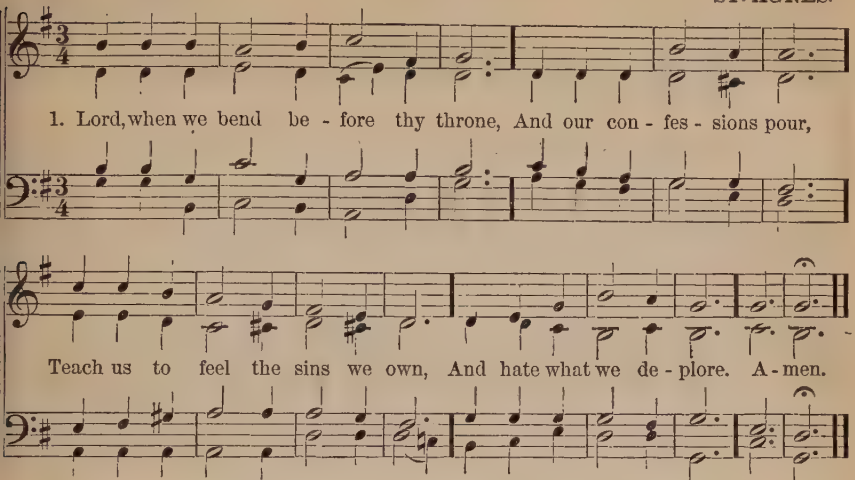

p
1. Chris-tian! dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground,
p
How the powers of dark-ness Rage thy steps a-round? Christian! up and
f
Cres.
smite them, Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the holy cross. Amen.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

69. First Tune. C. M. ST. AGNES.

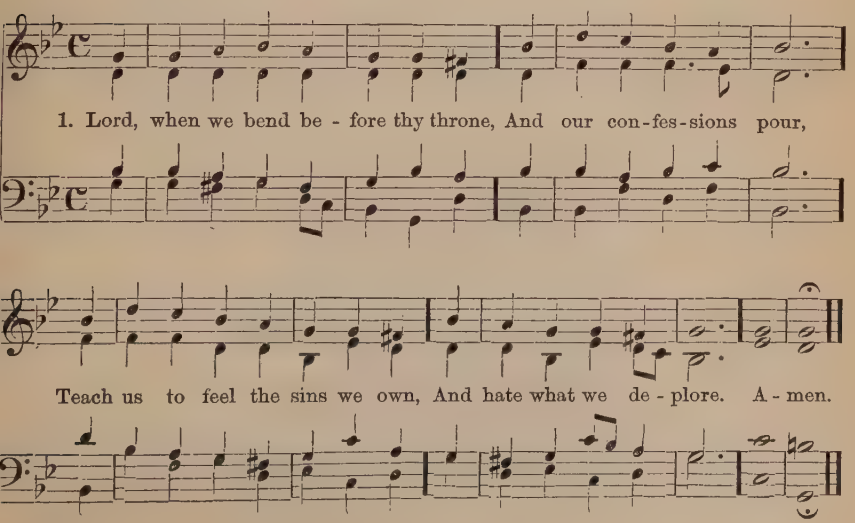

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

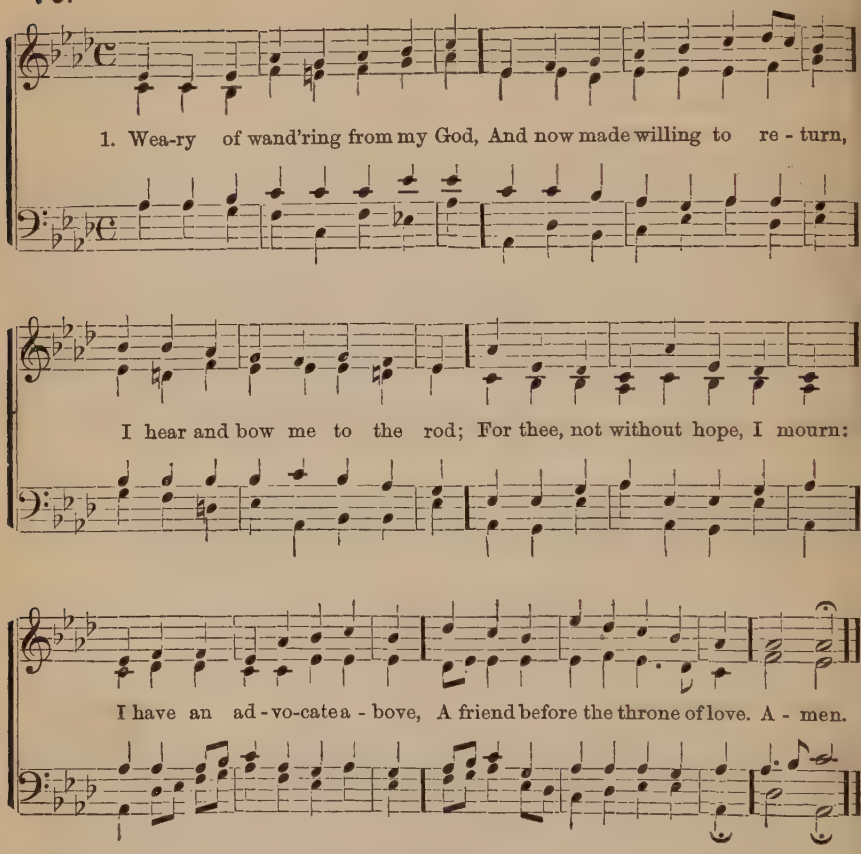
2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

69. Second Tune. C. M. WINDSOR.

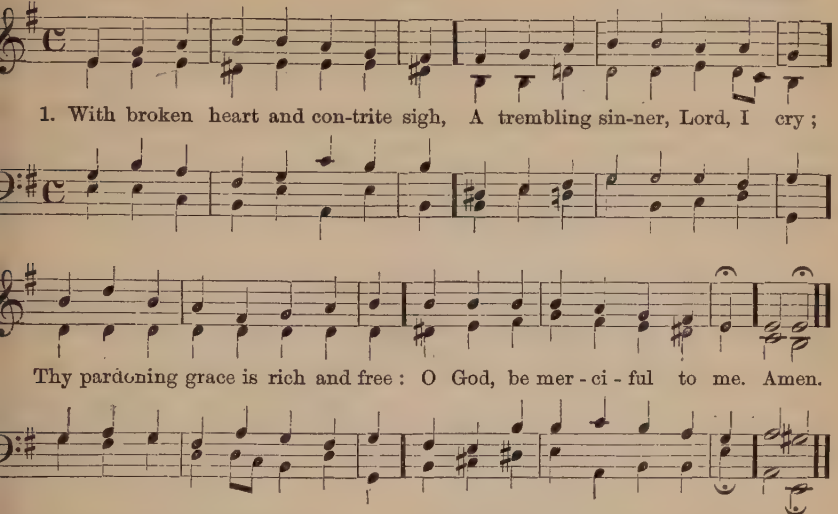

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

70. 8.8.8.8.8.8. SWISS TUNE.

1. Wea-ry of wand'ring from my God, And now made willing to re - turn,
I hear and bow me to the rod; For thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an ad - vo-cate a - bove, A friend before the throne of love. A - men.

2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face:
Open thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

71. First Tune. L.M. BABYLON STREAMS.


1. With broken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. Amen.

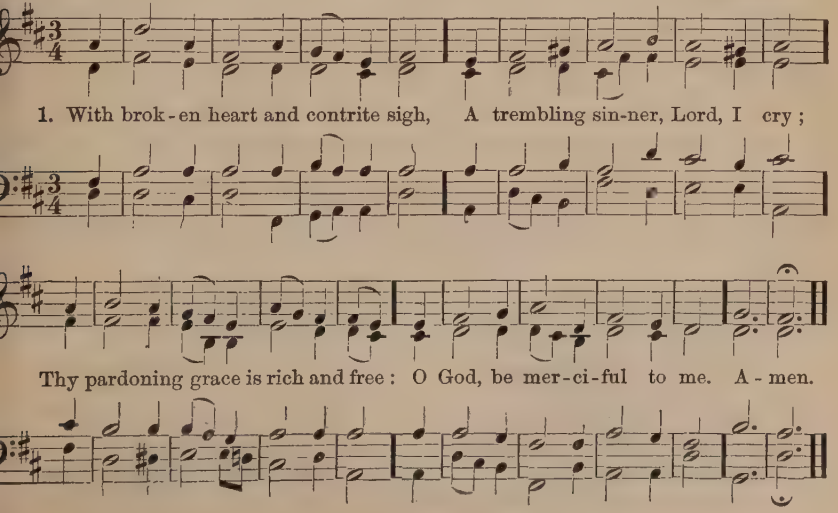
I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

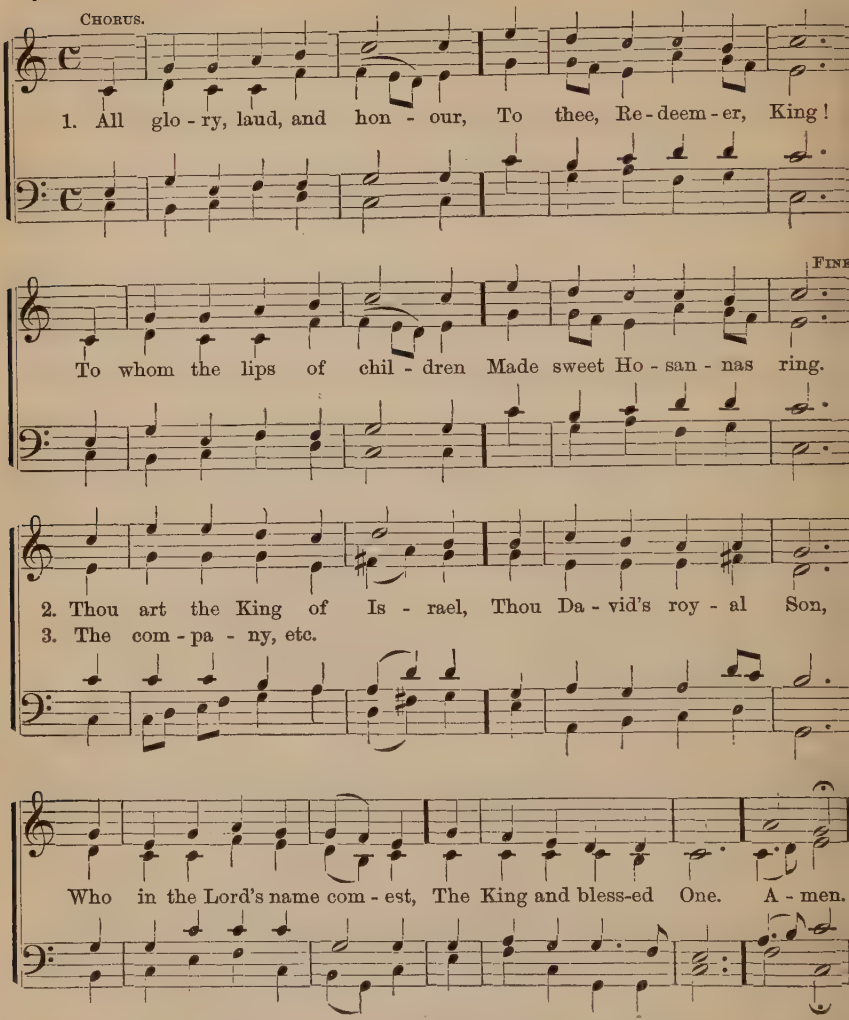
Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor needs that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

71. Second Tune. L. M. NUREMBERG.


1. With brok-en heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. A-men.

72. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ST. THEODULPH.

Chorus.
1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our, To thee, Re - deem - er, King!
Fine
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
3. The com - pa - ny, etc.
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless-ed One. A - men.

3 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

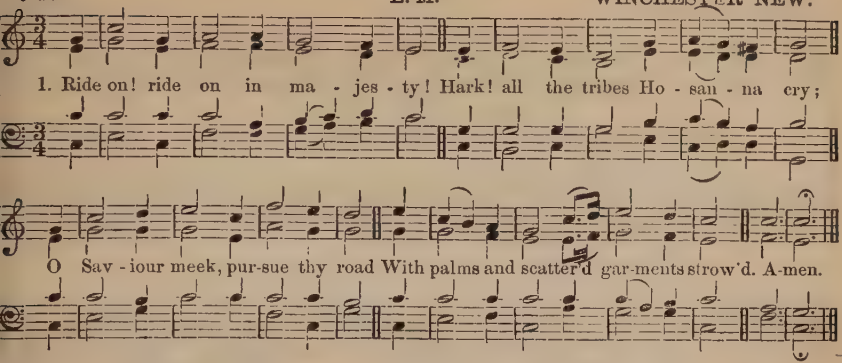
4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To thee before thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To thee, now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

73. L. M. WINCHESTER NEW.


1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;
O Sav - iour meek, pur-sue thy road With palms and scatter'd gar-ments strow'd. A-men.

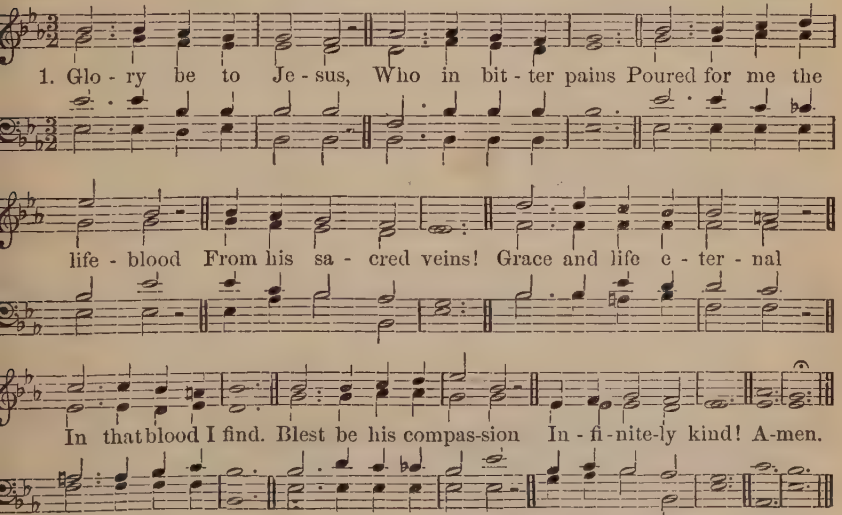
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

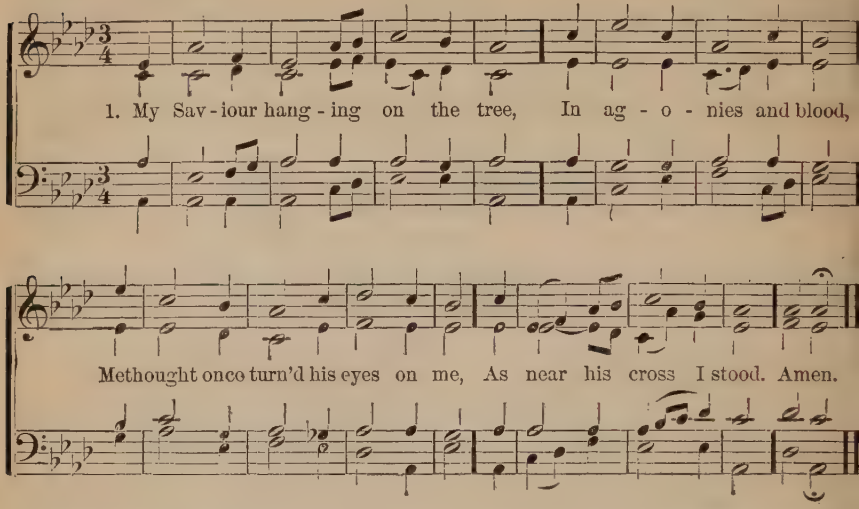
74. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. FANCE.


1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains Poured for me the
life - blood From his sa - cred veins! Grace and life e - ter - nal
In that blood I find. Blest be his compas-sion In - fi - nite-ly kind! A-men.

2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

75 First Tune. C. M. MARTYRDOM.



2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

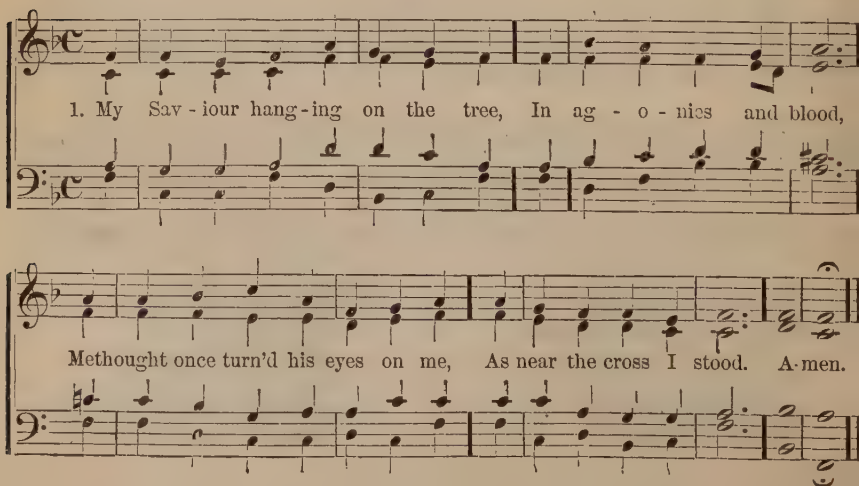
3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

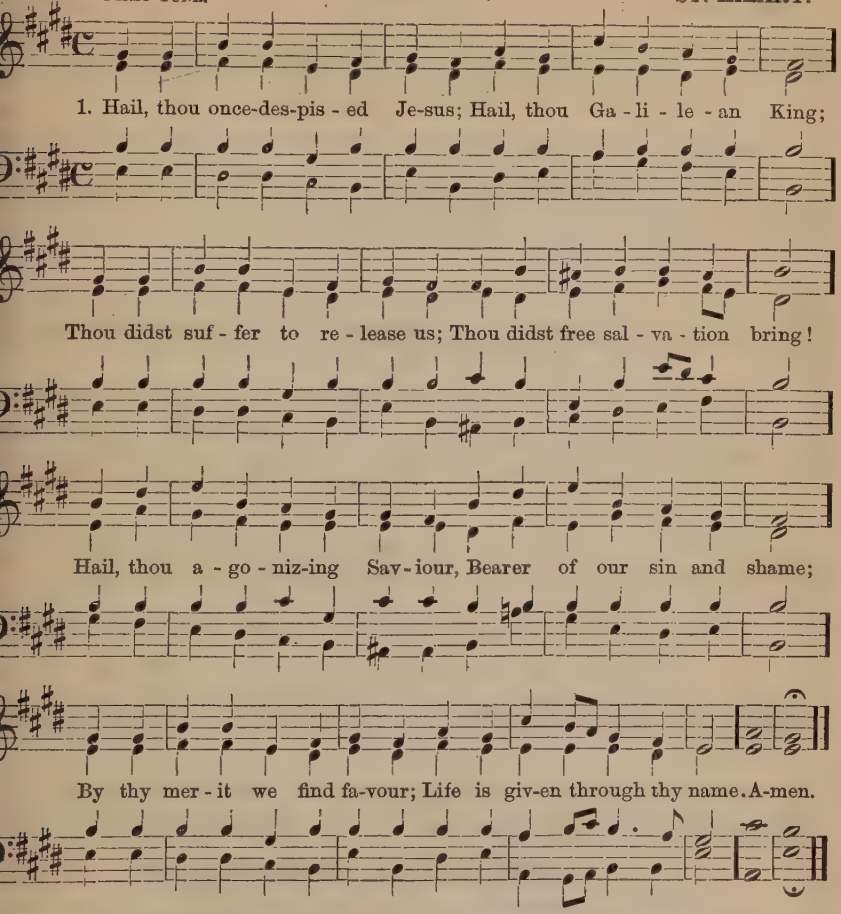
5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue—
Such is the mystery of grace—
It seals my pardon too.

75. Second Tune. C. M. ST. FLAVIAN.



76. FIRST TUNE. 8.7.8.7 8.7.8.7. ST. HILARY.

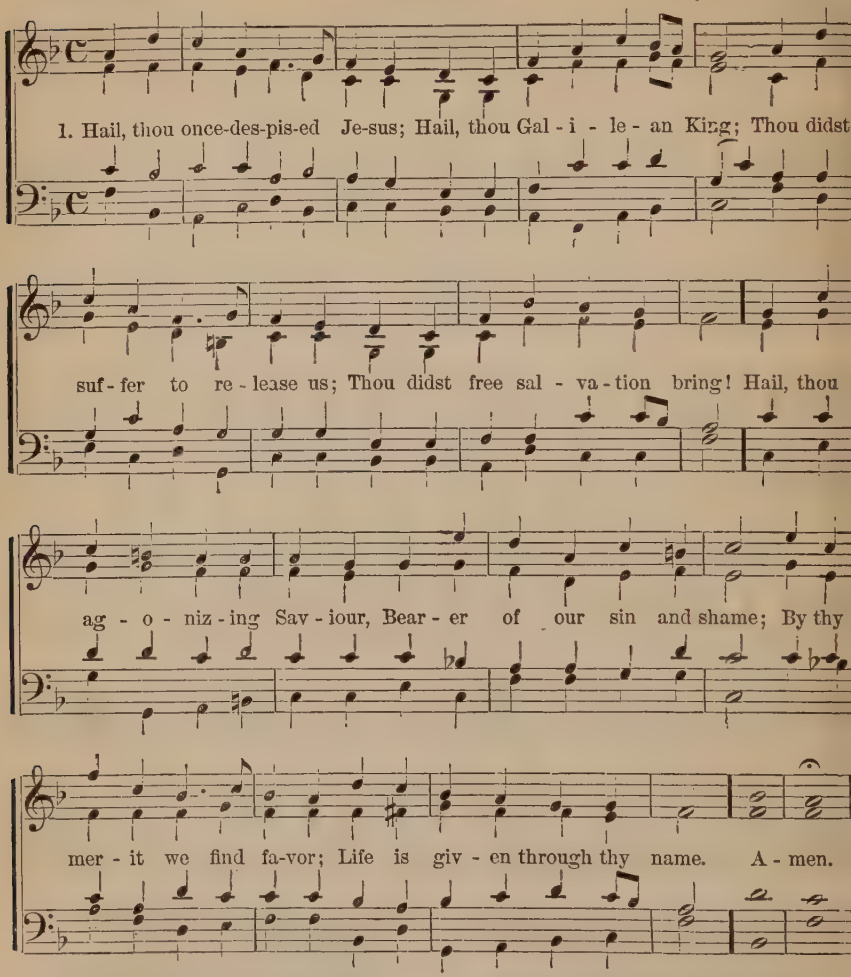

1. Hail, thou once-des-pis - ed Je-sus; Hail, thou Ga - li - le - an King;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring!
Hail, thou a - go - niz-ing Sav - iour, Bearer of our sin and shame;
By thy mer - it we find fa-vour; Life is giv-en through thy name. A-men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

76 SECOND TUNE. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. SMART.

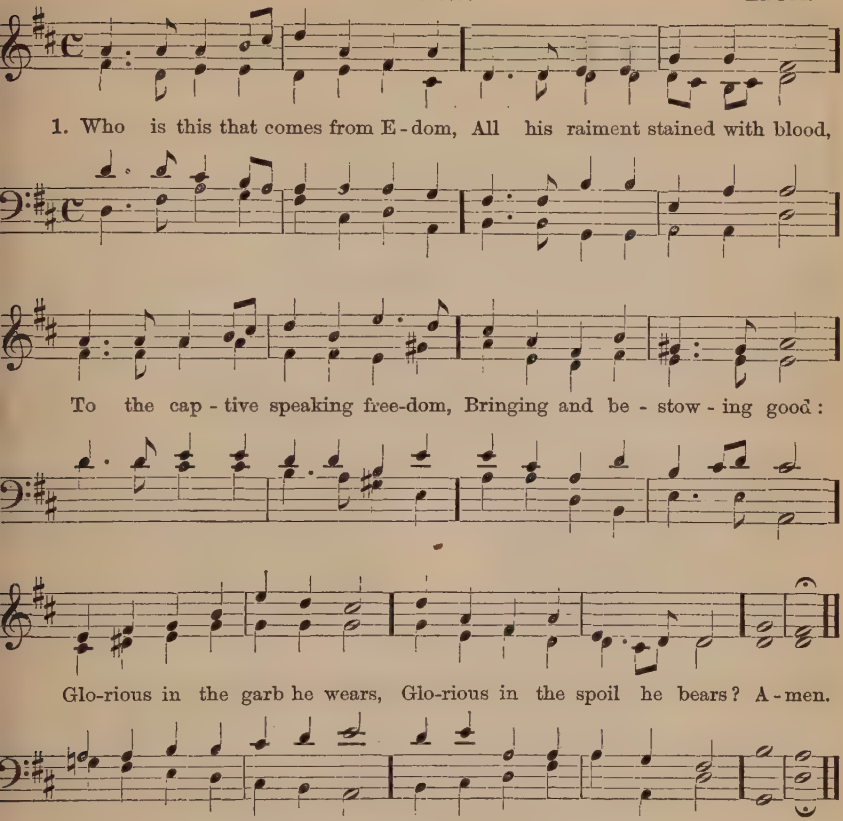

1. Hail, thou once-des-pis-ed Je-sus; Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King; Thou didst
suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring! Hail, thou
ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame; By thy
mer - it we find fa-vor; Life is giv - en through thy name. A - men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

77. 8.7.8.7.7.7. EDOM.

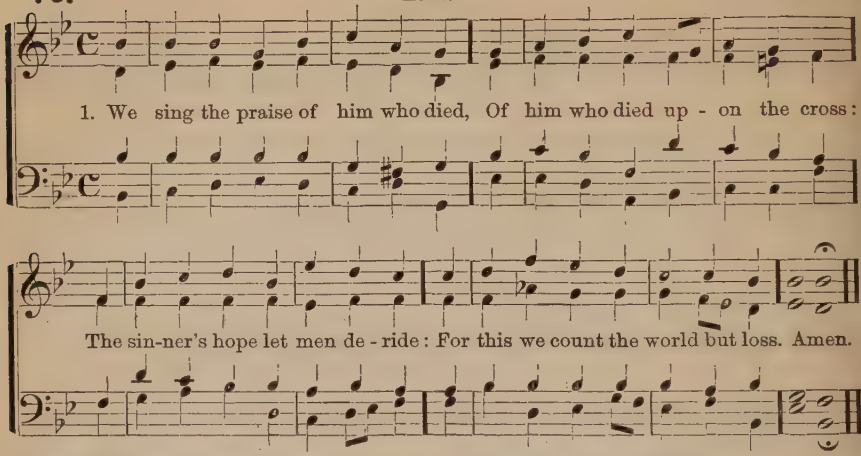

1. Who is this that comes from E - dom, All his raiment stained with blood,
To the cap - tive speaking free-dom, Bringing and be - stow - ing good:
Glo-rious in the garb he wears, Glo-rious in the spoil he bears? A - men.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious,
To his people, is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done;
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

78. L. M. BRESLAU.


1. We sing the praise of him who died, Of him who died up - on the cross:
The sin-ner's hope let men de - ride: For this we count the world but loss. Amen.

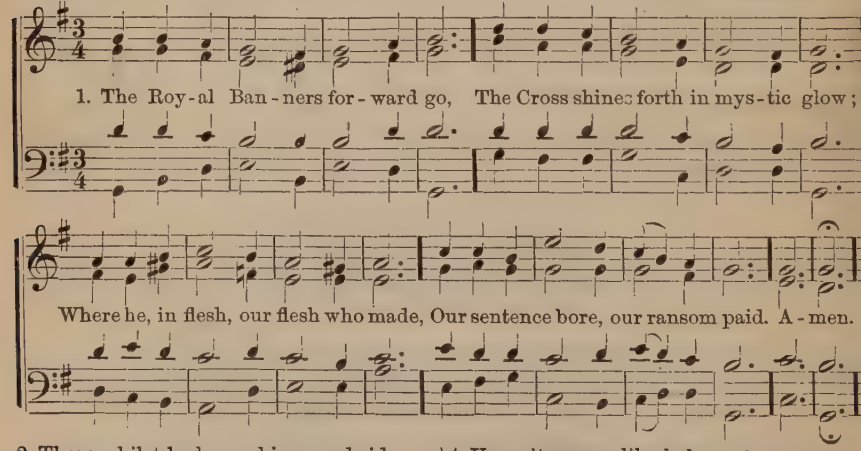
2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

79. L. M. GRACE CHURCH.


1. The Roy-al Ban - ners for - ward go, The Cross shines forth in mys-tic glow;
Where he, in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ransom paid. A - men.

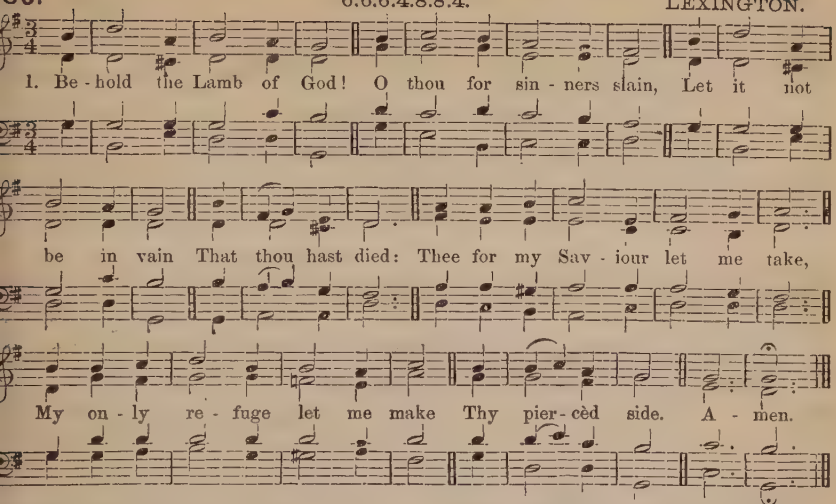
2 There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

3 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood.

4 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

5 To Thee Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

80. 6.6.6.4.8.8.4. LEXINGTON.

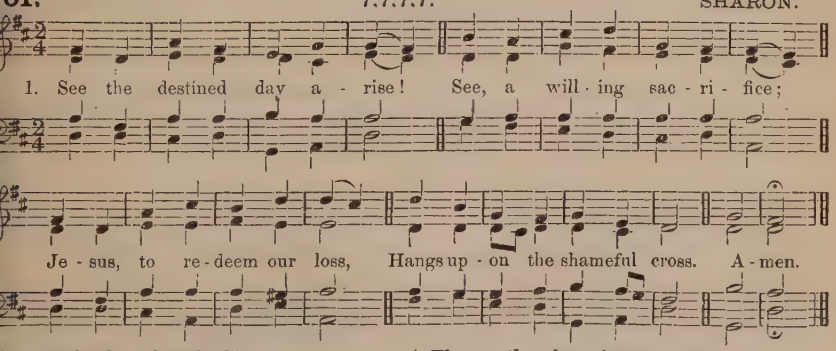

1. Be - hold the Lamb of God! O thou for sin - ners slain, Let it not
be in vain That thou hast died: Thee for my Sav - iour let me take,
My on - ly re - fuge let me make Thy pier - cèd side. A - men.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all thy blessèd saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is he alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love.

81. 7.7.7.7. SHARON.



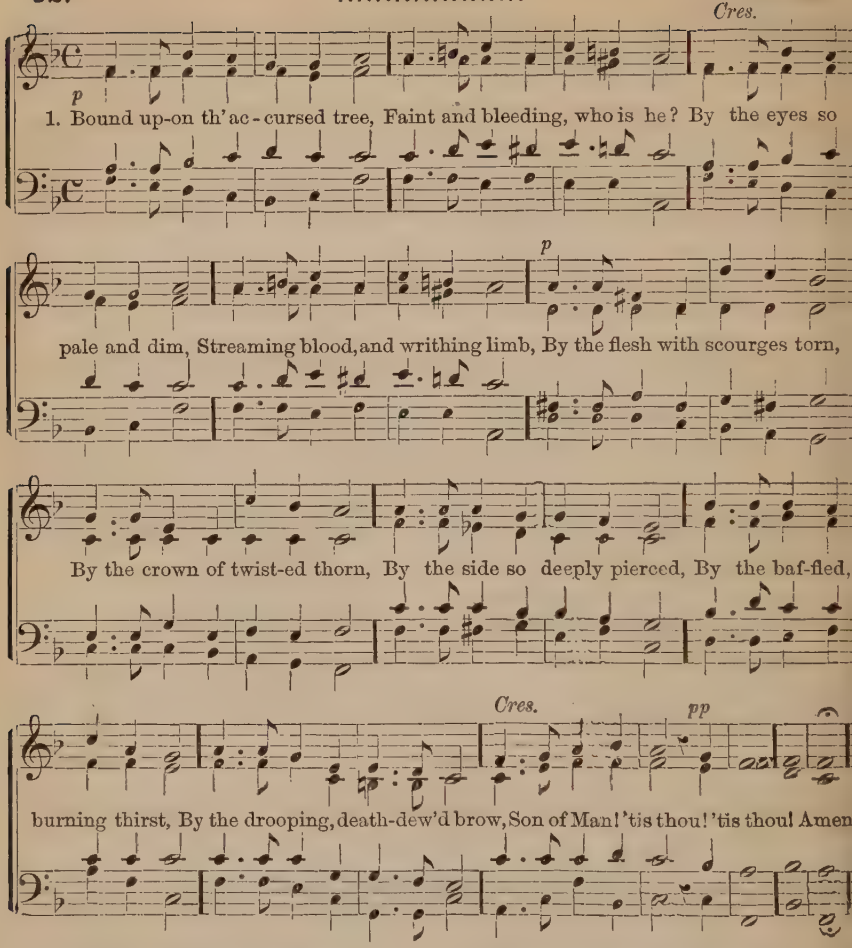
Jesus, who but thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing thy life of woe?

Who but thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

Good Friday.

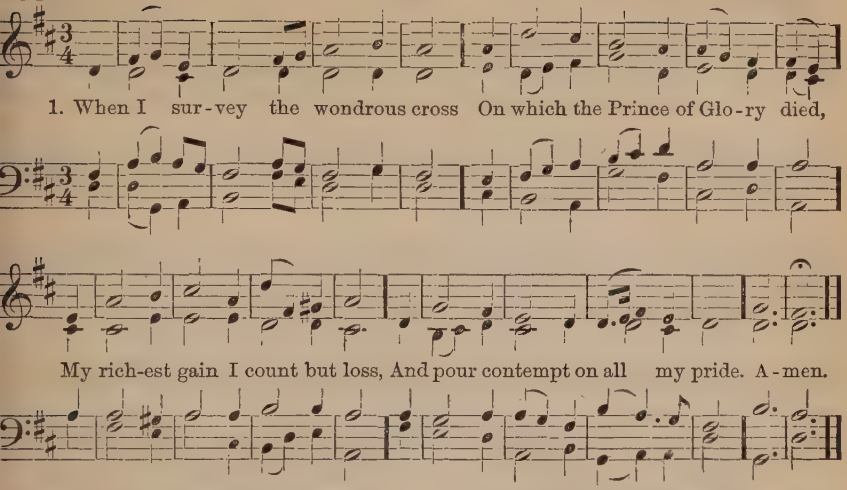
82. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. BARDEN.

Cres.
p
1. Bound up-on th'ac-cursed tree, Faint and bleeding, who is he? By the eyes so
p
pale and dim, Streaming blood, and writhing limb, By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twist-ed thorn, By the side so deeply pierced, By the baf-fled,
Cres.
pp
burning thirst, By the drooping, death-dew'd brow, Son of Man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou! Amen

2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By the earth enwrapt in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere he died
To the felon at his side;
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry
Of the dying agony,
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chambers of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know thee now:
Son of Man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

83. L. M. ROCKINGHAM.

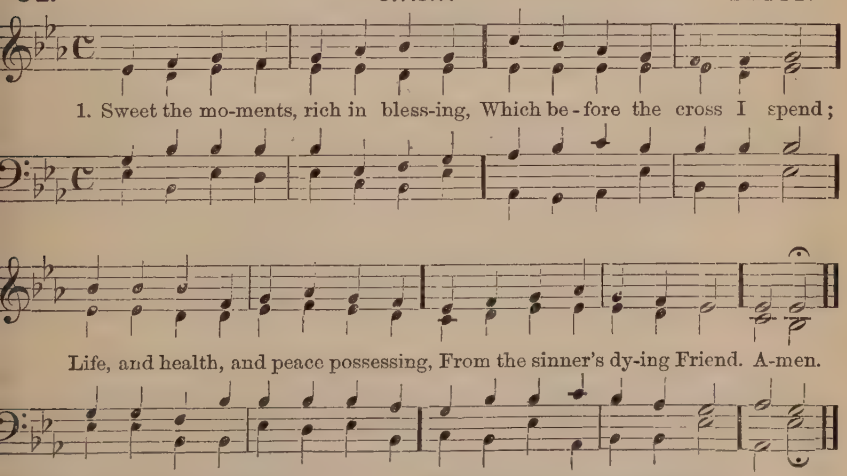

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-men.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

84. 8.7.8.7. BATTY.


1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dy-ing Friend. A-men.

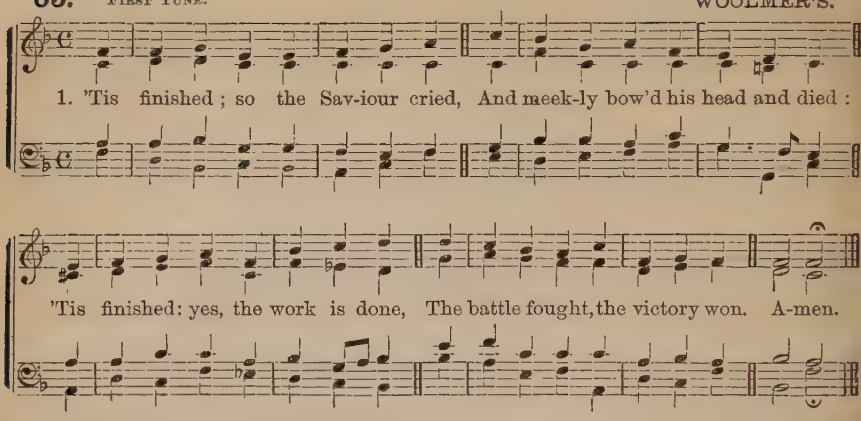
Here I rest, forever viewing
Mercy poured, in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before his cross to lie;
WhilstI see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation
And thine unveil'd glory see.

Good Friday.

85. First Tune. L. M. WOOLMER'S.


1. 'Tis finished; so the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly bow'd his head and died:
'Tis finished: yes, the work is done, The battle fought, the victory won. A-men.

2 'Tis finished: all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

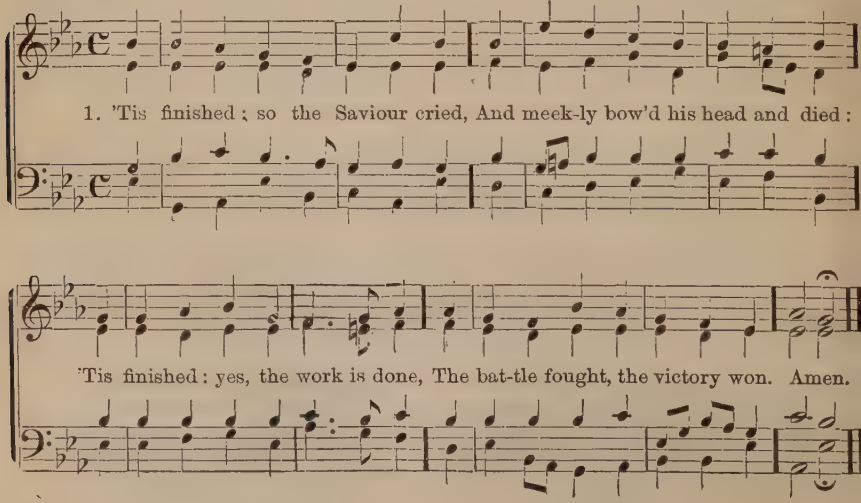
3 'Tis finished: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished: this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finished: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

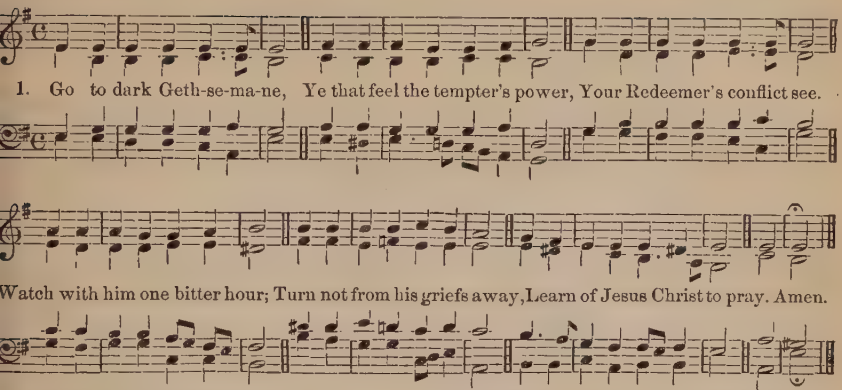
6 'Tis finished: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

85. Second Tune. L. M. MELCOMBE.


1. 'Tis finished; so the Saviour cried, And meek-ly bow'd his head and died:
'Tis finished: yes, the work is done, The bat-tle fought, the victory won. Amen.

Good Friday.

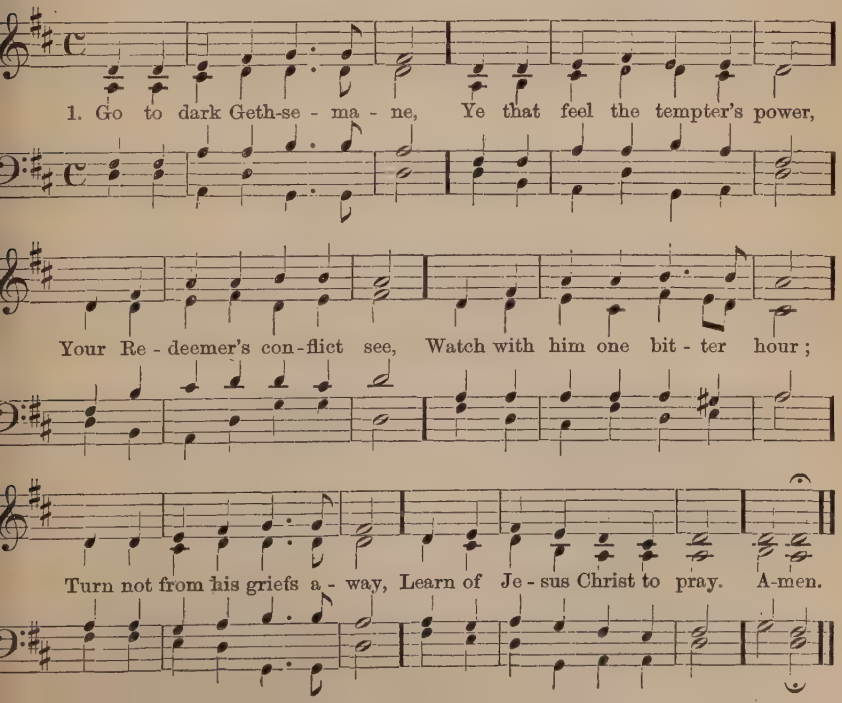
86. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. OUSELEY.


1. Go to dark Geth-se-ma-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power, Your Redeemer's conflict see.
Watch with him one bitter hour; Turn not from his griefs away, Learn of Jesus Christ to pray. Amen.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall:
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

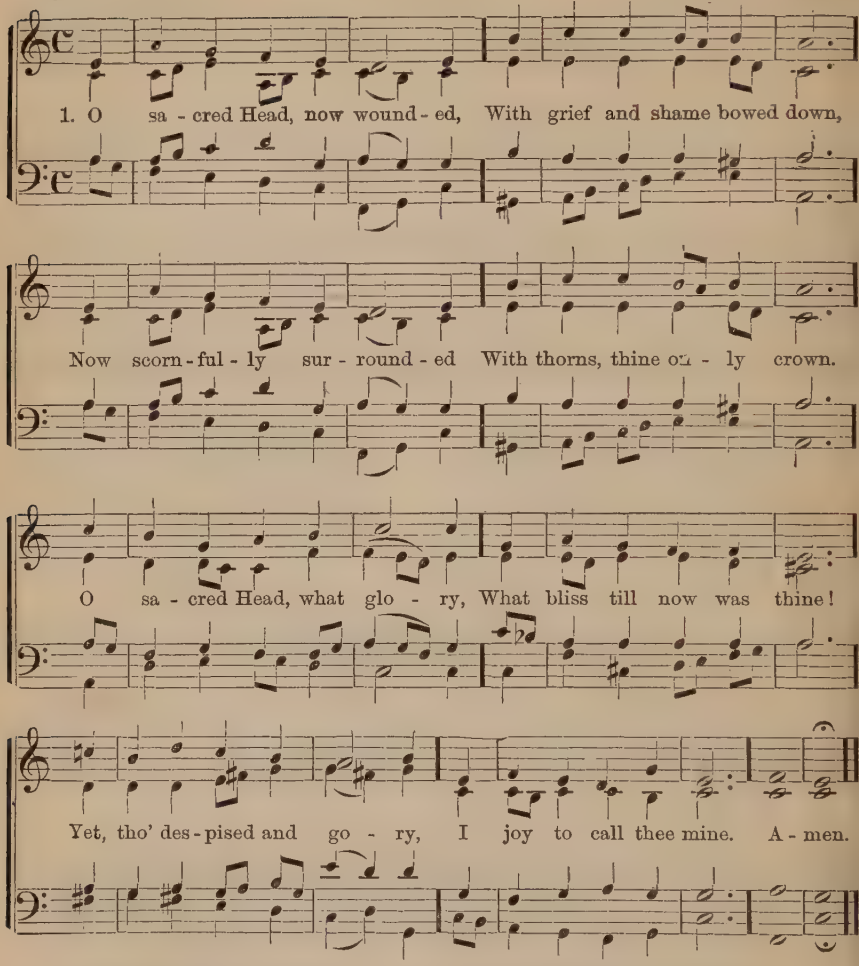
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finish'd!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

86. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. REDHEAD, No. 76.


1. Go to dark Geth-se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Re - deemer's con-flict see, Watch with him one bit - ter hour;
Turn not from his griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A-men.

Good Friday.

87. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6. PASSION CHORALE.


1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown.
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, tho' des - pised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine. A - men.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

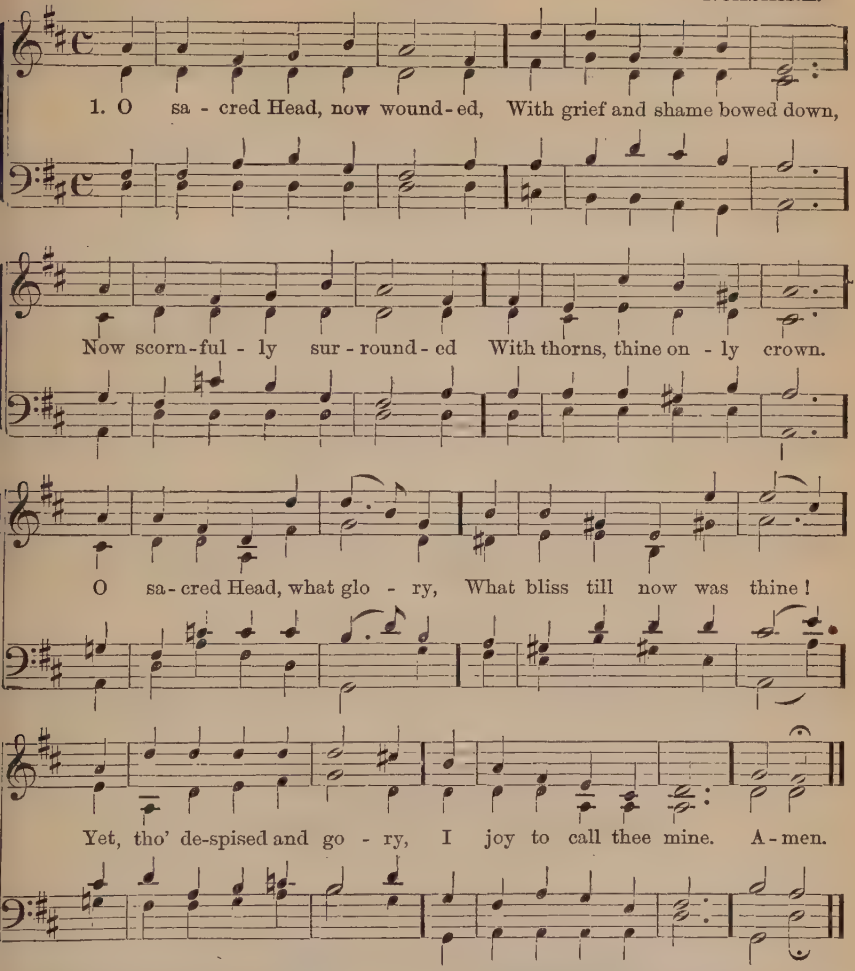
3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me:
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

Good Friday.

87. Second Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. LANCASHIRE.


1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown.
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, tho' de-spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine. A - men.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

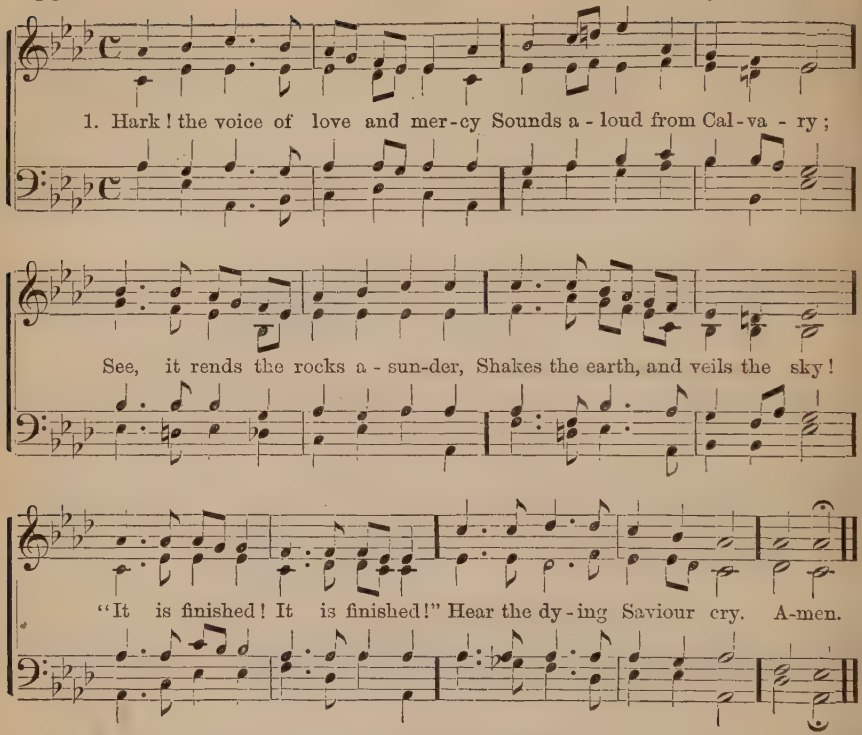
3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me:
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

Good Friday.

88. 8.7.8.7.4.7 CALVARY.


1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;
See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finished! It is finished!" Hear the dy-ing Saviour cry. A-men.

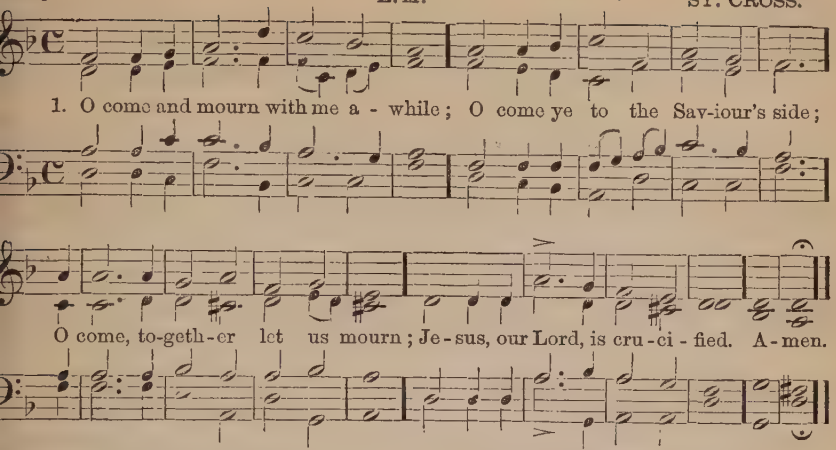
2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do the precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's name;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Good Friday.

89. L. M. ST. CROSS.


1. O come and mourn with me a - while; O come ye to the Sav-iour's side;
O come, to-geth-er let us mourn; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru-ci-fied. A-men.

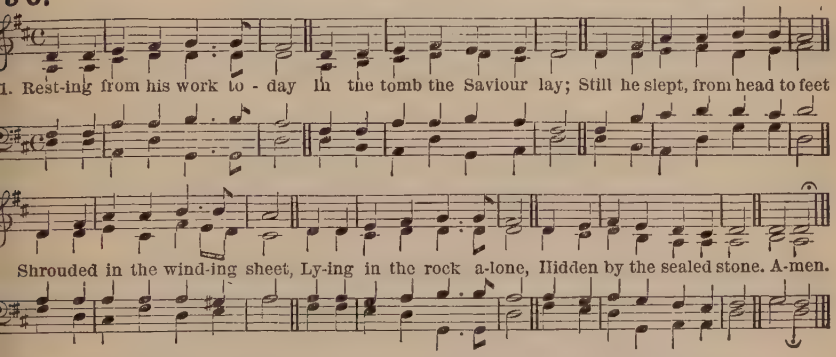
Have we no tears to shed for him?
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times he spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified.

Easter Even.

90. 7.7.7.7.7.7. REDHEAD. No. 76.


1. Rest-ing from his work to - day In the tomb the Saviour lay; Still he slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the wind-ing sheet, Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hidden by the sealed stone. A-men.

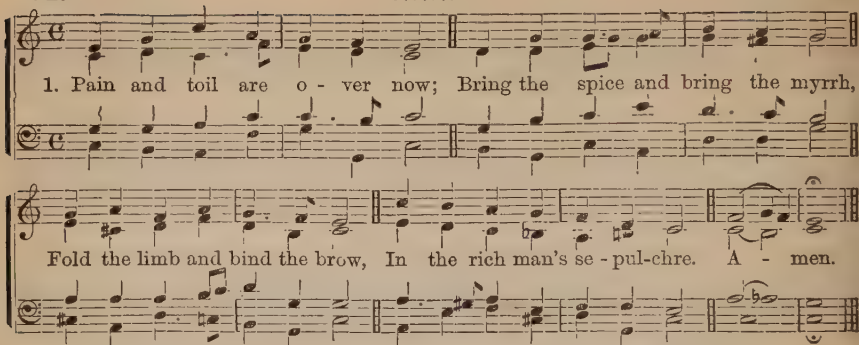
2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Easter Even.

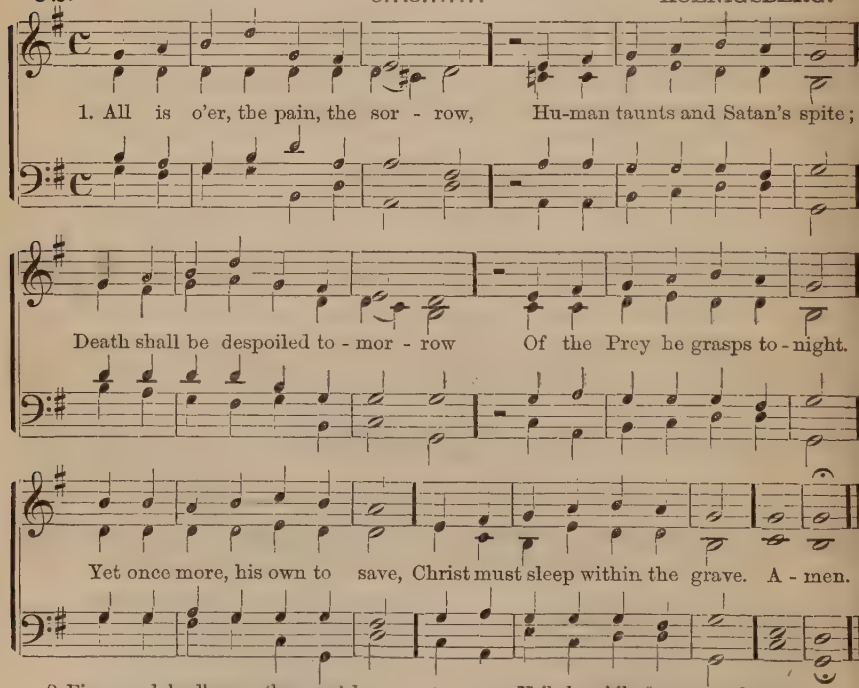
91. 7.7.7.7. PRUEN.


1. Pain and toil are o - ver now; Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,
Fold the limb and bind the brow, In the rich man's se - pul-chre. A - men.

2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel;
Roll the stone and guard it well;
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel.

3 Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake roll'd away,
Angel guards all robed in white.

92. 8.7.8.7.7.7. KOENIGSBERG.


1. All is o'er, the pain, the sor - row, Hu-man taunts and Satan's spite;
Death shall be despoiled to - mor - row Of the Prey he grasps to - night.
Yet once more, his own to save, Christ must sleep within the grave. A - men.

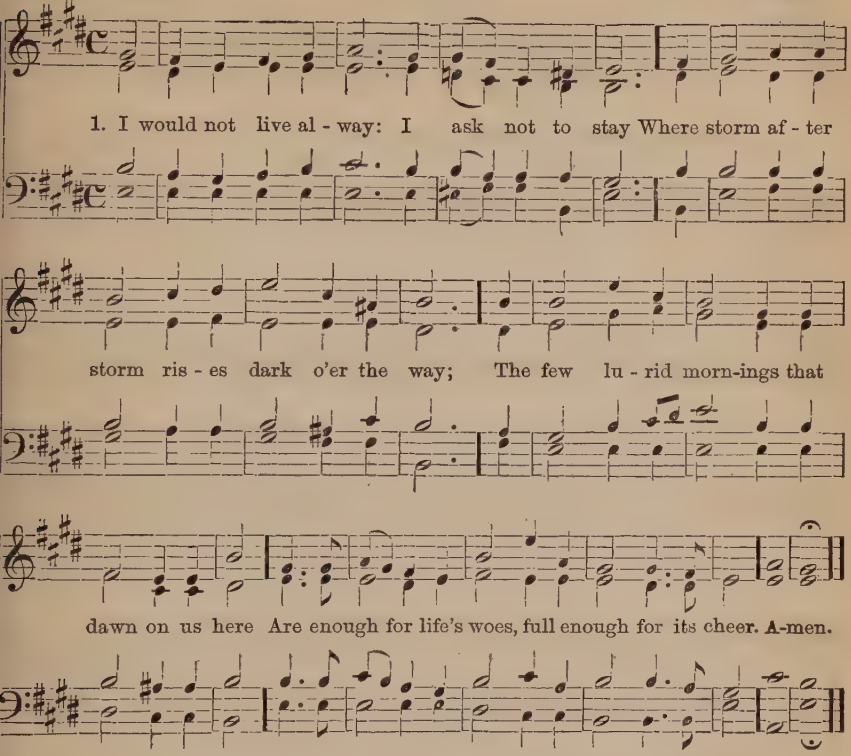
2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter cross he bore:
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the tomb that holds him
While in brief repose he lies:
Deep the slumber that enfolds him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

4 So this night, with voice of sadness
Chant the anthem soft and low;
Loftier strains of praise and gladness
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign.

Easter Even.

93. First Tune. 11.11.11.12. Rest.


1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn-ings that
dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer. A-men.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

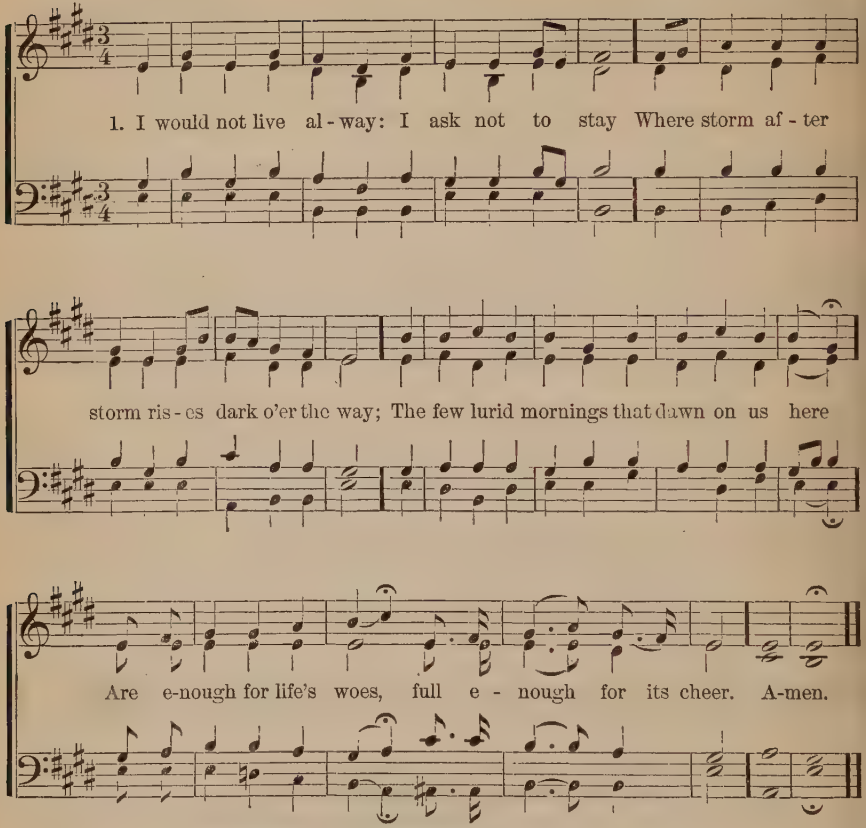
3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Easter Even.

93. SECOND TUNE. 11.11.11.12. MUHLENBERG.


1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are e-nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer. A-men.

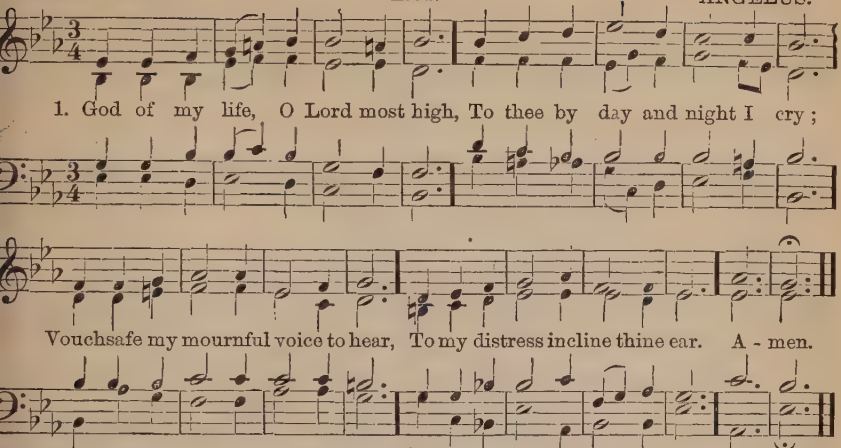
2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

94. L. M. ANGELUS.


1. God of my life, O Lord most high, To thee by day and night I cry;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear, To my distress incline thine ear. A - men.

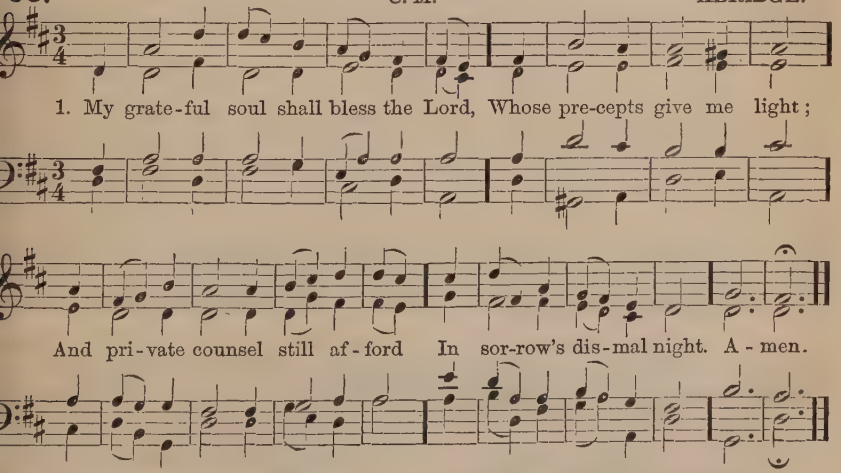
Like those whose strength and hopes are
They number me among the dead; [fled,
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have.

Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave thy love confess,
A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness?

4 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn:
Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?

5 Companions dear and friends beloved
Far from my sight thou hast removed:
God of my life, O Lord most high,
Vouchsafed to hear my mournful cry!

95. C. M. ABRIDGE.

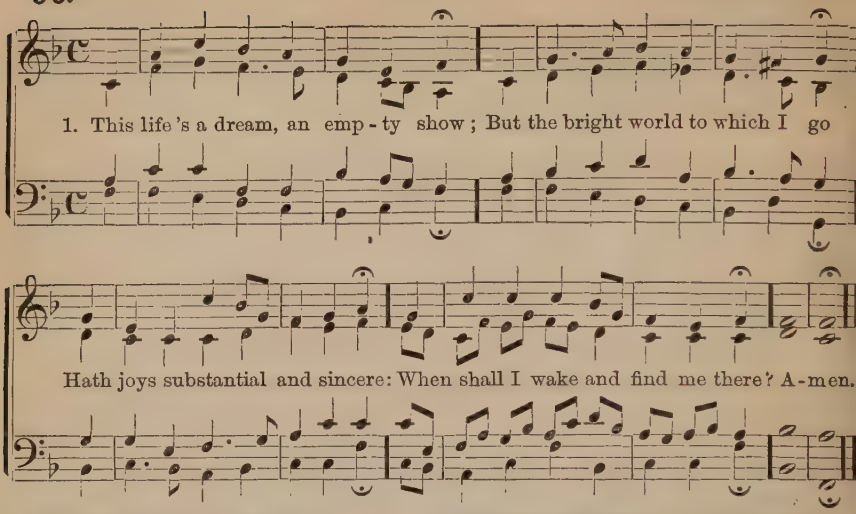

1. My grate-ful soul shall bless the Lord, Whose pre-cepts give me light;
And pri-vate counsel still af-ford In sor-row's dis-mal night. A - men.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

4 Thou shalt the paths of life display
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

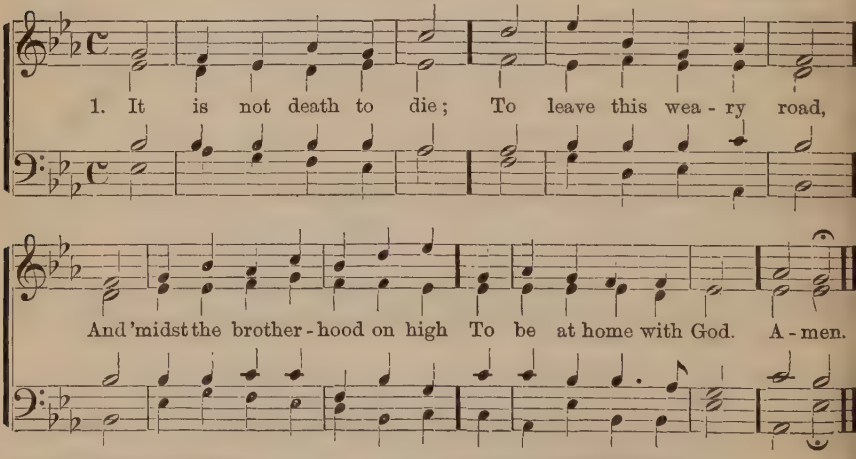
96. L. M. BEXFIELD.


1. This life 's a dream, an emp - ty show ; But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere: When shall I wake and find me there? A - men.

2 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

97. S. M. EGHAM.



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

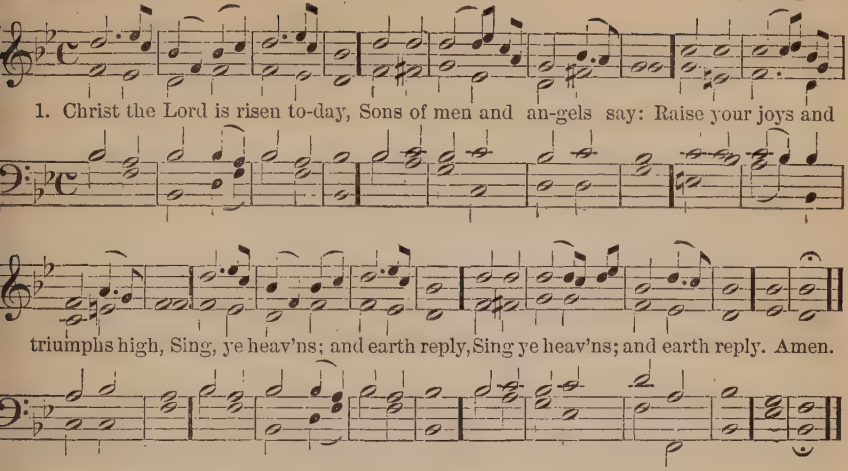
3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life !
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Easter.

98. First Tune. 7.7.7.7. MOZART.

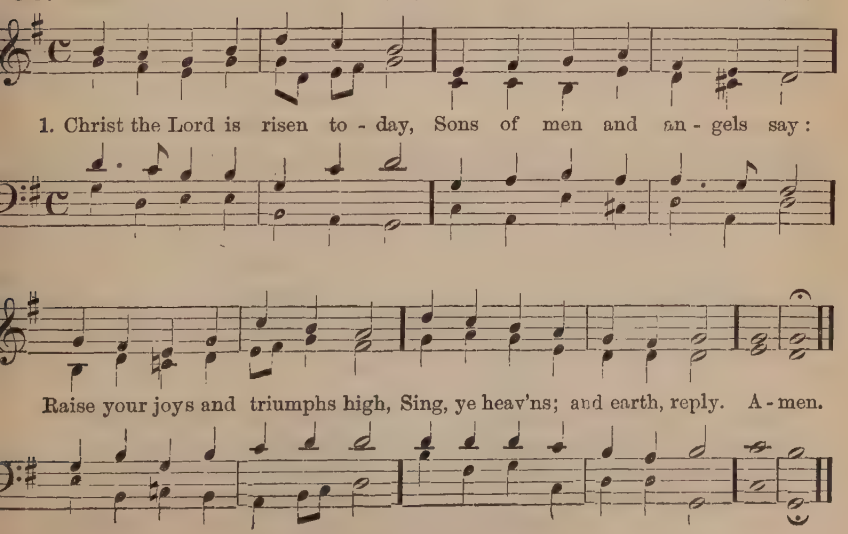

1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say: Raise your joys and
triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns; and earth reply, Sing ye heav'ns; and earth reply. Amen.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

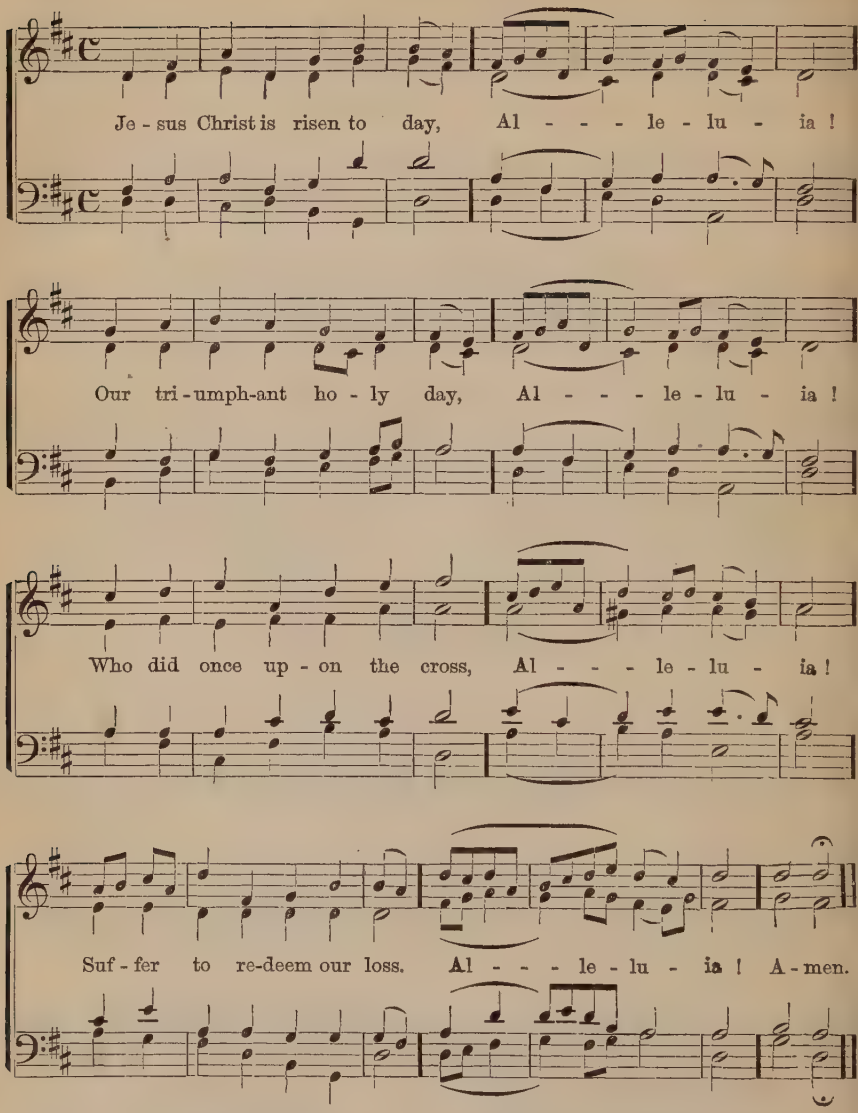
4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

98. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. VIENNA.


1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns; and earth, reply. A - men.

Easter.

99. 7.7.7.7. with Alleluias. WORGAN.

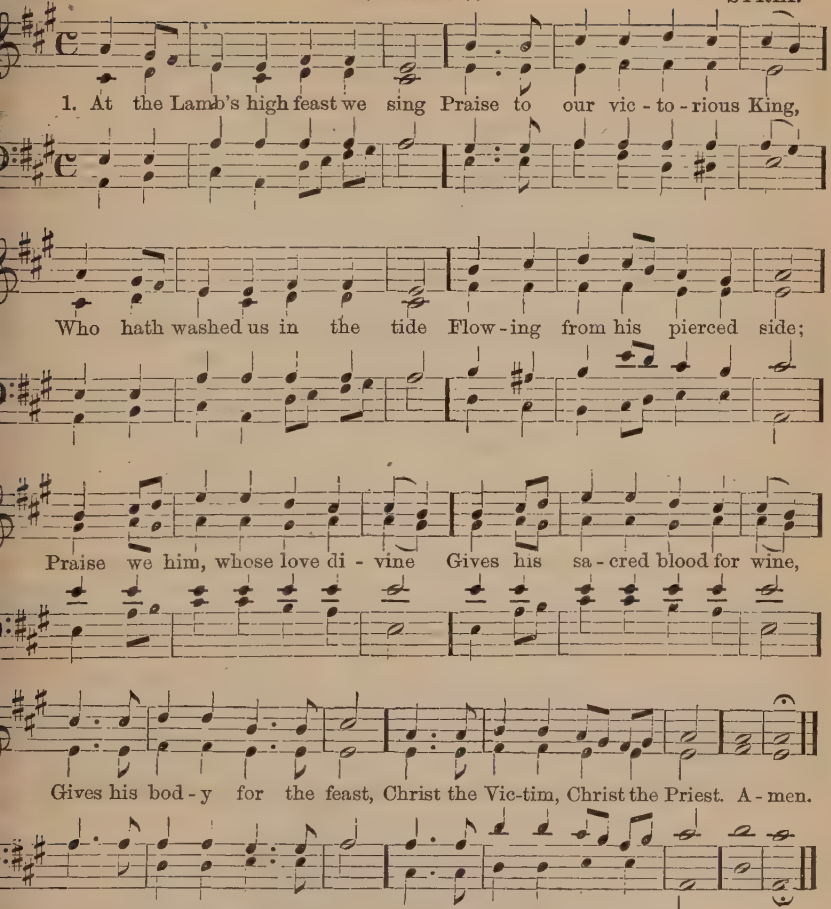

Je - sus Christ is risen to day, Al - - - le - lu - ia !
Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - - le - lu - ia !
Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - ia !
Suf - fer to re-deem our loss. Al - - - le - lu - ia ! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia !

3 But the pains which he endured
Our salvation have secured;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia !

Easter.

100. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. SYRIA.


1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pierced side;
Praise we him, whose love di - vine Gives his sa - cred blood for wine,
Gives his bod - y for the feast, Christ the Vic-tim, Christ the Priest. A - men.

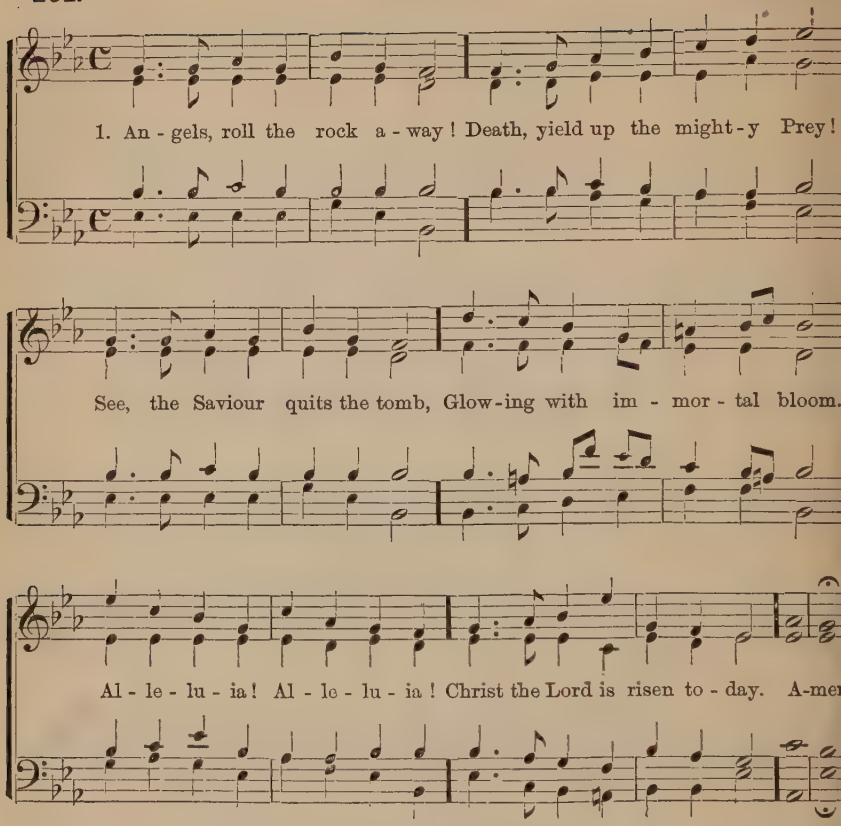
Where the Paschal blood is poured.
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight.
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

Easter.

101. 7.7.7.7.8.7. ANGELICA.

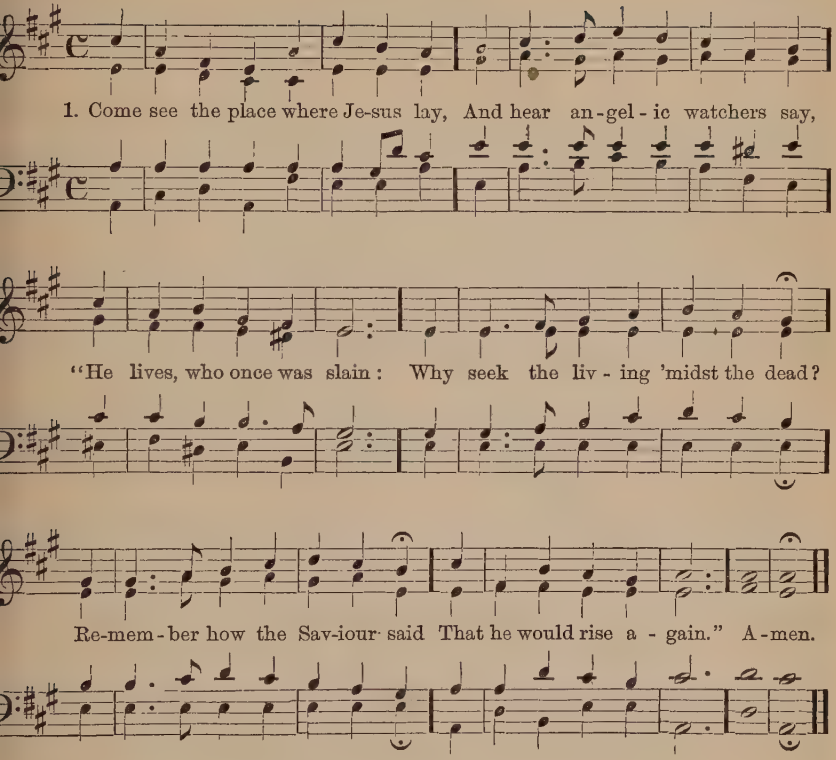

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the might - y Prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen to - day. A-men

2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to thee,
Now and evermore, shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Easter.

102. 8.8.6.8.8.6. CARMINE.

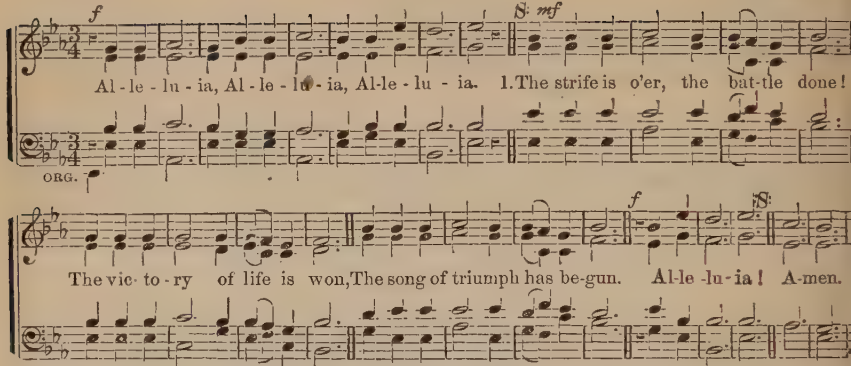

1. Come see the place where Je-sus lay, And hear an-gel-ic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain: Why seek the liv-ing 'midst the dead?
Re-mem-ber how the Sav-iour said That he would rise a-gain." A-men.

2 O joytul sound! O glorious hour,
When by his own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in thee we live,
To thee our ransom'd souls we give,
To thee our bodies trust.

103. 8.8.8. with Alleluia. VICTORY.


Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. 1. The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done!
ORG.
The vic-to-ry of life is won, The song of triumph has be-gun. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

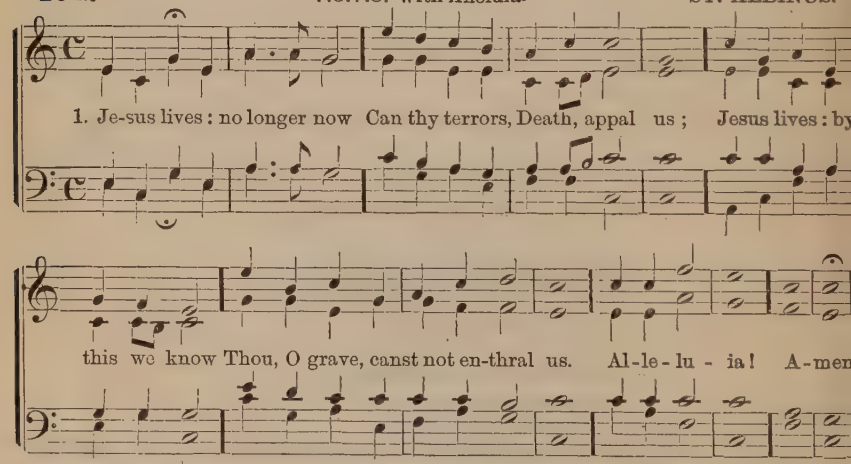
2 The powers of Death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell
Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded thee
From Death's dread sting thy servant free,
That we may live, and sing to thee,
Alleluia!

104. 7.8.7.8. with Alleluia. ST. ALBINUS.


1. Je-sus lives: no longer now Can thy terrors, Death, appal us; Jesus lives: by
this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thral us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men

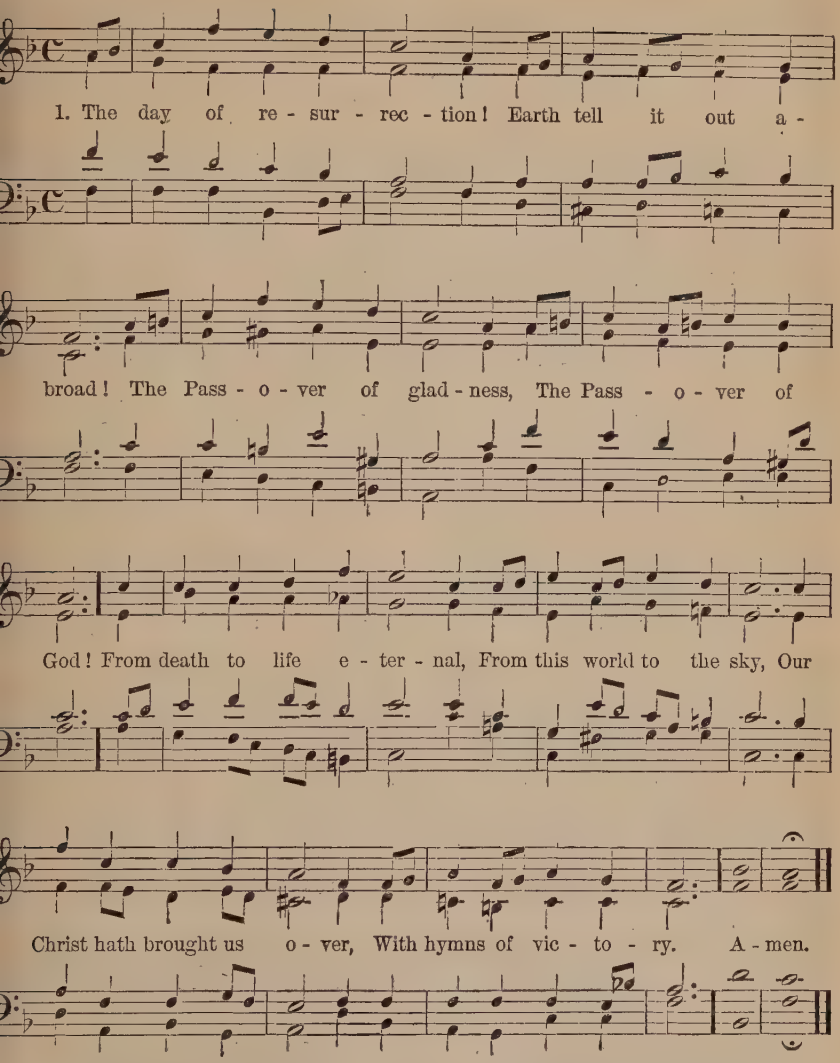
2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives: for us he died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia

5 Jesus lives: to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia

105. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. TOURS.

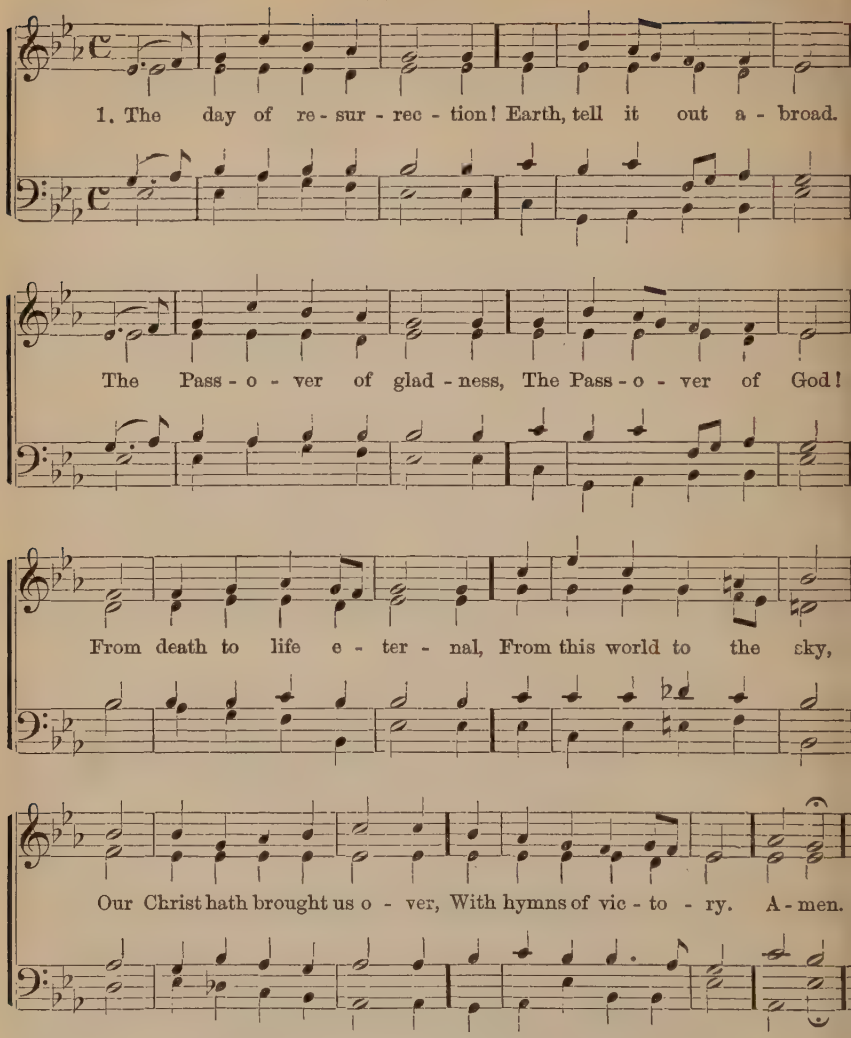

1. The day of re - sur - rec - tion! Earth tell it out a -
broad! The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of
God! From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky, Our
Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Easter.

105. Second Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. MUNICH.


1. The day of re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad.
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!
From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

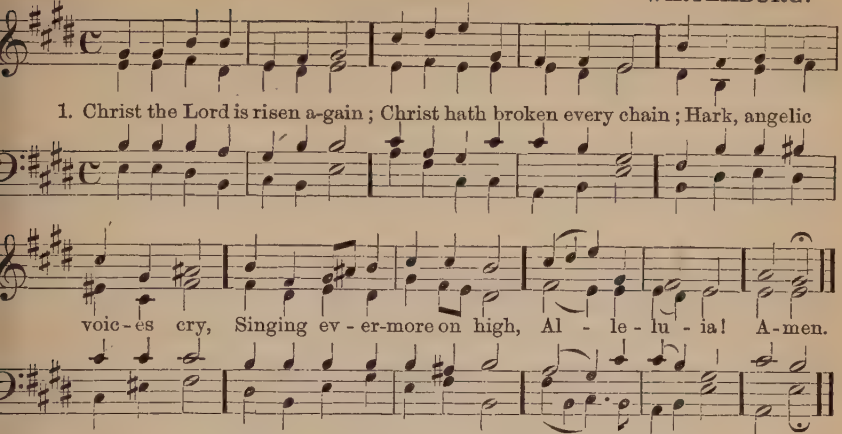
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Easter.

106.

7.7.7.7. with Alleluia. WIRTEMBURG.


1. Christ the Lord is risen a-gain ; Christ hath broken every chain ; Hark, angelic
voic - es cry, Singing ev - er-more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say Alleluia!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry: Alleluia!

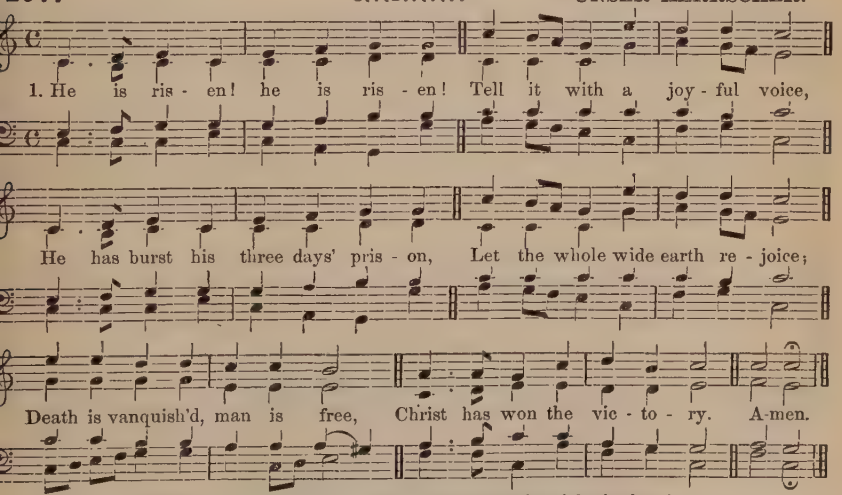
4 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia!

5 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day Alleluia!

107.

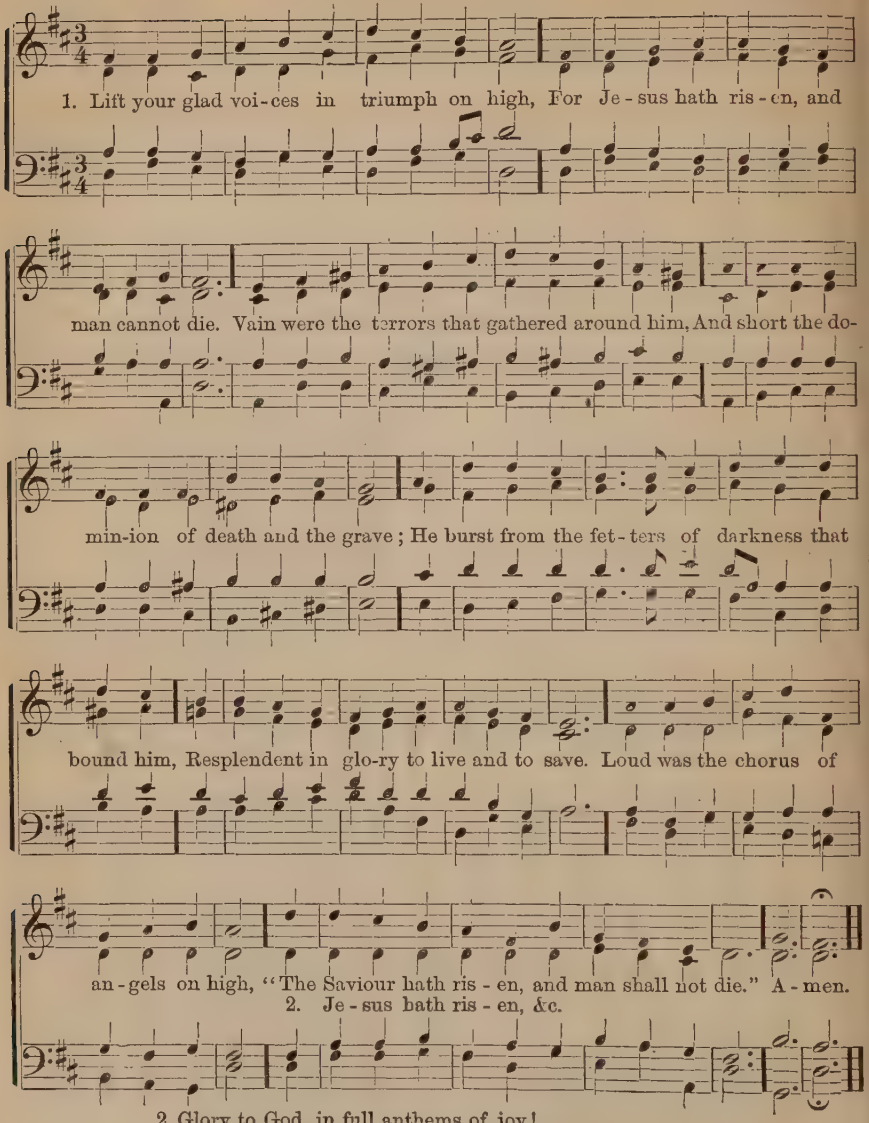
8.7.8.7.7.7. UNSER HERRSCHER.


1. He is ris - en! he is ris - en! Tell it with a joy - ful voice,
He has burst his three days' pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re - joice;
Death is vanquish'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry. A-men.

2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping;
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
Christ has borne our sins away,
Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.

3 He is risen! he is risen!
He has oped the eternal gate;
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
Where a brightening Easter beam
On our longing eye shall stream.

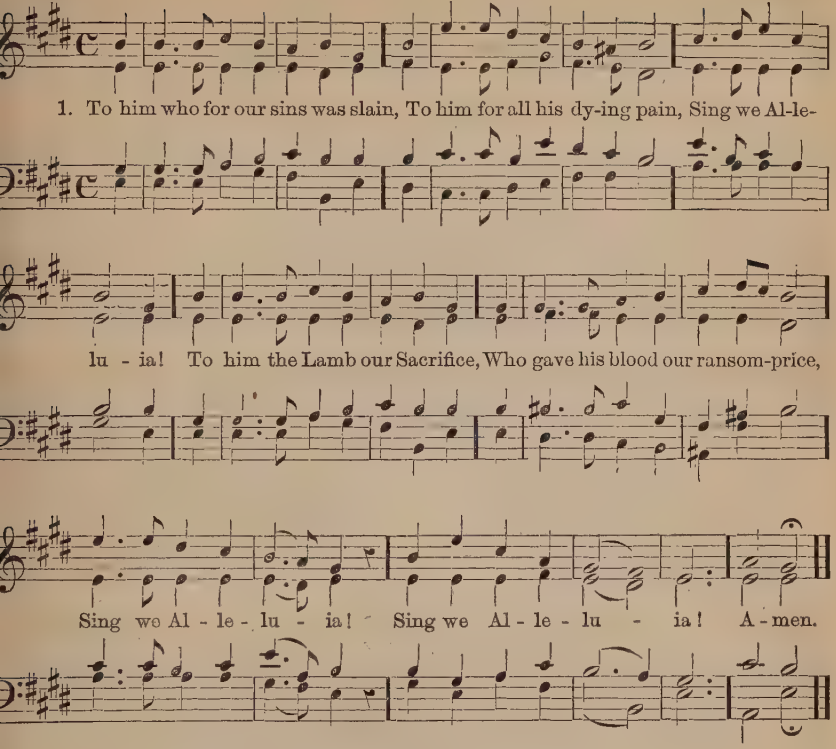
Easter.

108. 10.11.11.11.12.11.10.11. CANTOR.

1. Lift your glad voi-ces in triumph on high, For Je-sus hath ris-en, and
man cannot die. Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the do-
min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of darkness that
bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry to live and to save. Loud was the chorus of
an-gels on high, "The Saviour hath ris-en, and man shall not die." A-men.
2. Je-sus hath ris-en, &c.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end?
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Easter.

109. 8.8.6.8.8.6. with Alleluia. CANTATE.


1. To him who for our sins was slain, To him for all his dy-ing pain, Sing we Al-le-
lu - ia! To him the Lamb our Sacrifice, Who gave his blood our ransom-price,
Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 To him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

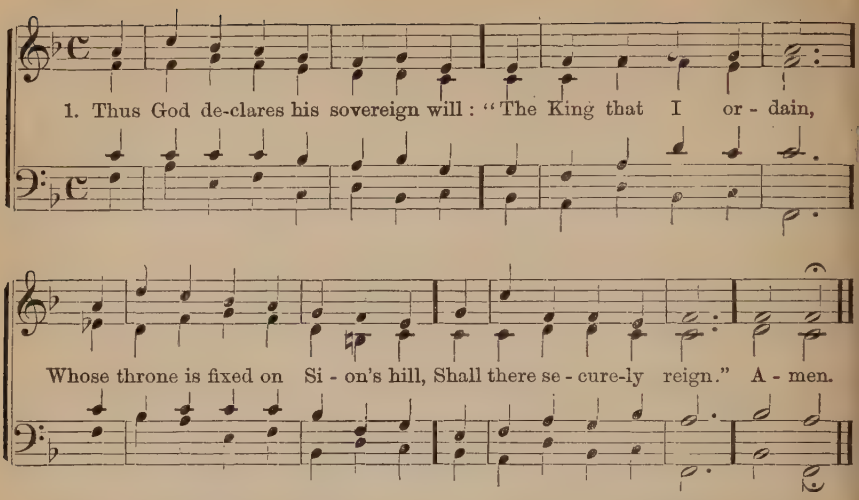
3 To him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

Easter.

110.

C. M. ALBANO.

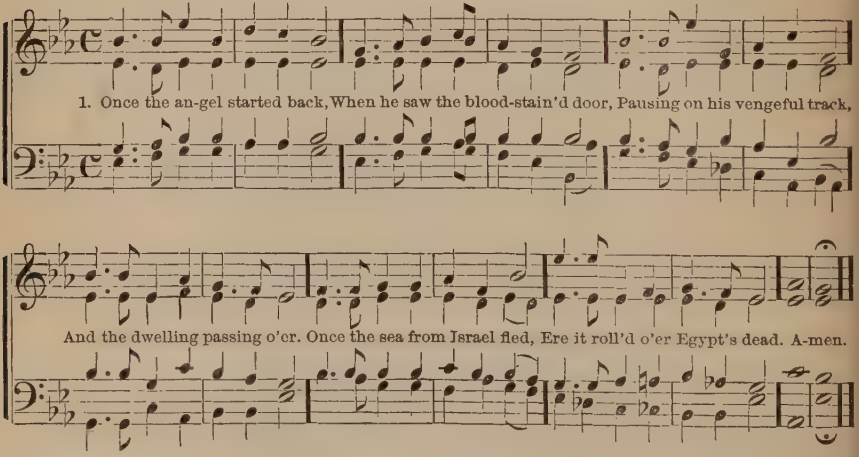

1. Thus God de-clares his sovereign will : "The King that I or - dain,
Whose throne is fixed on Si - on's hill, Shall there se - cure-ly reign." A - men.

2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree :
"Thou art my Son, this day my heir
Have I begotten thee.

3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands :
Thine shall the heathen be ;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee."

111.

7.7.7.7.7.7. SHEPHERDS.

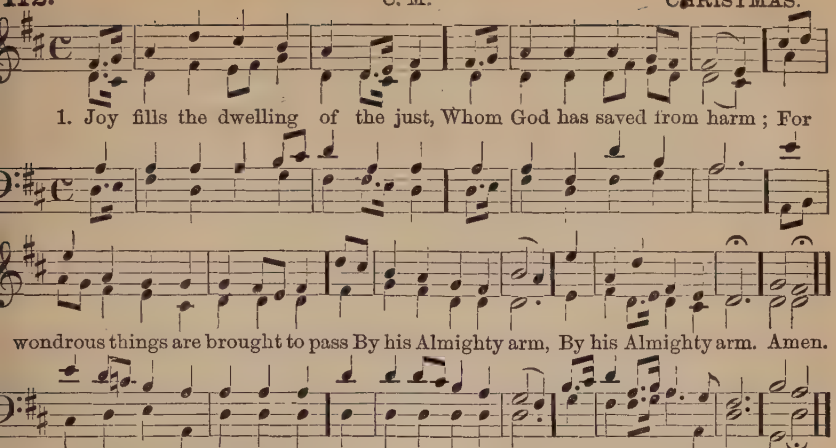

1. Once the an-gel started back, When he saw the blood-stain'd door, Pausing on his vengeful track,
And the dwelling passing o'er. Once the sea from Israel fled, Ere it roll'd o'er Egypt's dead. A-men.

2 Now our Passover is come,
Dimly shadow'd in the past,
And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ the Lord, is slain at last.
Then, with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleaven'd bread we'll eat.

3 Blessed Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,
To whose will all earth is given,
At whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquer'd death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life.

Ascension.

112. C. M. CHRISTMAS.


1. Joy fills the dwelling of the just, Whom God has saved from harm; For
wondrous things are brought to pass By his Almighty arm, By his Almighty arm. Amen.

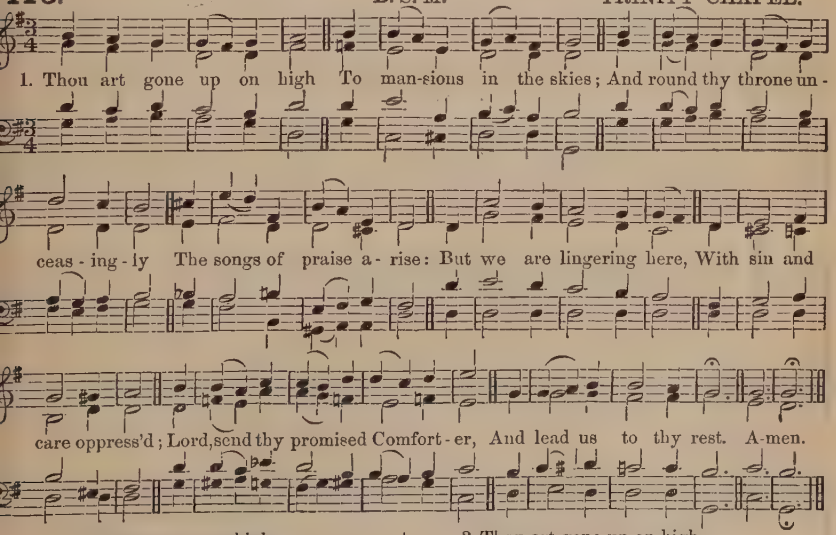
2 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

3 That which the builders once refused,
Is now the Corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

4 This day is God's; let all the lands
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."

5 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

113. D. S. M. TRINITY CHAPEL.

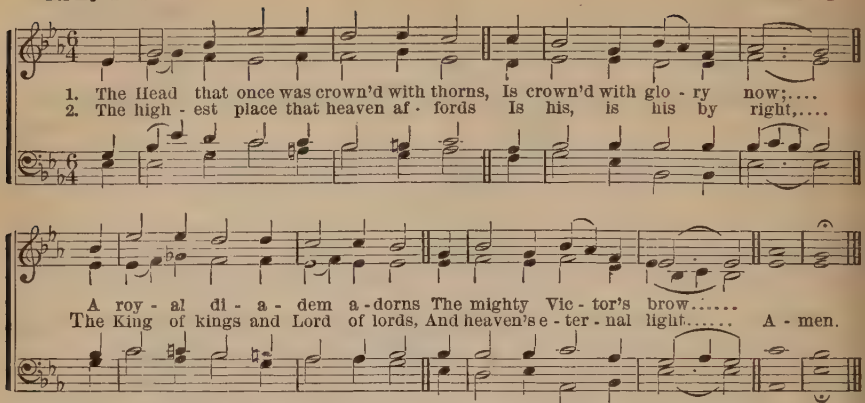

1. Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies; And round thy throne un-
ceas-ing-ly The songs of praise a-rise: But we are lingering here, With sin and
care oppress'd; Lord, send thy promised Comfort-er, And lead us to thy rest. A-men.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
O by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

Ascension.

114. First Tune. C. M. CLAREMONT.


1. The Head that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now;....
2. The high - est place that heaven af - fords Is his, is his by right,....
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The mighty Vic - tor's brow.....
The King of kings and Lord of lords, And heaven's e - ter - nal light..... A - men.

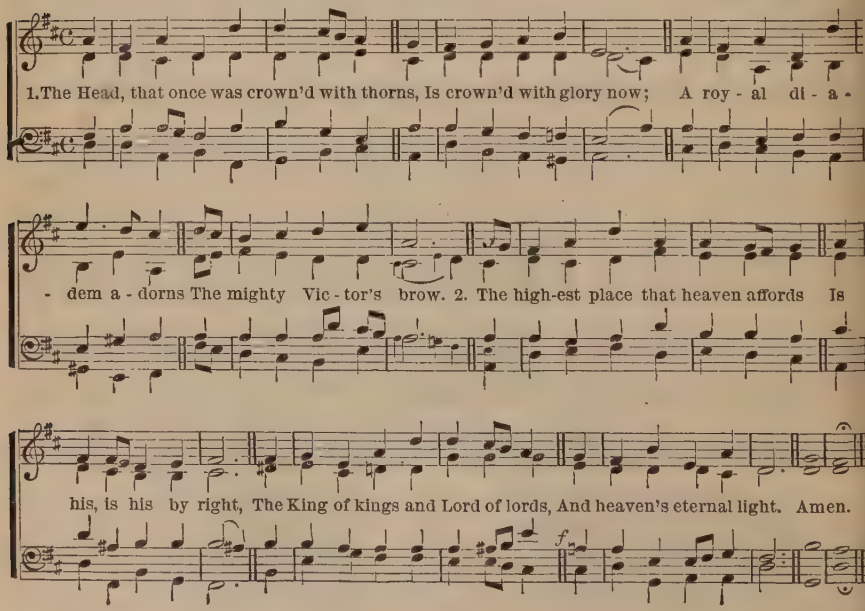
3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love
And grants his Name to know.

4 To them the Cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

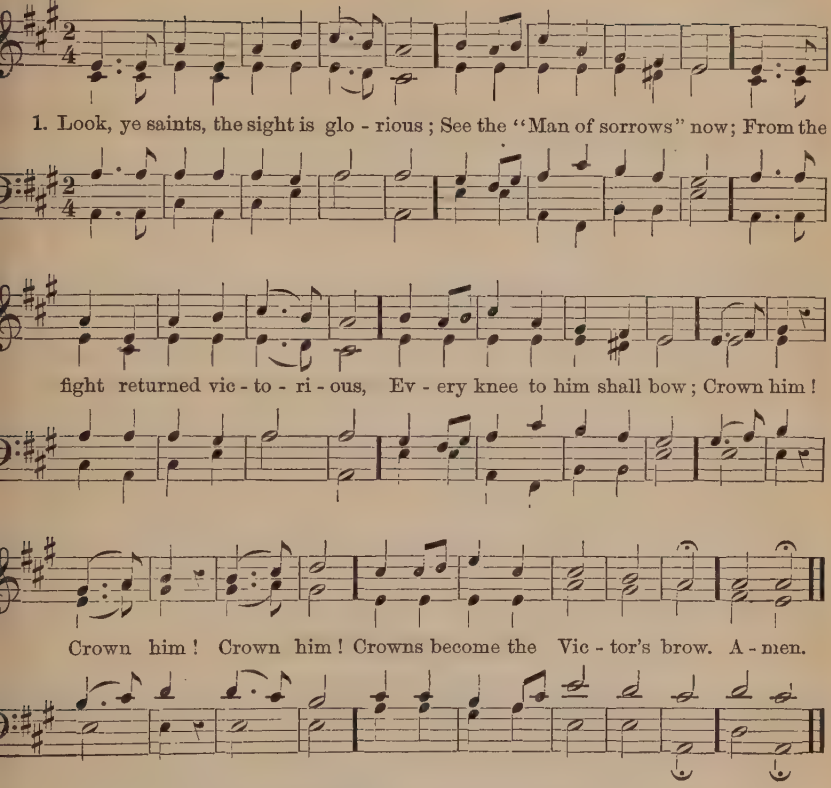
6 The Cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him:
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

114. Second Tune. C. M. D. FLENSBURG.


1.The Head, that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glory now; A roy - al di - a -
- dem a - dorns The mighty Vic - tor's brow. 2. The high-est place that heaven affords Is
his, is his by right, The King of kings and Lord of lords, And heaven's eternal light. Amen.

Ascension.

115. 8.7.8.7.4.7. DIADEM.


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious ; See the "Man of sorrows" now; From the
fight returned vic - to - ri - ous, Ev - ery knee to him shall bow ; Crown him !
Crown him ! Crown him ! Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

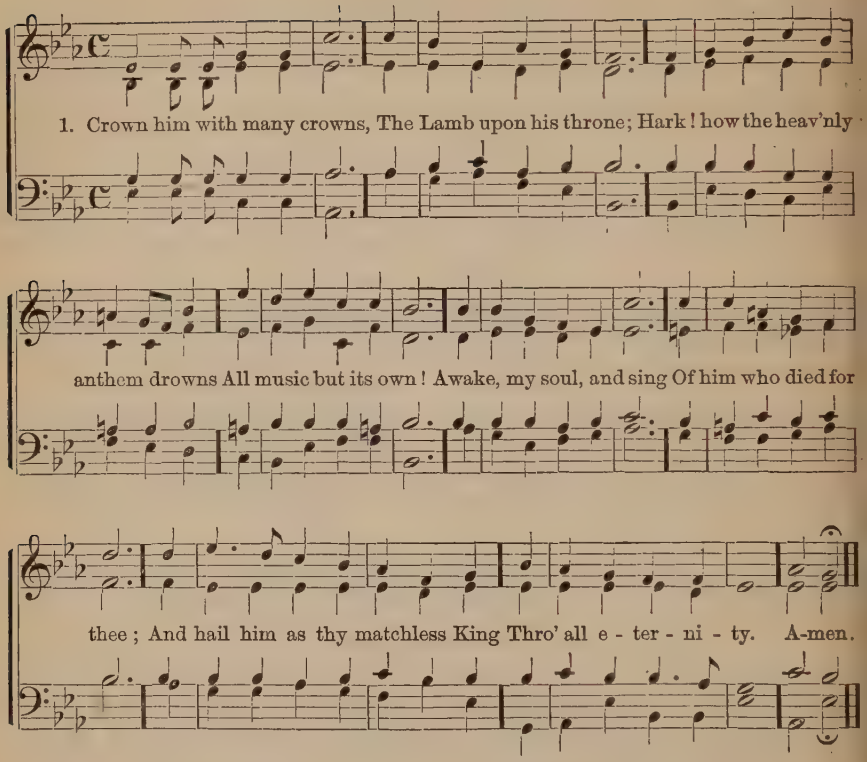
2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him ;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
On the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings ;
Crown him ! Crown him !
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him ! Crown him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown him ! Crown him !
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Ascension.

116. D.S.M. DIADEMATA.


1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heav'nly
anthem drowns All music but its own! Awake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for
thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

2 Crown him the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
True Branch of Jesse's stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem!

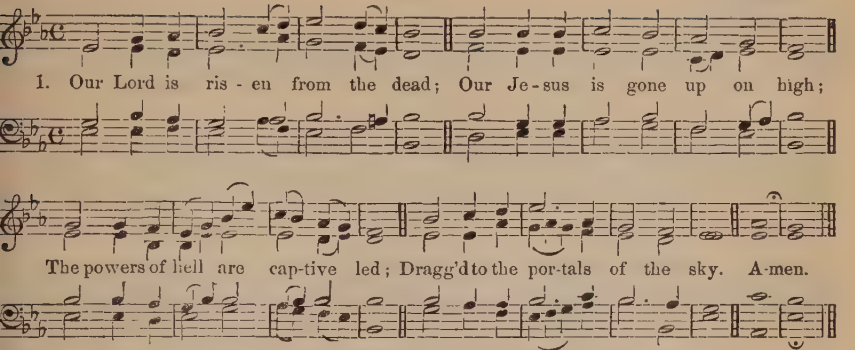
3 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit, through him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

Ascension.

117. L. M. DUKE ST.


1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are cap-tive led; Dragg'd to the por-tals of the sky. A-men.

Where his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

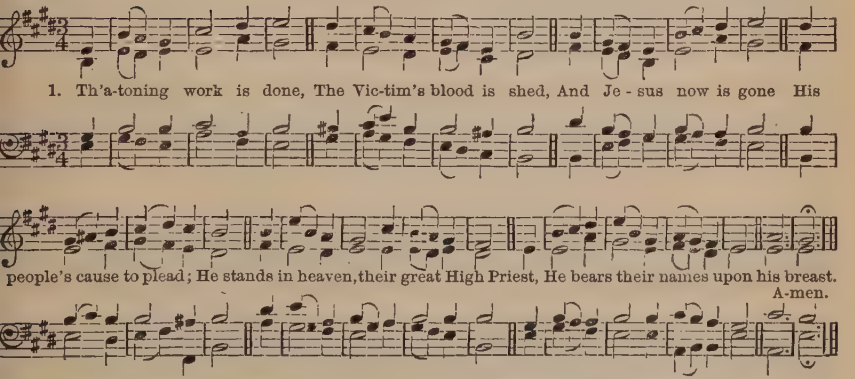
Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessèd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

118. 6.6.6.6.8.8. ST. SWITHIN.


1. Th'a-toning work is done, The Vic-tim's blood is shed, And Je - sus now is gone His
people's cause to plead; He stands in heaven, their great High Priest, He bears their names upon his breast.
A-men.

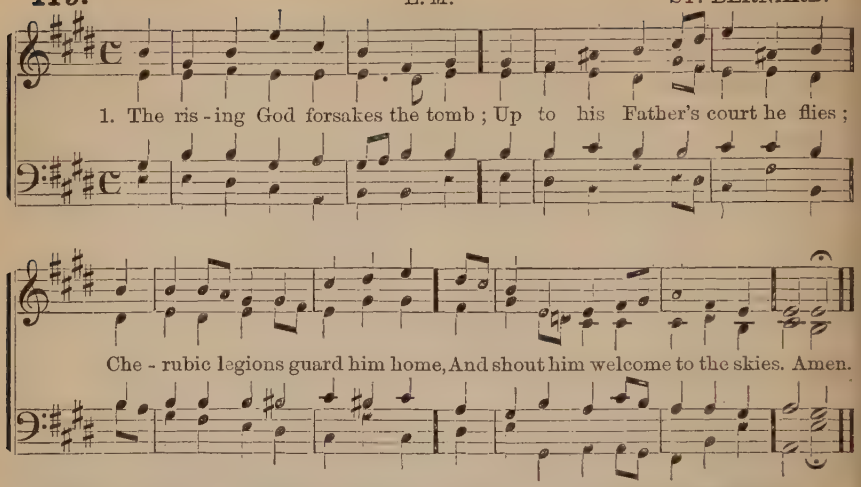
2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly priesthood his.
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And though a while he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brighest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

Ascension.

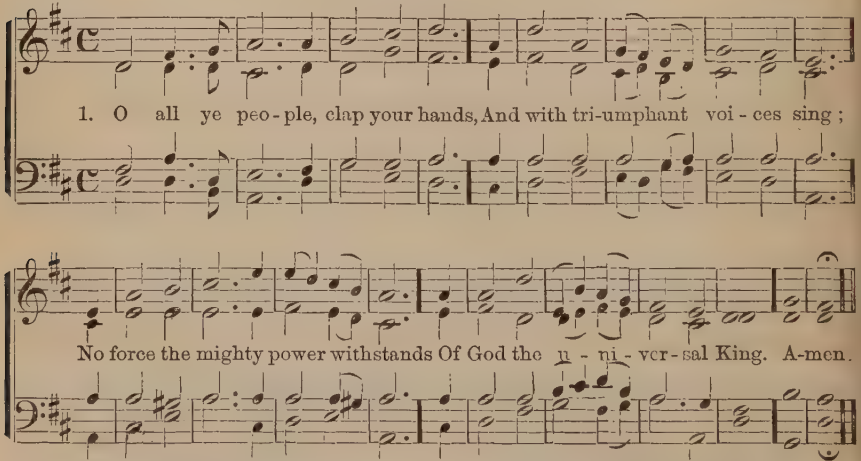
119. L. M. ST. BERNARD.


1. The ris - ing God forsakes the tomb ; Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Che - rubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies. Amen.

2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
See how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

3 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy victory, O grave ?"

120. L. M. TRURO.


1. O all ye peo - ple, clap your hands, And with tri-umphant voi - ces sing ;
No force the mighty power withstands Of God the u - ni - ver - sal King. A-men.

2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight ;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.

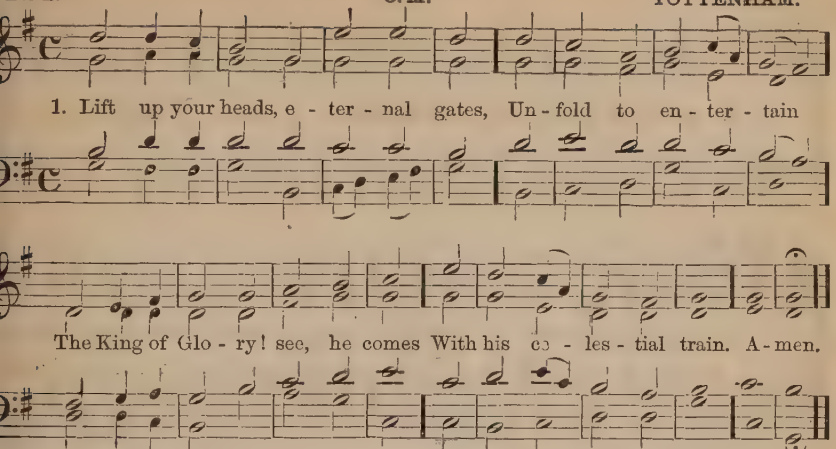
3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound ;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands ;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

Ascension.

121.

C. M. TOTTENHAM.



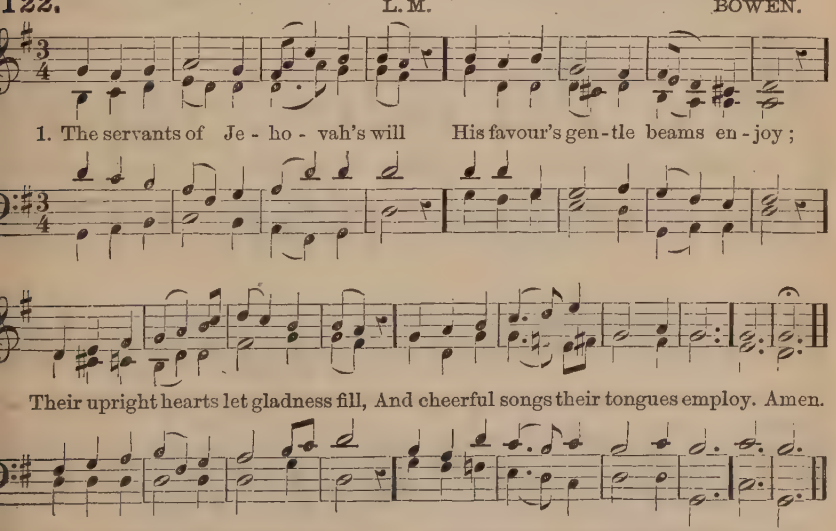
2 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord for strength renow'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates; unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory! see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

122.

L. M. BOWEN.

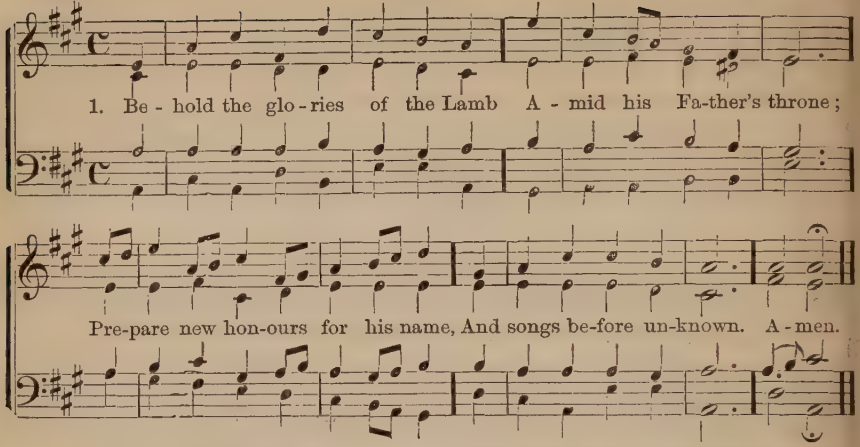

1. The servants of Je - ho - vah's will His favour's gen - tle beams en - joy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill, And cheerful songs their tongues employ. Amen.

To him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.
His chariots numberless, his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed.

Ascension.

123. C. M. BRISTOL.



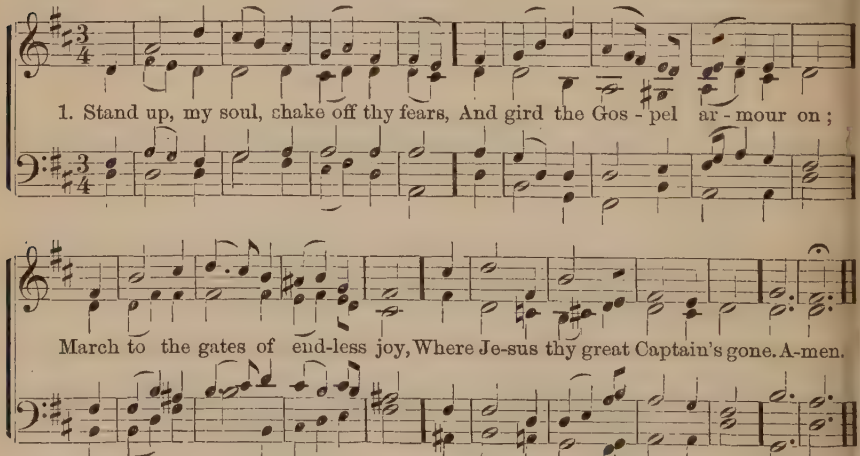
2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

124. L. M. ST. PANCRAS.

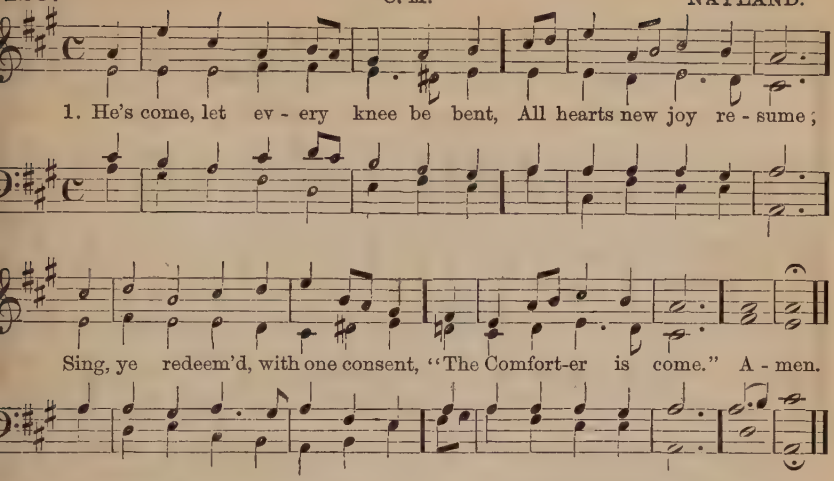

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the Gos - pel ar - mour on;
March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus thy great Captain's gone. A-men.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

125. C. M. NAYLAND.

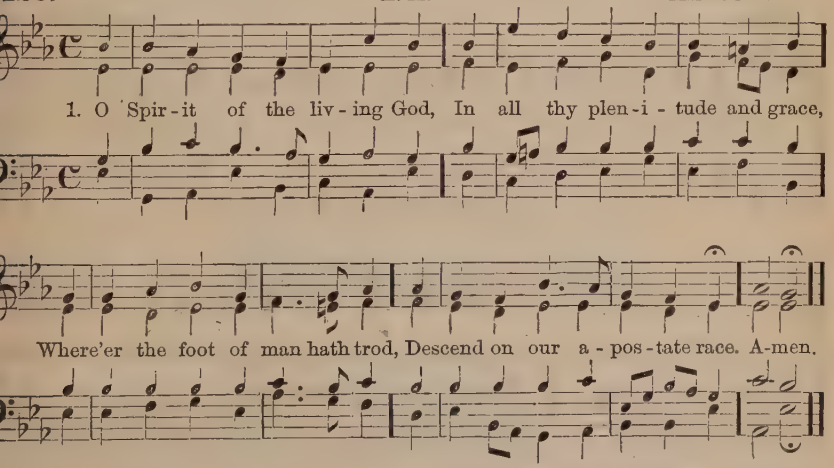


2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

126. L. M. MELCOMBE.


1. O Spir-it of the liv-ing God, In all thy plen-i - tude and grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos - tate race. A-men.

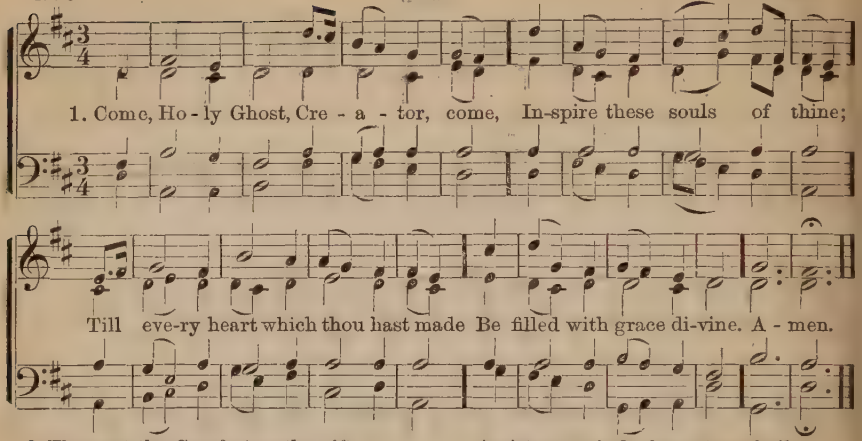
Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

127.

C. M. MANCHESTER NEW.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, In-spire these souls of thine;
Till eve-ry heart which thou hast made Be filled with grace di-vine. A - men.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

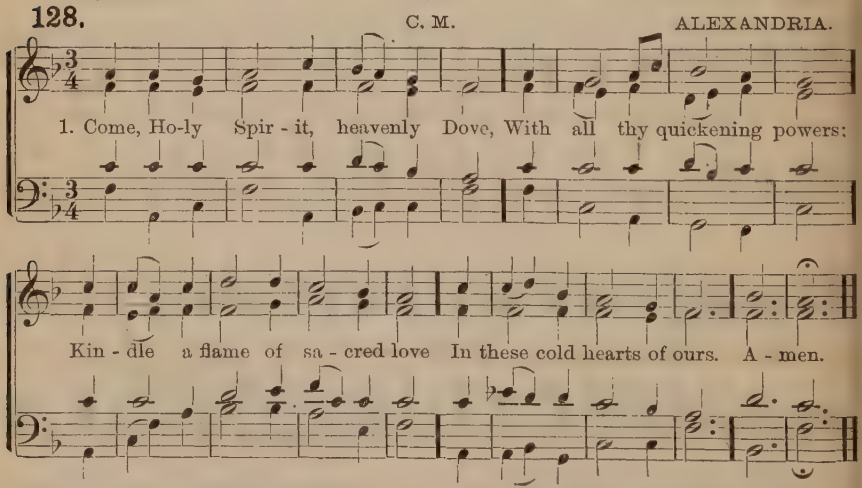
4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

128.

C. M. ALEXANDRIA.

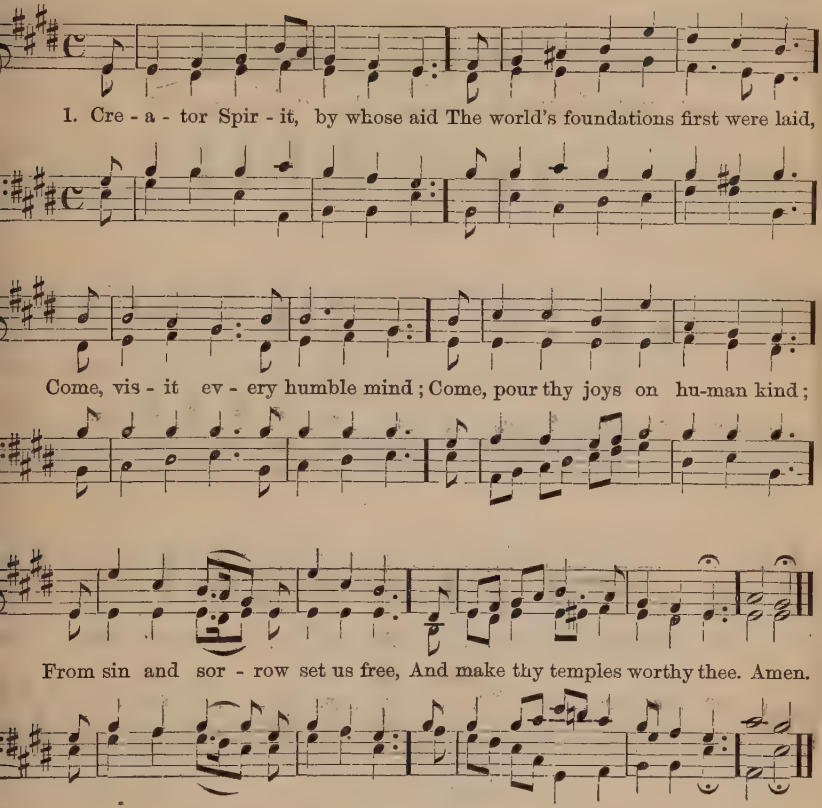

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers:
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

129. 8.8.8.8.8.8. EATON.

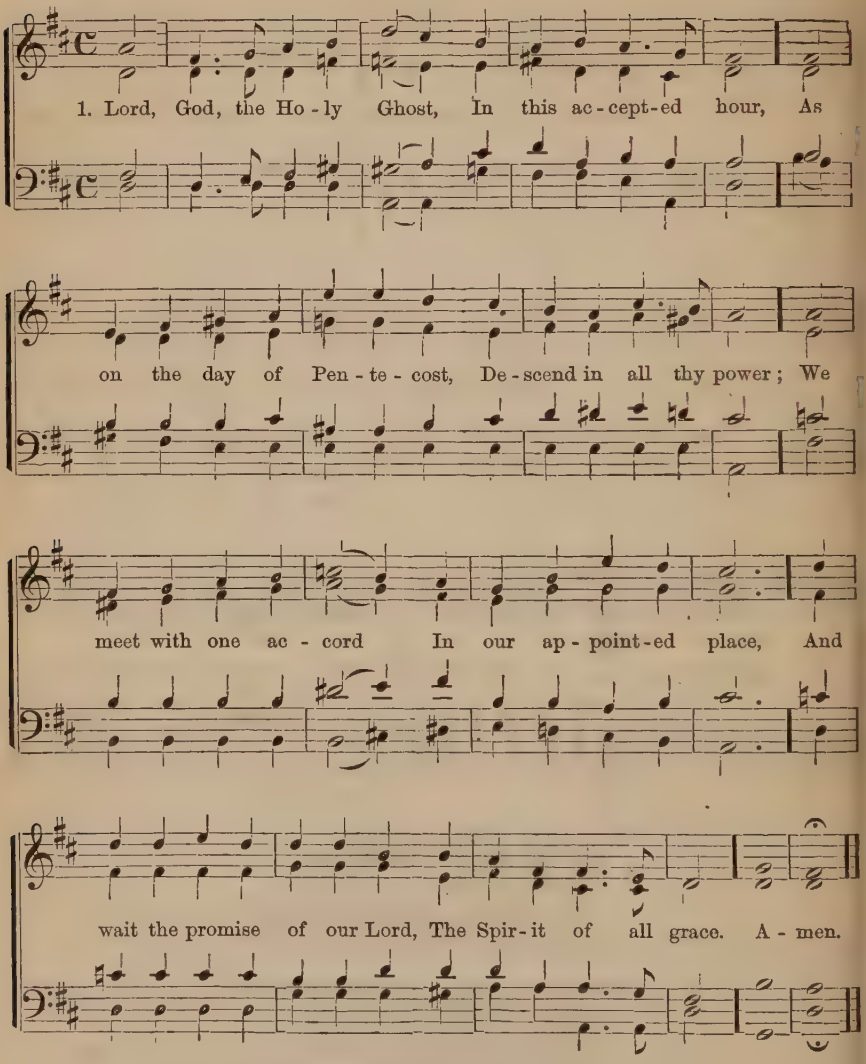

1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, vis - it ev - ery humble mind; Come, pour thy joys on hu-man kind;
From sin and sor - row set us free, And make thy temples worthy thee. Amen.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

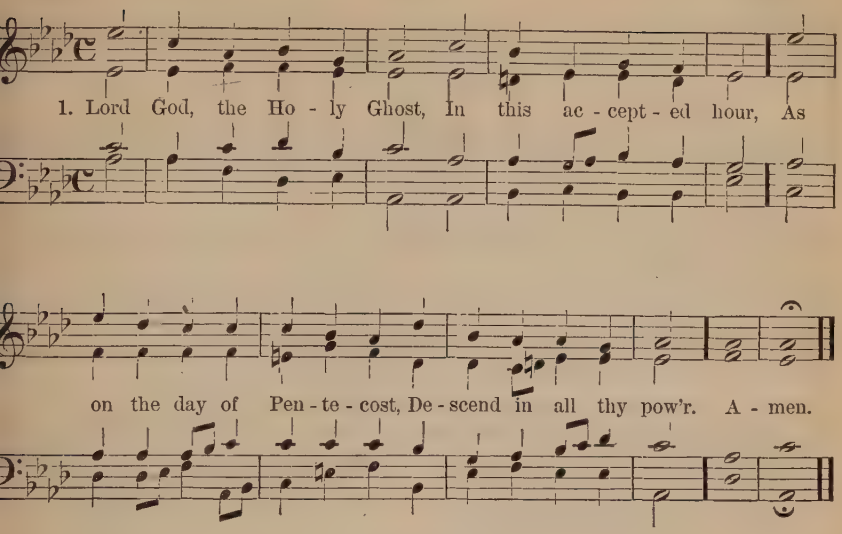
Whitsuntide.

130. First Tune. D. S. M. MOSCOW.

1. Lord, God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour, As
on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all thy power; We
meet with one ac - cord In our ap - point - ed place, And
wait the promise of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace. A - men.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, to praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

130. SECOND TUNE. S.M. ST. BENEDICT.



2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:

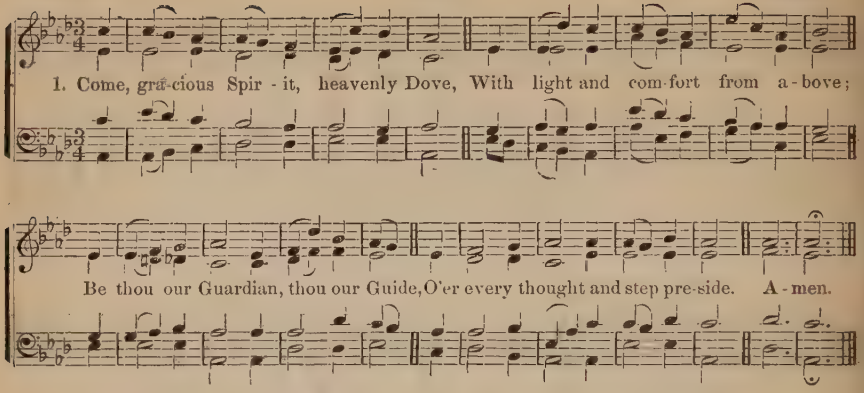
4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

Whitsuntide.

131. L. M. EDEN.

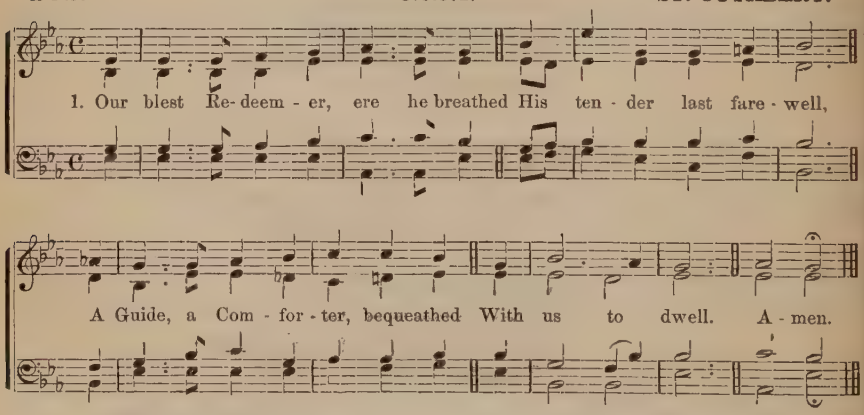

1. Come, gra-cious Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide, O'er every thought and step pre-side. A - men.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest.

132. 8.6.8.4. ST. CUTHBERT.



2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

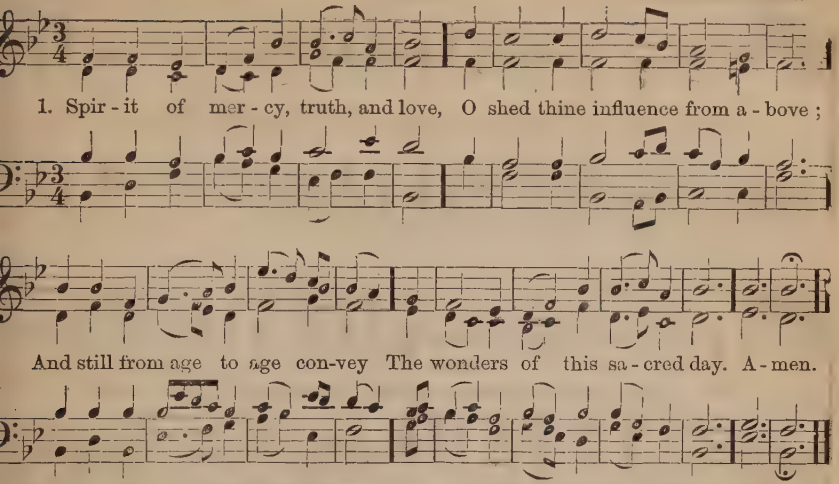
5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And meet for thee.

7 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

133.

L. M. WARRINGTON.

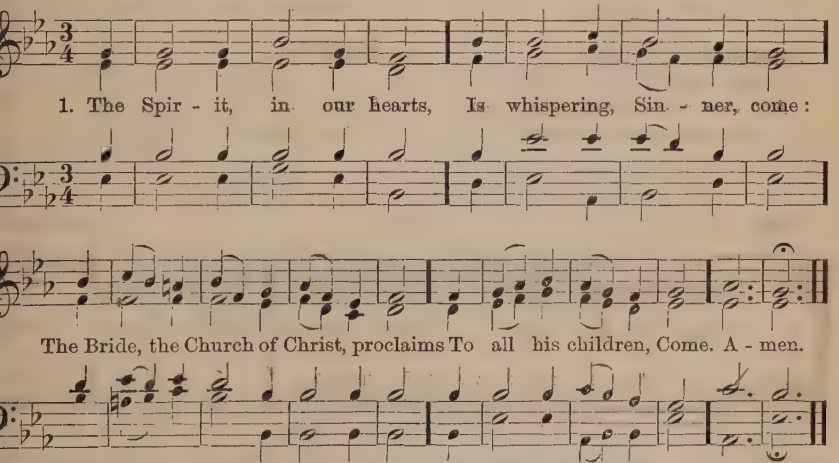

1. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love, O shed thine influence from a - bove ;
And still from age to age con-vey The wonders of this sa - cred day. A - men.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung :
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide
Still o'er thy holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove ;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

134.

S. M. UTICA.

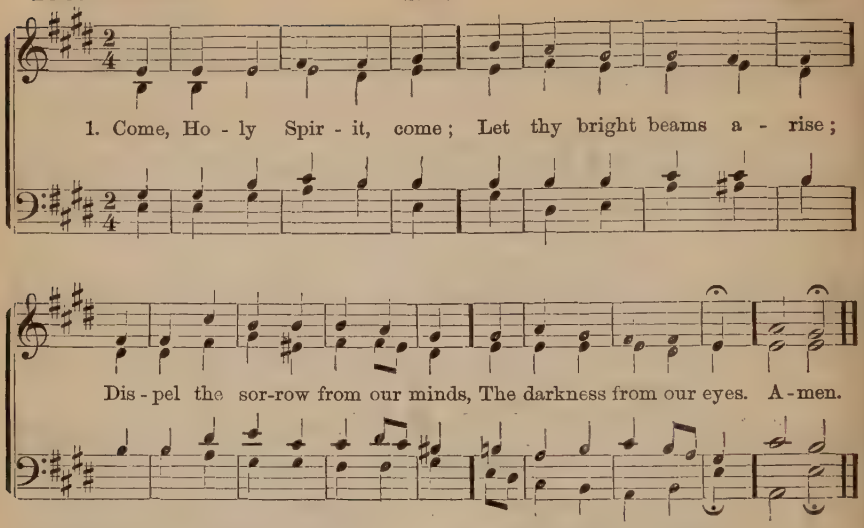

1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whispering, Sin - ner, come :
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, Come. A - men.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, Come :
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life :
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord ! even so ; I wait thy hour :
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

135. First Tune. S. M. THETFORD.



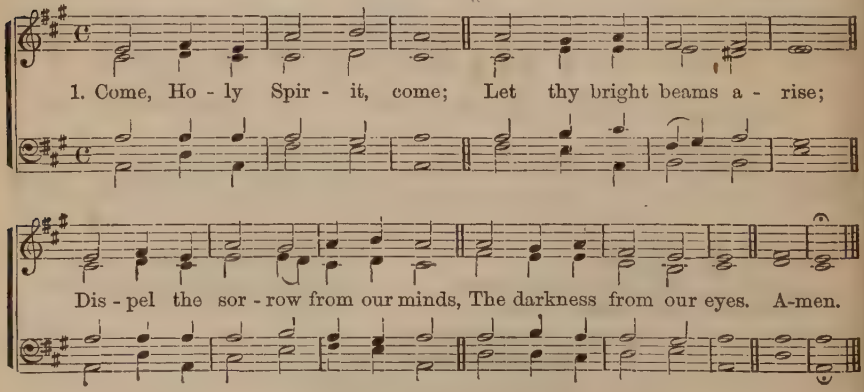
2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

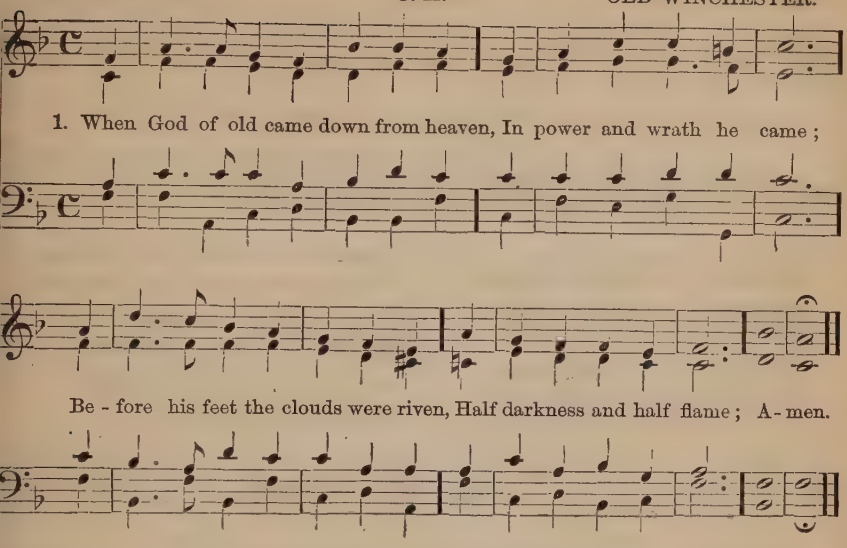
4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

135. Second Tune. S. M. OLMUTZ.



136. First Tune. C. M. OLD WINCHESTER.


1. When God of old came down from heaven, In power and wrath he came;
Be - fore his feet the clouds were riven, Half darkness and half flame; A - men.

But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

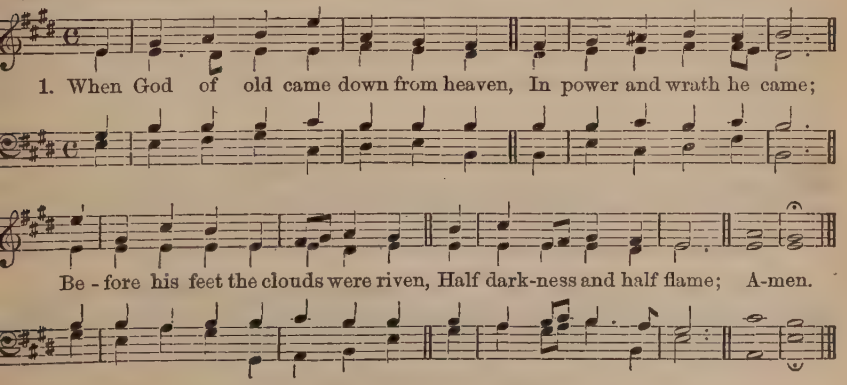
And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

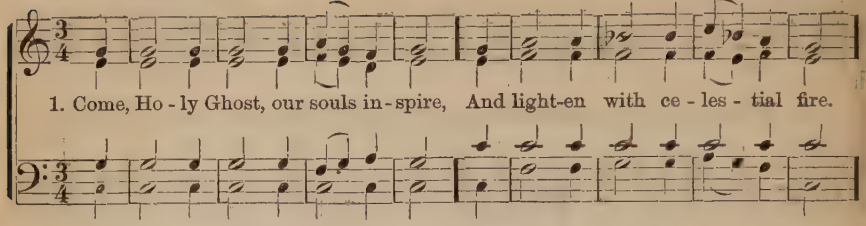
7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and [Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

136. Second Tune. C. M. STOCKTON.


1. When God of old came down from heaven, In power and wrath he came;
Be - fore his feet the clouds were riven, Half dark-ness and half flame; A-men.

Whitsuntide.

137. First Tune. P. M. VENI CREATOR.



Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

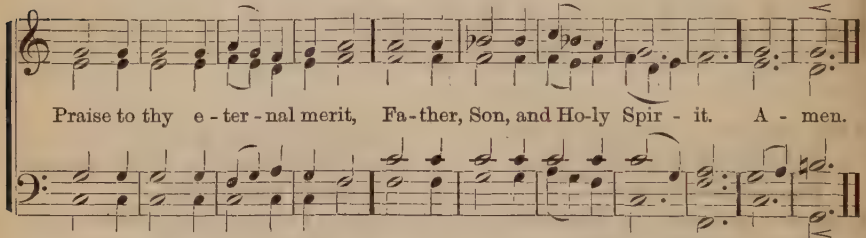
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace.

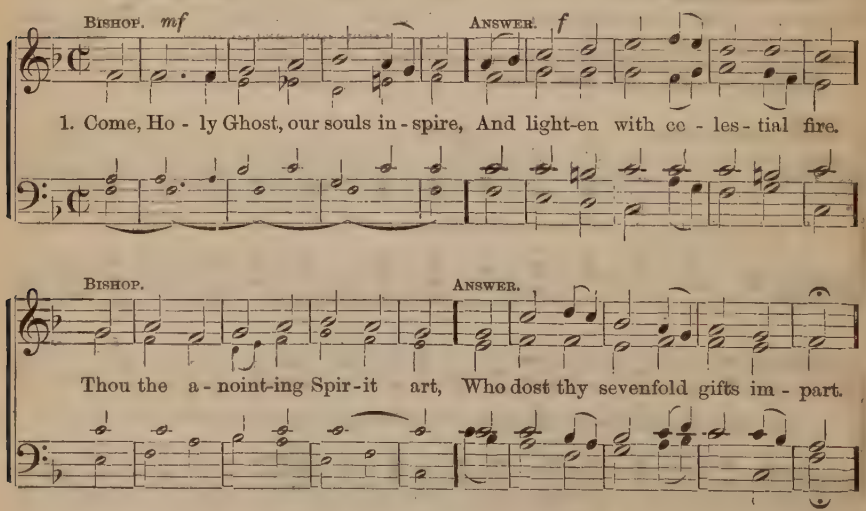
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but One,

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our unending song;



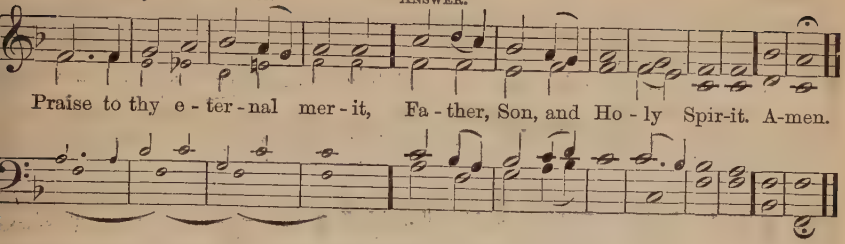
137. Second Tune. P. M. VENI CREATOR


Bishop. mf
Answer. f
1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light-en with ce - les - tial fire.
Bishop.
Answer.
Thou the a - noint-ing Spir-it art, Who dost thy sevenfold gifts im - part.

Last line, 4th verse, omit the first note.

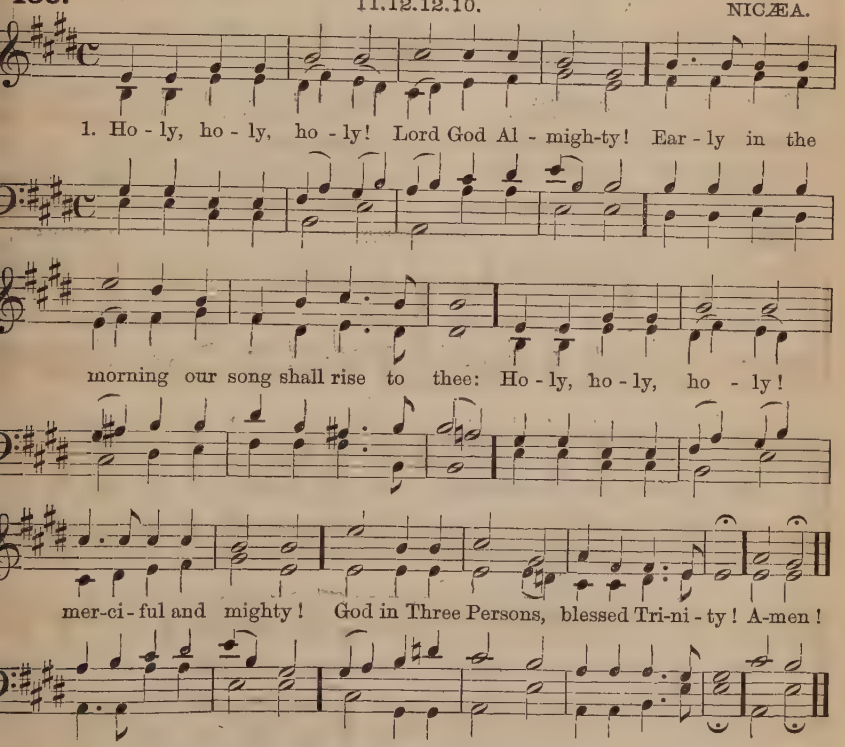
Trinity Sunday.

BISHOP. *After the 4th verse.* ANSWER.



138.

11.12.12.10. NICÆA.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh-ty! Ear - ly in the
morning our song shall rise to thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
mer-ci - ful and mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Tri-ni - ty! A-men!

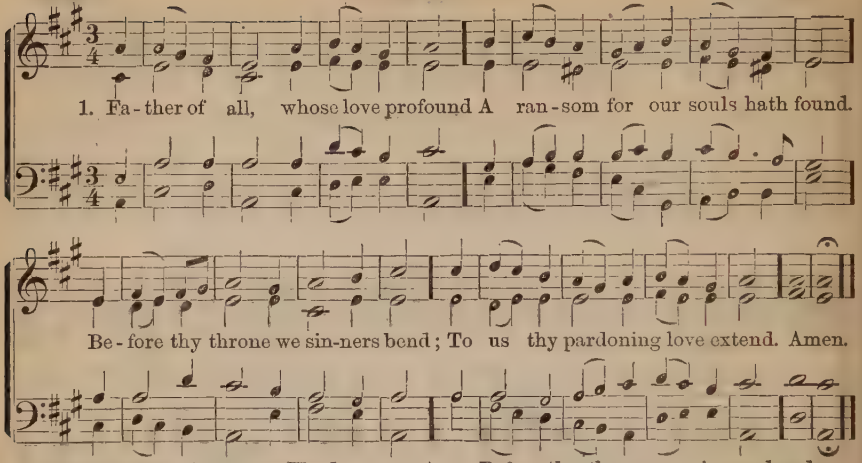
2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Trinity Sunday.

142. L. M. WAREHAM.

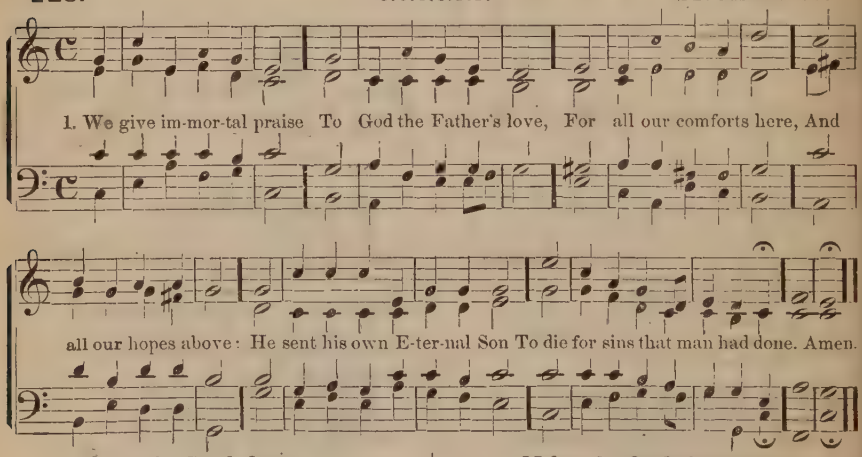

1. Fa-ther of all, whose love profound A ran-som for our souls hath found.
Be-fore thy throne we sin-ners bend; To us thy pardoning love extend. Amen.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

143. 6.6.6.6.8.8. ST. MILDRED.


1. We give im-mor-tal praise To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And
all our hopes above: He sent his own E-ter-nal Son To die for sins that man had done. Amen.

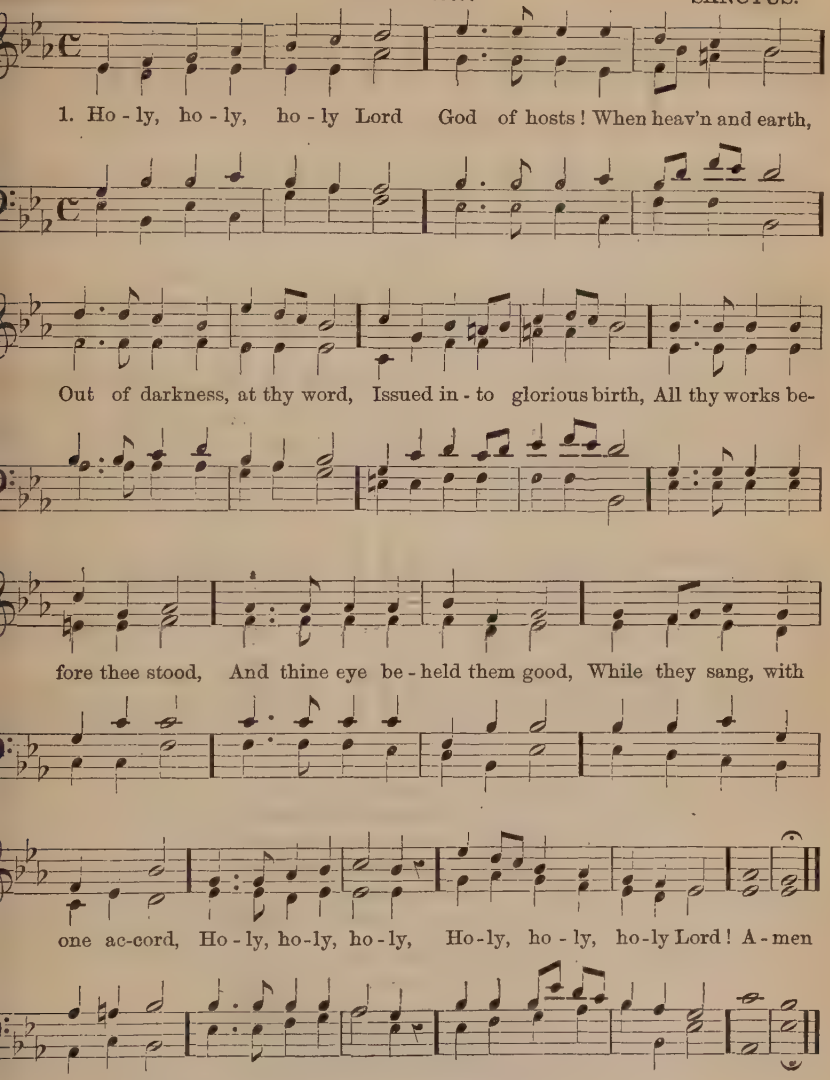
2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God to thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Trinity Sunday.

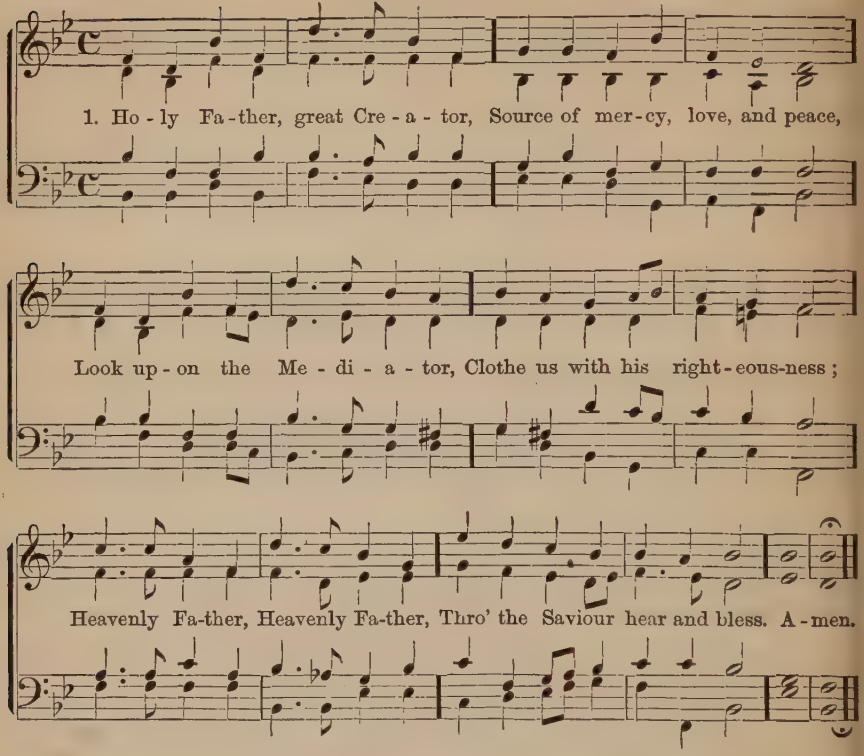
144. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. SANCTUS.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of hosts! When heav'n and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word, Issued in - to glorious birth, All thy works be-
fore thee stood, And thine eye be - held them good, While they sang, with
one ac-cord, Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho-ly Lord! A - men

Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Trinity Sunday.

145. 8.7.8.7.4.7. REGENT SQUARE.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,
Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with his right - eous-ness;
Heavenly Fa-ther, Heavenly Fa-ther, Thro' the Saviour hear and bless. A - men.

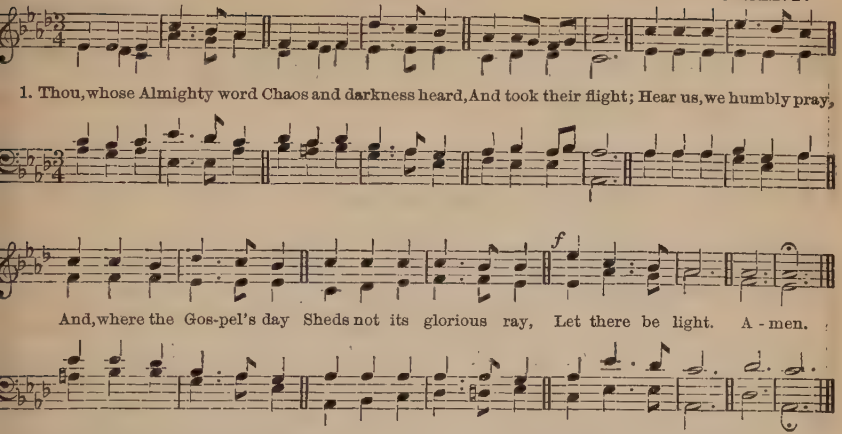
2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in thy name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to rapture higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them thine.

The Lord's Day.

146. First Tune. 6.6.4.6.6.4. ORIENT.

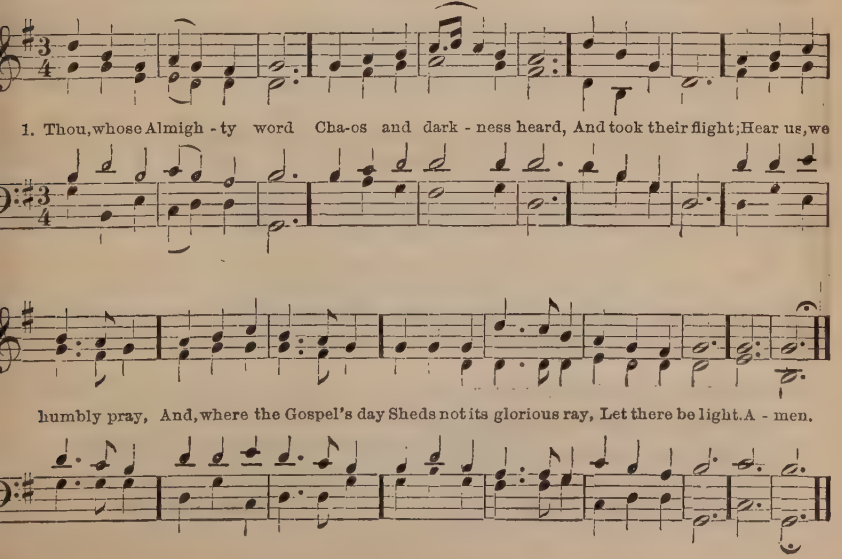

1. Thou, whose Almighty word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gos-pel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light. A - men.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

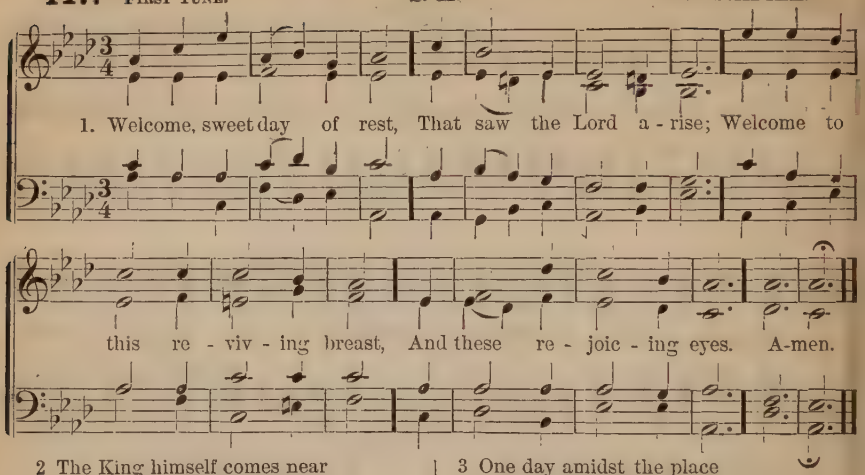
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

146. Second Tune. 6.6.4.6.6.4. ITALIAN HYMN.


1. Thou, whose Almigh - ty word Cha-os and dark - ness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we
humbly pray, And, where the Gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light. A - men.

147. FIRST TUNE. S. M. BANKFIELD.

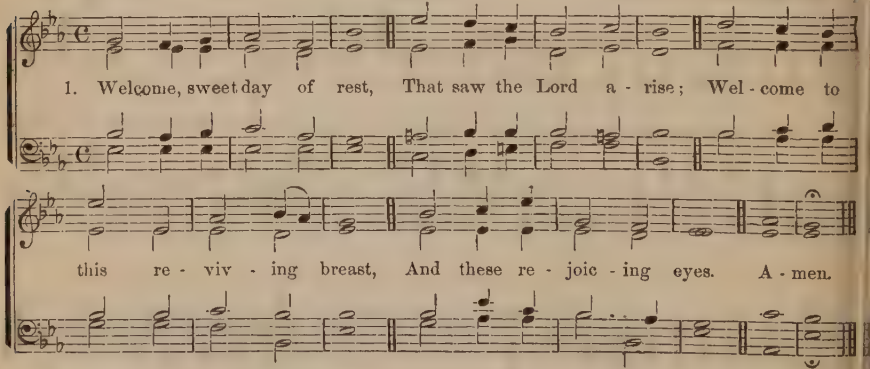


2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is called to soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

147. SECOND TUNE. S. M. TRENTON.

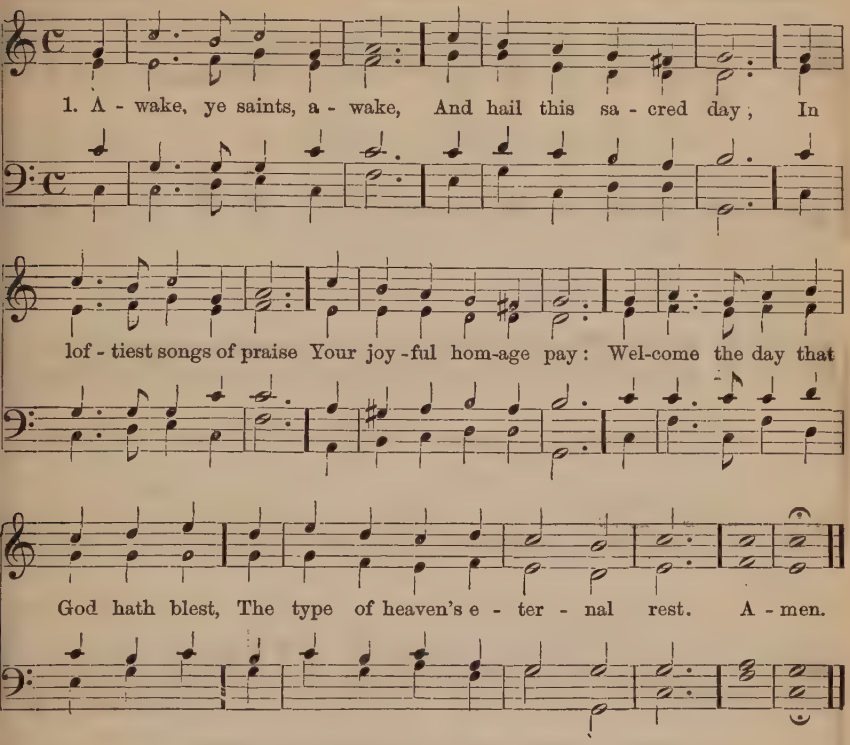


2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

148. FIRST TUNE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. COLLIPRIEST.


1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day; In
lof - tiest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom-age pay: Wel-come the day that
God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

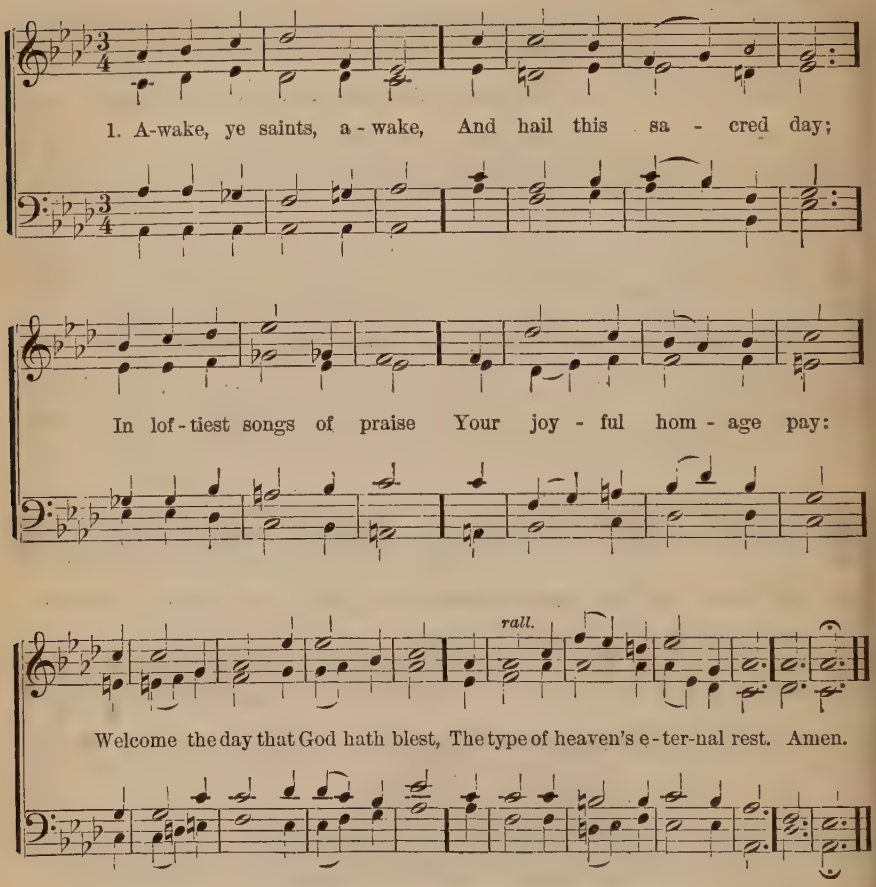
2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

The Lord's Day.

148. SECOND TUNE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. STAINERS.

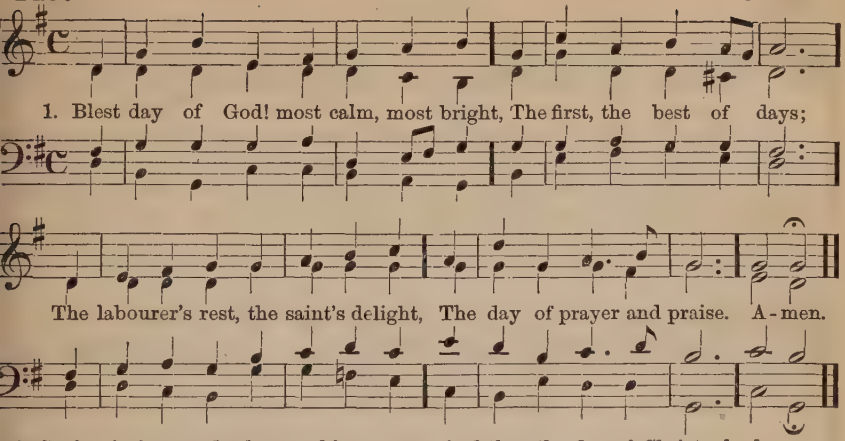

1. A-wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day;
In lof - tiest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay:
rall.
Welcome the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter-nal rest. Amen.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

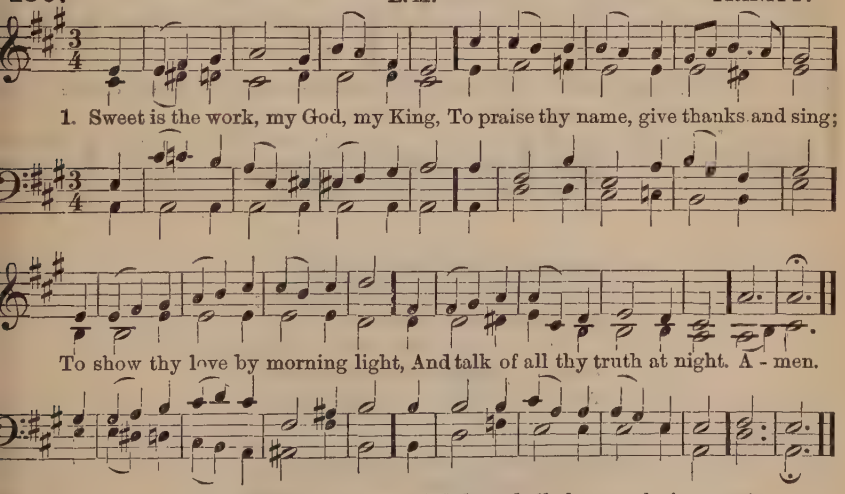
149. C. M. JARVIS


1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight, The day of prayer and praise. A - men.

My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

150. L. M. TRINITY.


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night. A - men.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

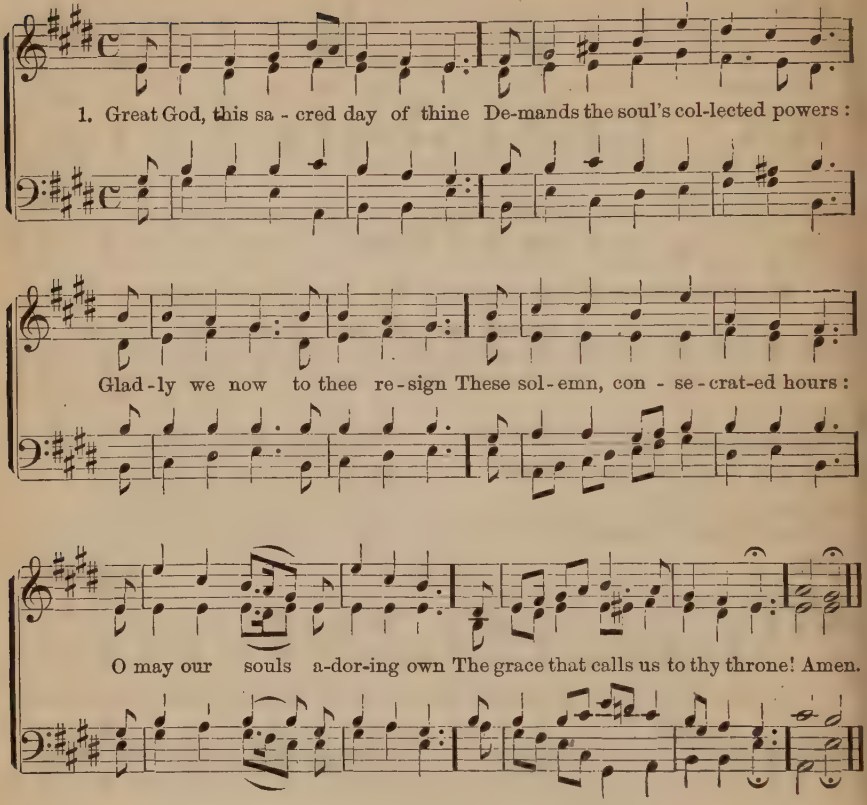
My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 I then shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

The Lord's Day.

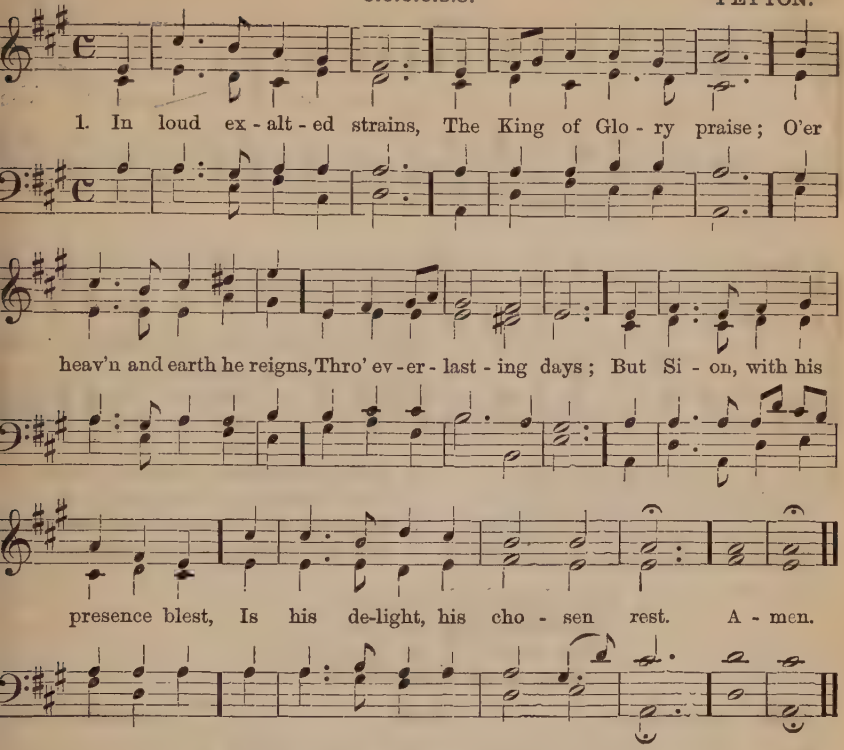
151. 8.8.8.8.8.8. EATON.


1. Great God, this sa - cred day of thine De-mands the soul's col-lected powers:
Glad-ly we now to thee re-sign These sol-emn, con - se-crat-ed hours:
O may our souls a-dor-ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne! Amen.

2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more:
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart:
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

152. 6.6.6.6.8.8. PEYTON.


1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of Glo - ry praise; O'er
heav'n and earth he reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; But Si - on, with his
presence blest, Is his de-light, his cho - sen rest. A - men.

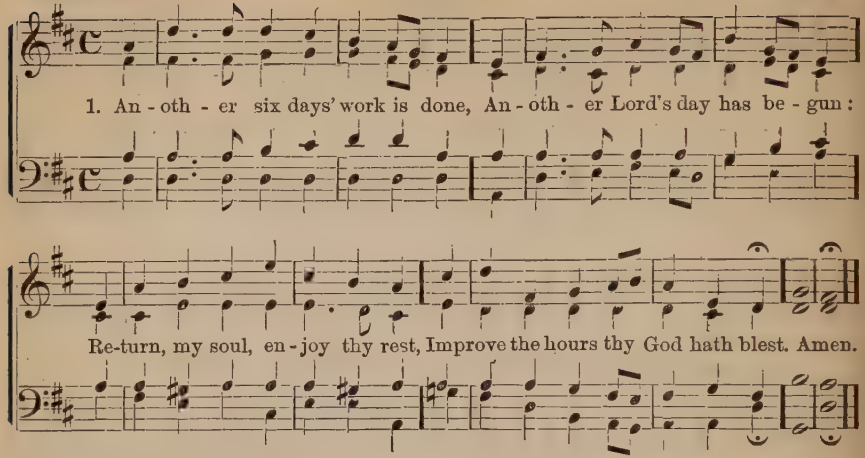
2 O King of Glory, come;
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

The Lord's Day.

153. First Tune. L. M. SELBY.

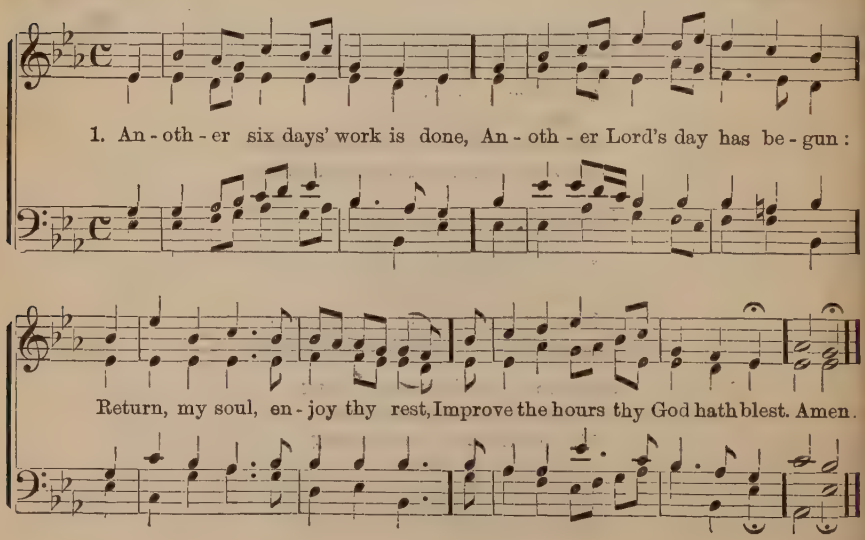

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun:
Re-turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Improve the hours thy God hath blest. Amen.

2 This day may our devotion rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

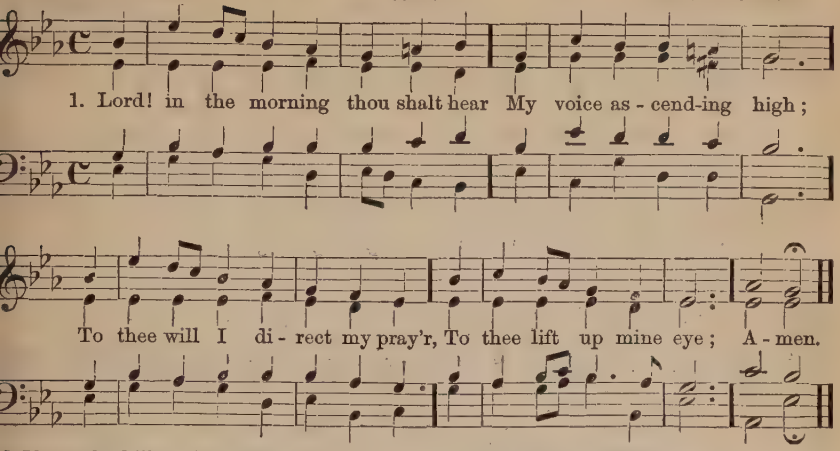
3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

153. Second Tune. L. M. ALFRETON.


1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun:
Return, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Improve the hours thy God hath blest. Amen.

154. First Tune. C. M. BENEDICTION.



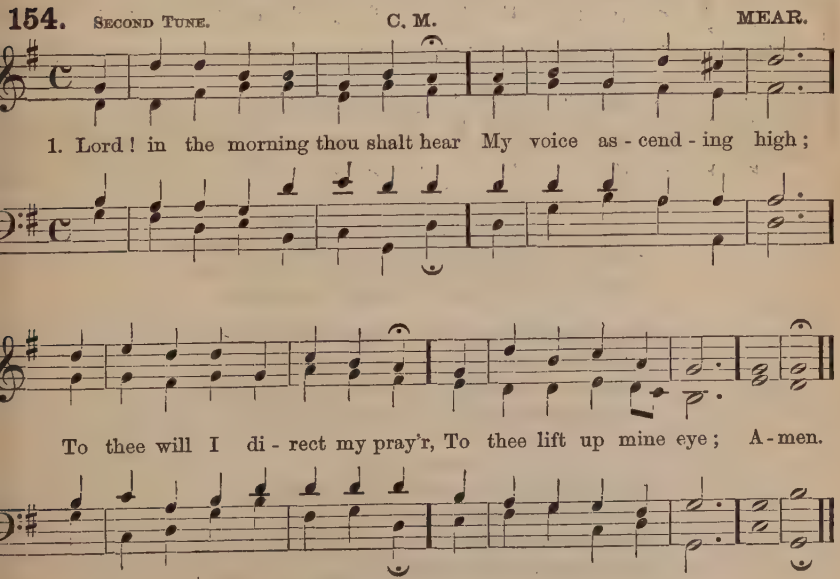
2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

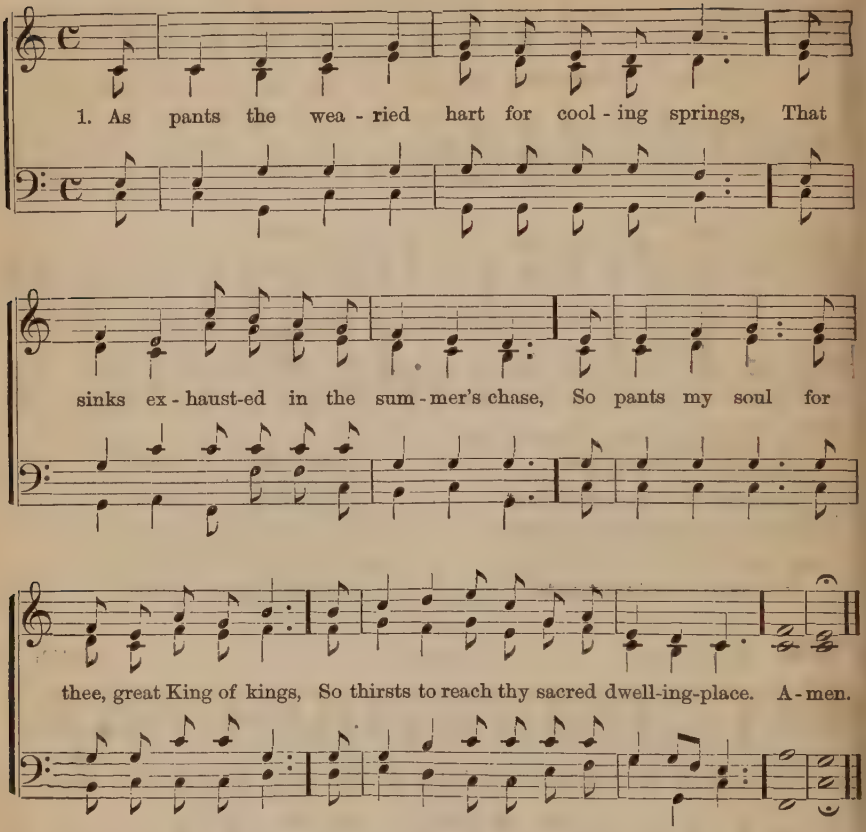
3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

154. Second Tune. C. M. MEAR.



155. First Tune. 10.10.10.10. CALLCOTT.

1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That
sinks ex - haust-ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for
thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwell-ing-place. A - men.

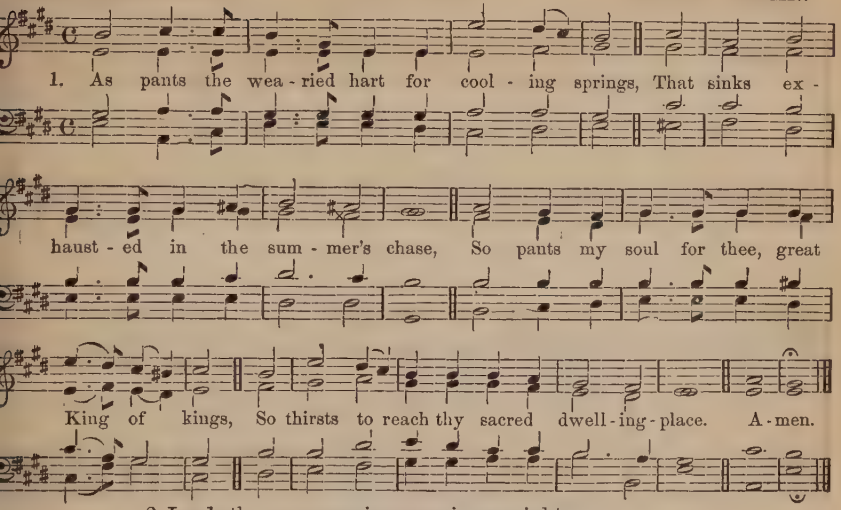
2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given. Amen.

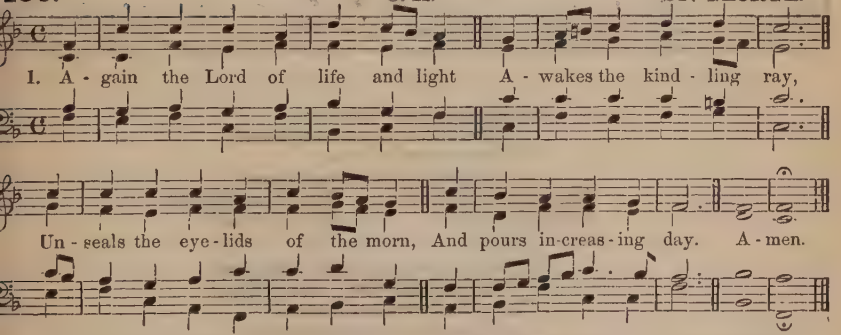
155. SECOND TUNE. 10.10.10.10. RUSSIAN HYMN.


1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks ex -
haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great
King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

156. C. M. ST. GEORGE.



2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

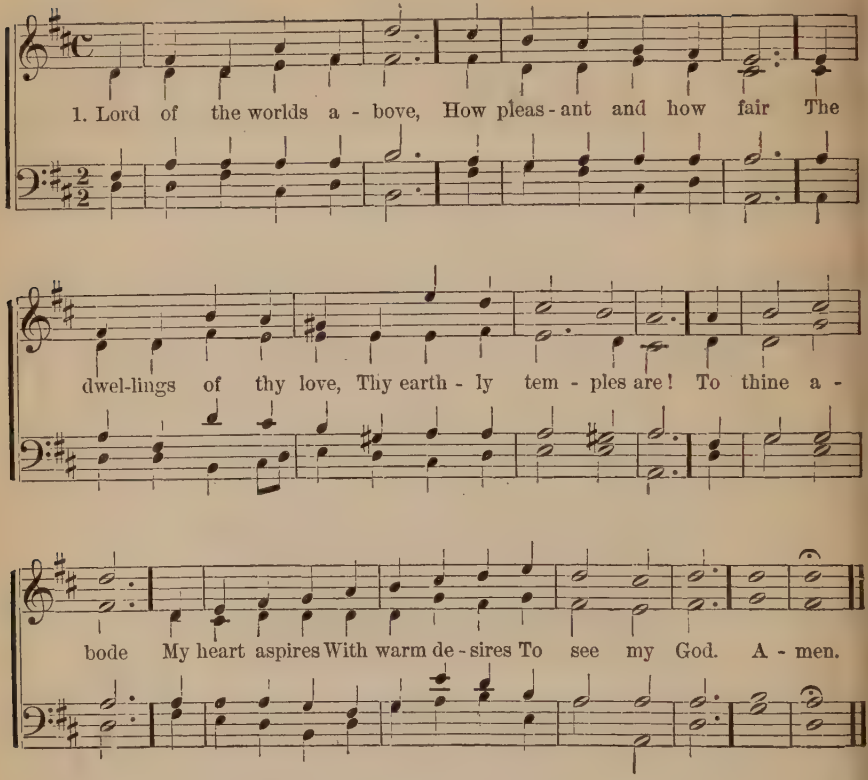
4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand differing voices join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

The Lord's Day.

157. First Tune. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. DARWELL.


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The
dwel-lings of thy love, Thy earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine a -
bode My heart aspires With warm de - sires To see my God. A - men.

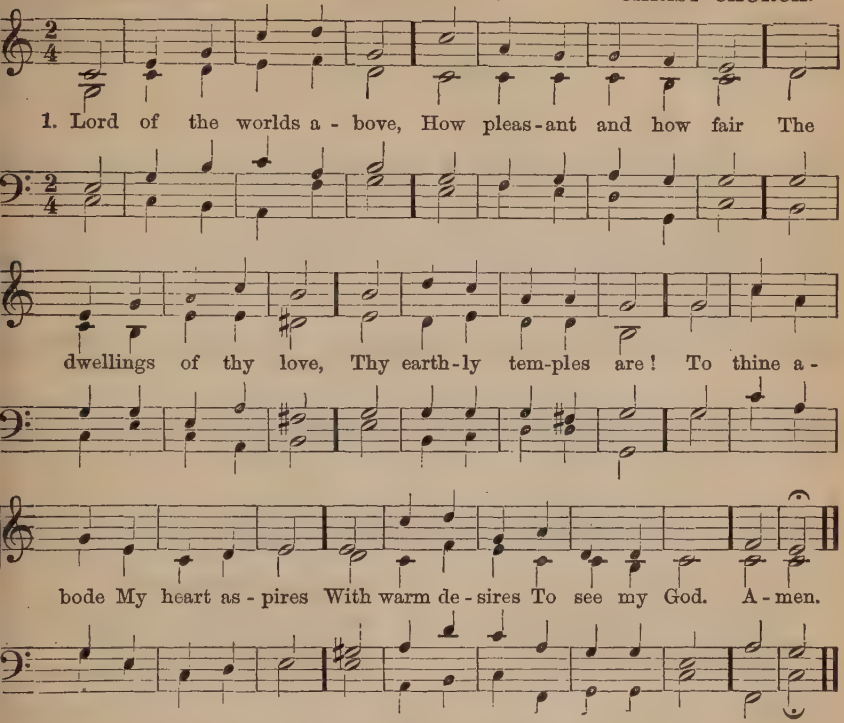
2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still: | That love the way
And happy they | To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat; | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts,
O God of hosts, | Alone in thee.

The Lord's Day.

157. SECOND TUNE. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. CHRIST CHURCH.

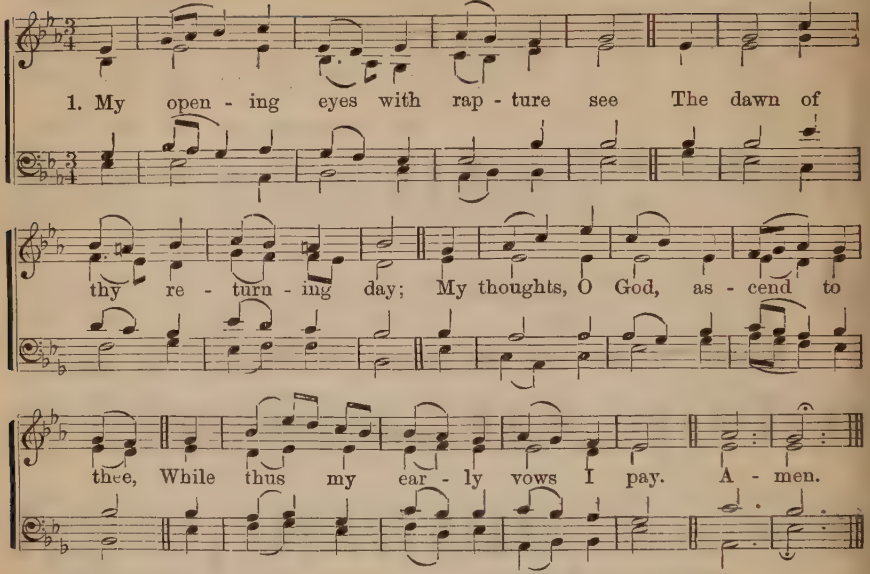

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas-ant and how fair The
dwellings of thy love, Thy earth-ly tem-ples are! To thine a -
bode My heart as - pires With warm de - sires To see my God. A - men.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still: | That love the way
And happy they | To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat; | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts,
O God of hosts, | Alone in thee.

The Lord's Day.

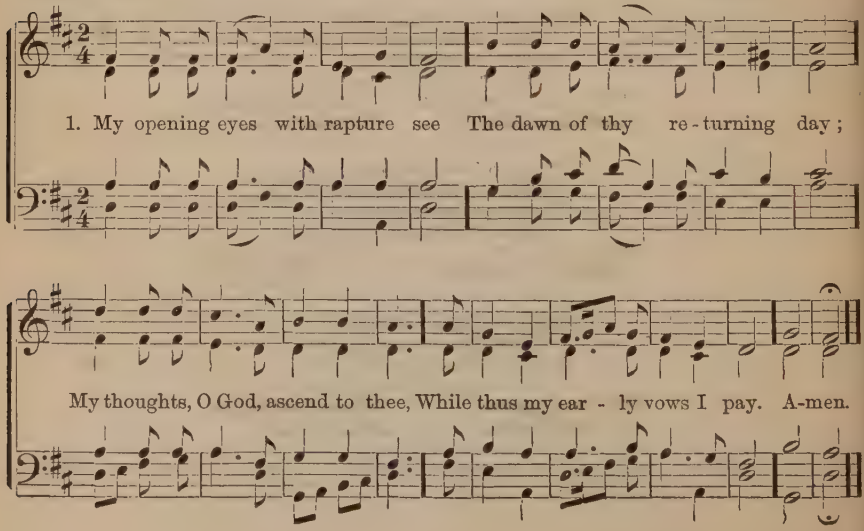
158. First Tune. L. M. ST. OLAVE.

1. My open - ing eyes with rap - ture see The dawn of
thy re - turn - ing day; My thoughts, O God, as - cend to
thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay. A - men.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

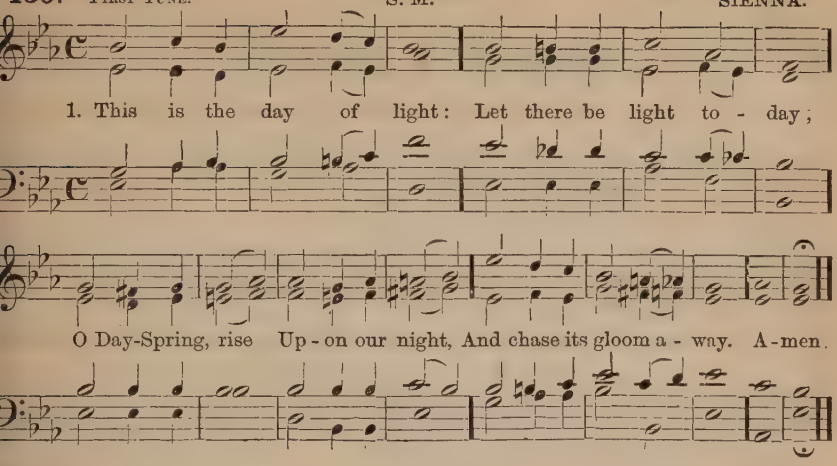
3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

158. Second Tune. L. M. GRISWOLD.


1. My opening eyes with rapture see The dawn of thy re - turning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay. A-men.

159. First Tune. S. M. SIENNA.



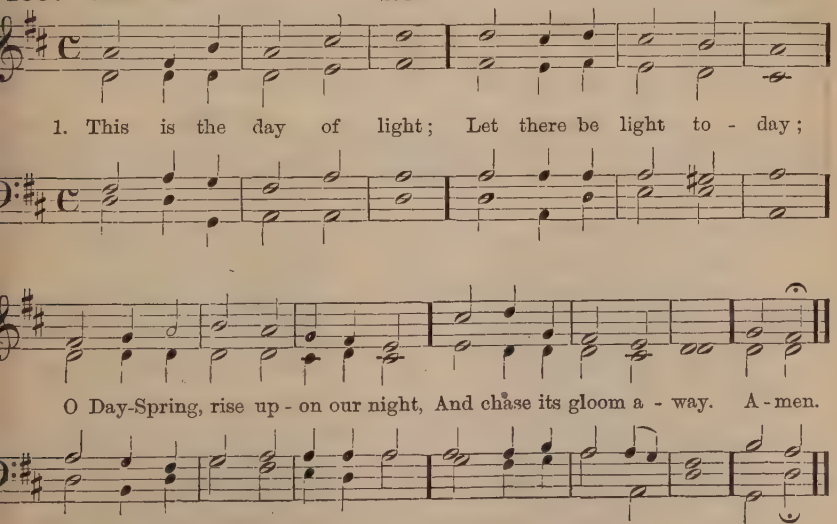
2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease
The waves of strife be still.

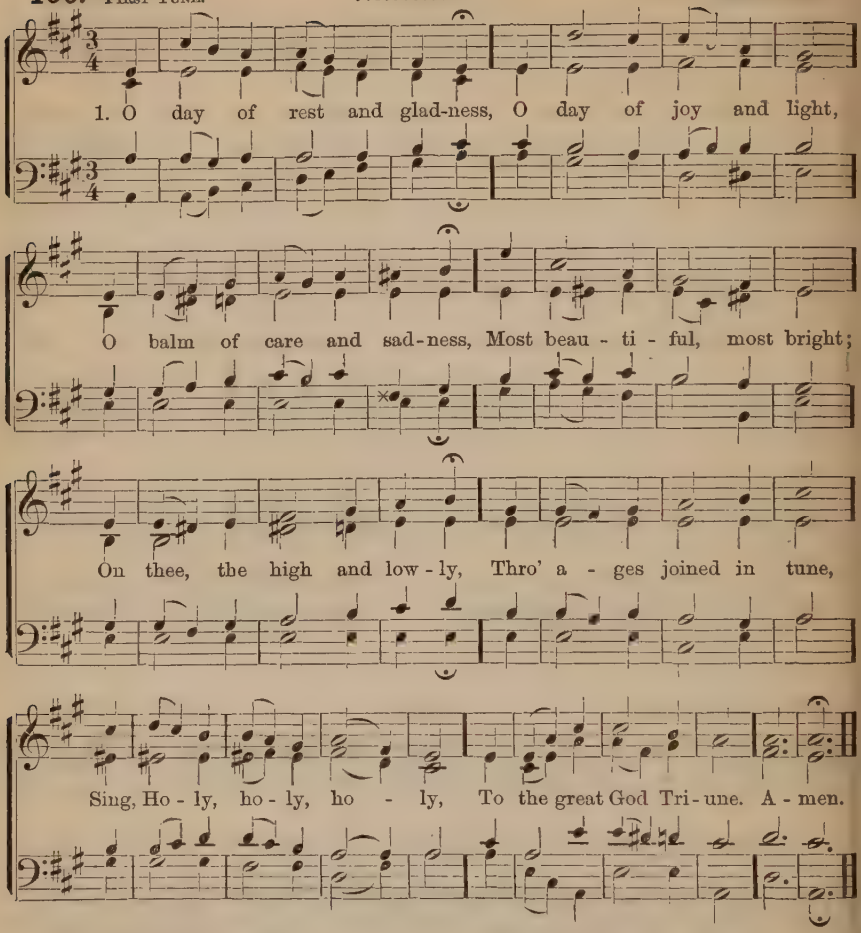
4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

159. Second Tune. S. M. HUDDERSFIELD.



The Lord's Day.

160. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. DANESTRE.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, the high and low-ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,
Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri-une. A - men.

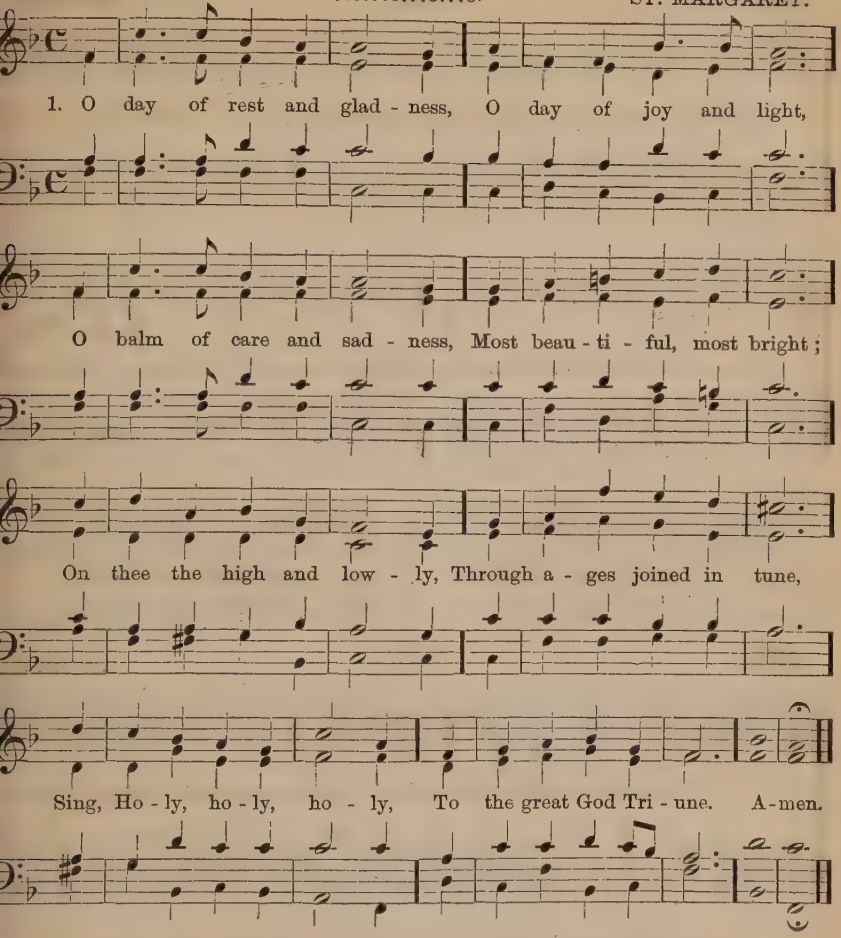
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

160. SECOND TUNE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ST. MARGARET.


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - men.

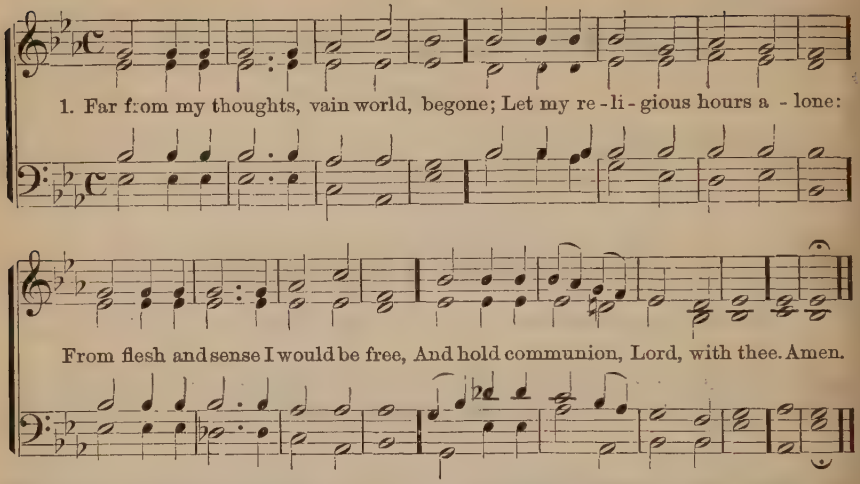
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna fall:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

161. L. M. SUMNER.

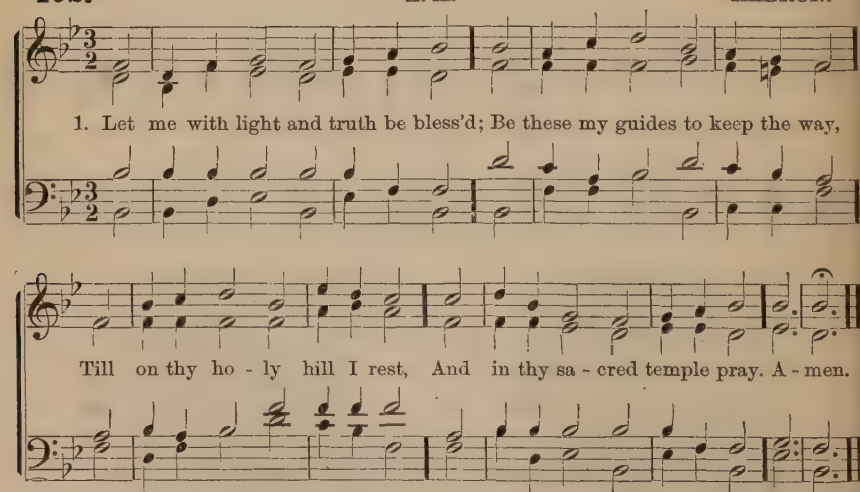

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone; Let my re-li-gious hours a-lone:
From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold communion, Lord, with thee. Amen.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

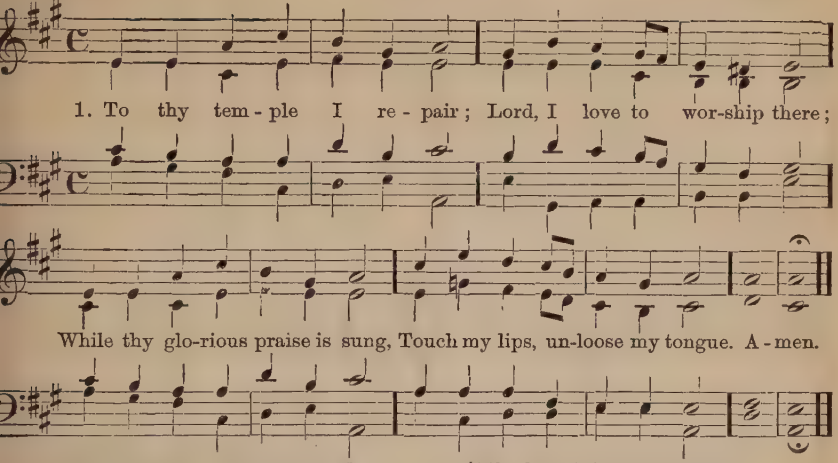
162. L. M. HEBRON.


1. Let me with light and truth be bless'd; Be these my guides to keep the way,
Till on thy ho-ly hill I rest, And in thy sa-cred temple pray. A-men.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

163.

7.7.7.7. ST. LUCIAN.

1. To thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor-ship there;
While thy glo-rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue. A - men.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads:
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

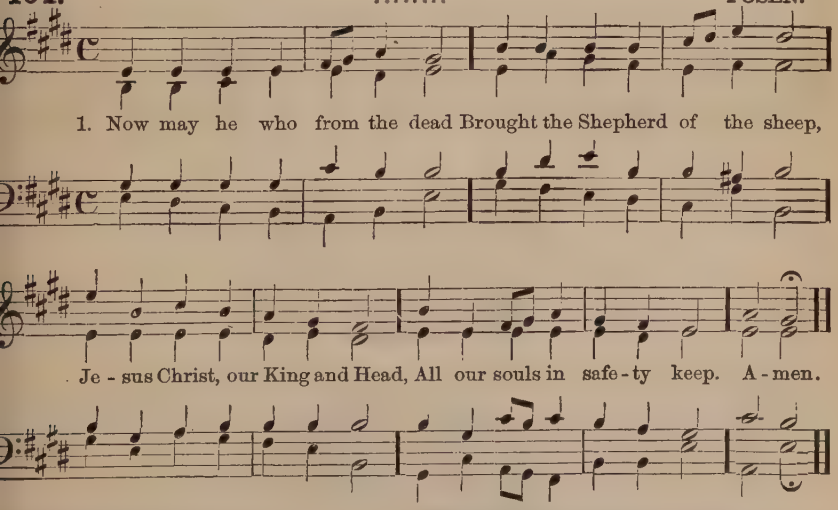
3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to-day."

164.

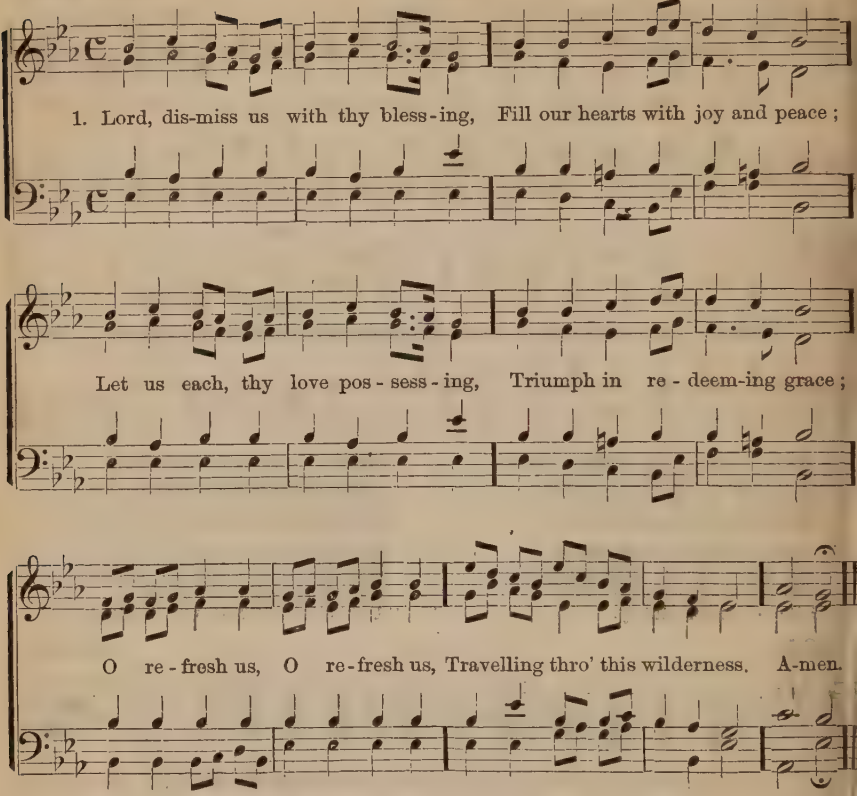
7.7.7.7. POSEN.


1. Now may he who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe-ty keep. A - men.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God!

165. First Tune. 8.7.8.7.4.7. SICILY, or MARINERS.

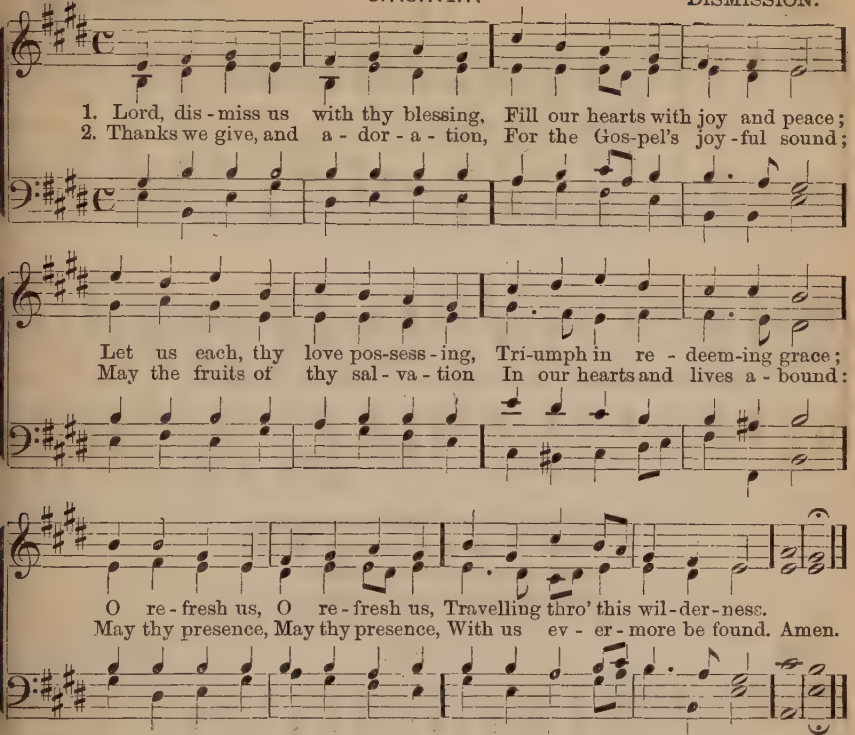

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace;
O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Travelling thro' this wilderness. A-men.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

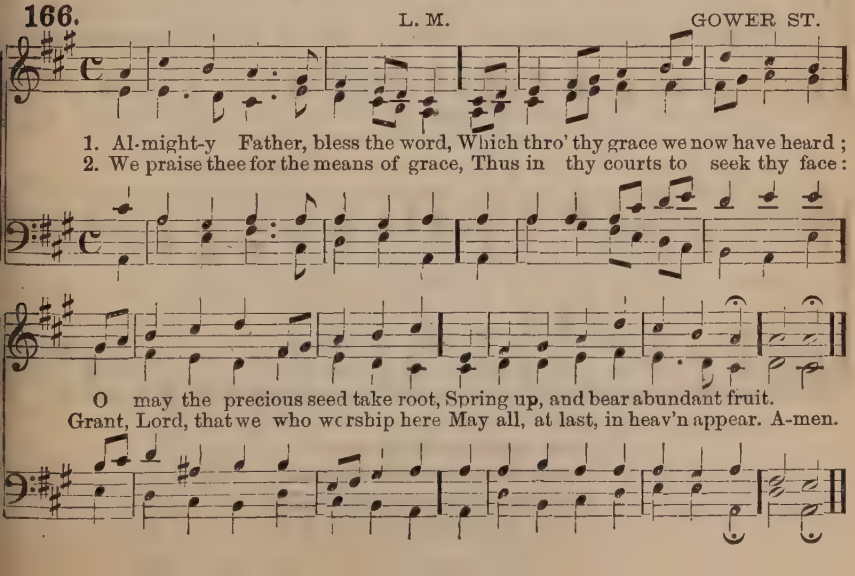
GLORIA PATRI.

Great Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

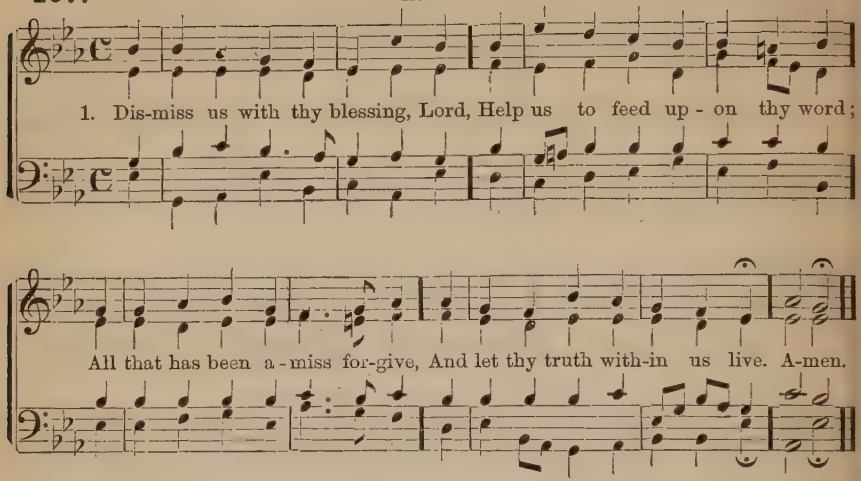
165. SECOND TUNE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. DISMISSION.


1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and a-dor-a-tion, For the Gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;
May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound:
O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil-der-ness.
May thy presence, May thy presence, With us ev-er-more be found. Amen.

166. L. M. GOWER ST.

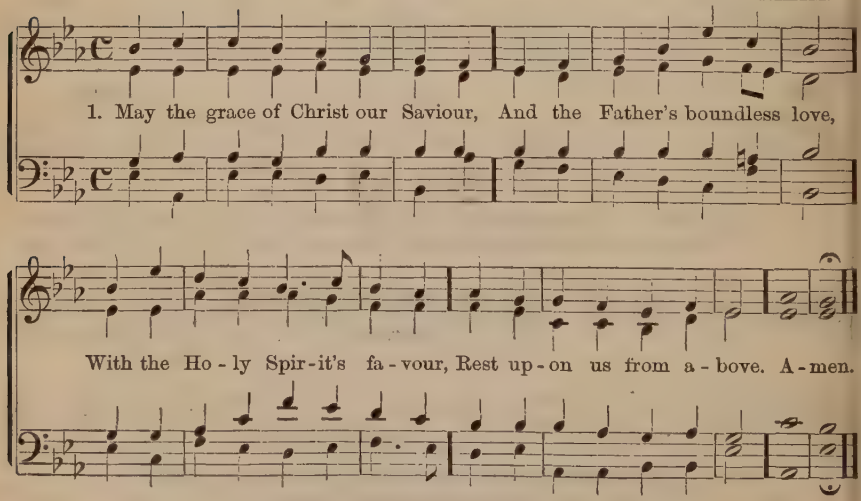

1. Al-might-y Father, bless the word, Which thro' thy grace we now have heard;
2. We praise thee for the means of grace, Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
O may the precious seed take root, Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here May all, at last, in heav'n appear. A-men.

167. L. M. MELCOMBE.


1. Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word;
All that has been a - miss for-give, And let thy truth with-in us live. A-men.

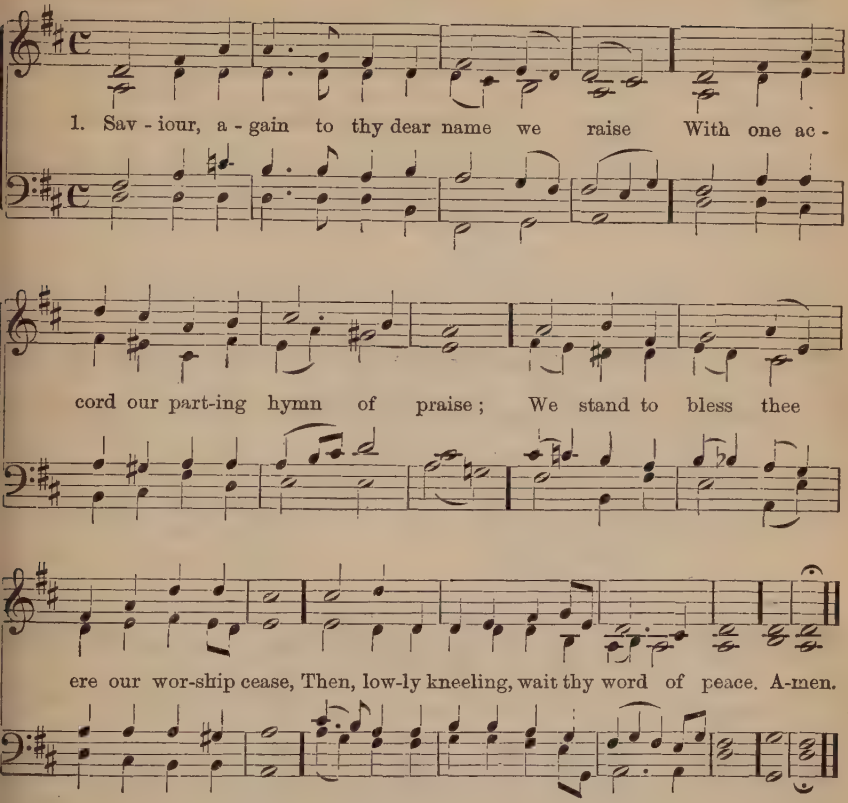
2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give each fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

168. 8.7.8.7. DEBENHAM.


1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love,
With the Ho - ly Spir-it's fa - vour, Rest up - on us from a - bove. A-men.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

169. First Tune. 10.10.10.10. PAX DEI.

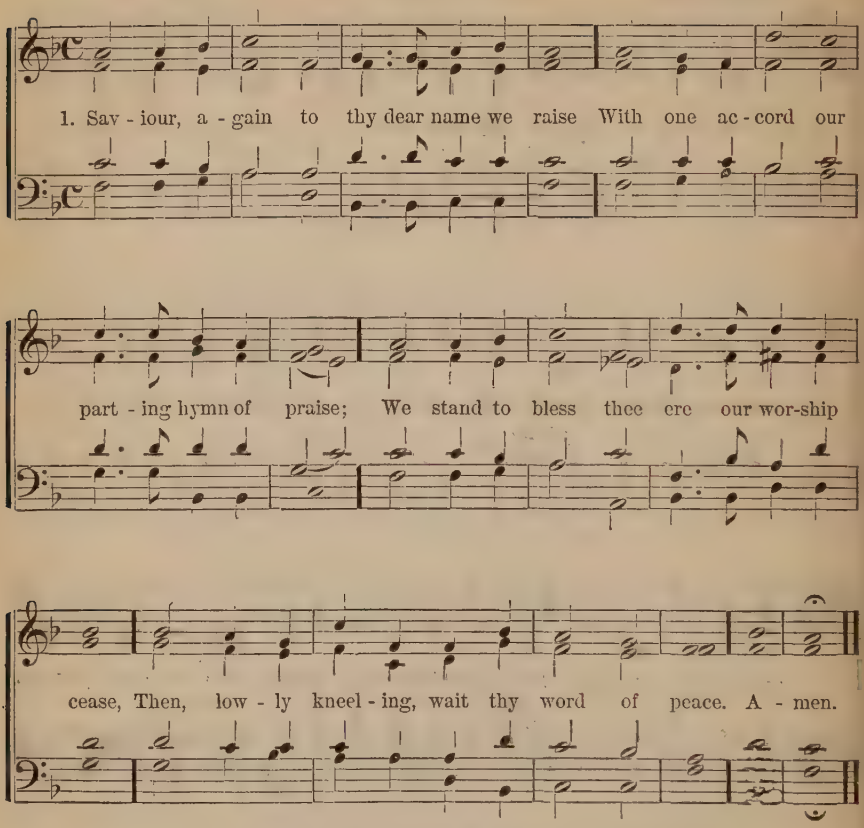

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac -
cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee
ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace. A-men.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

169. SECOND TUNE. 10.10.10.10. PENITENTIA.

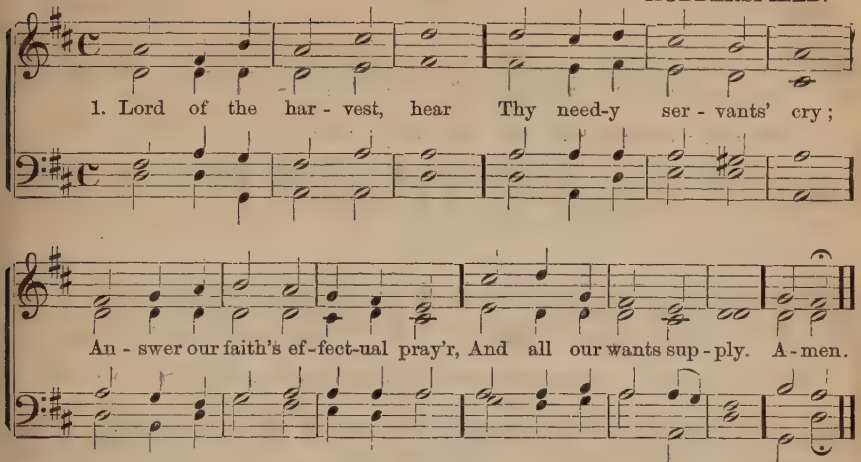

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our wor-ship
cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace. A - men.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

170. S. M. HUDDERSFIELD.

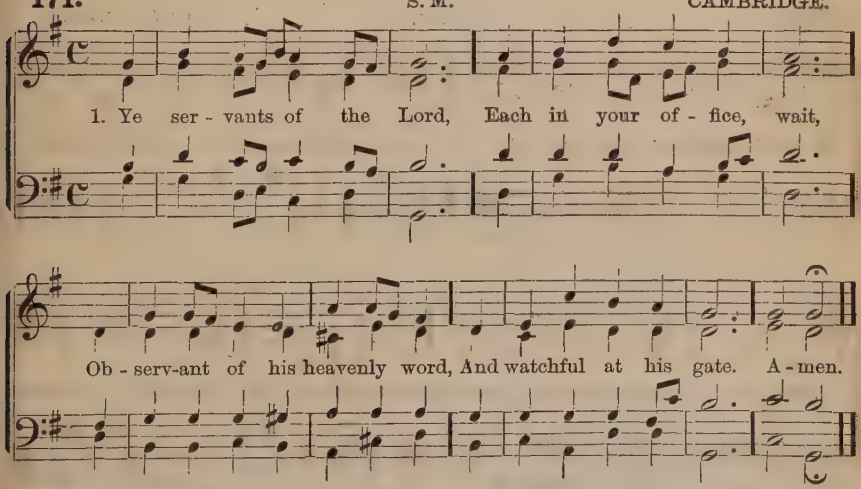


2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The labourers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-deeming love.

171. S. M. CAMBRIDGE.



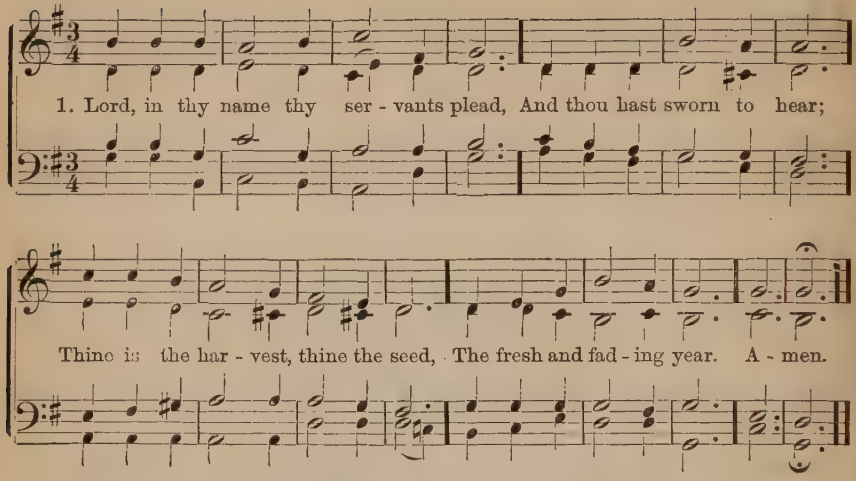
2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And train the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honour crown'd.

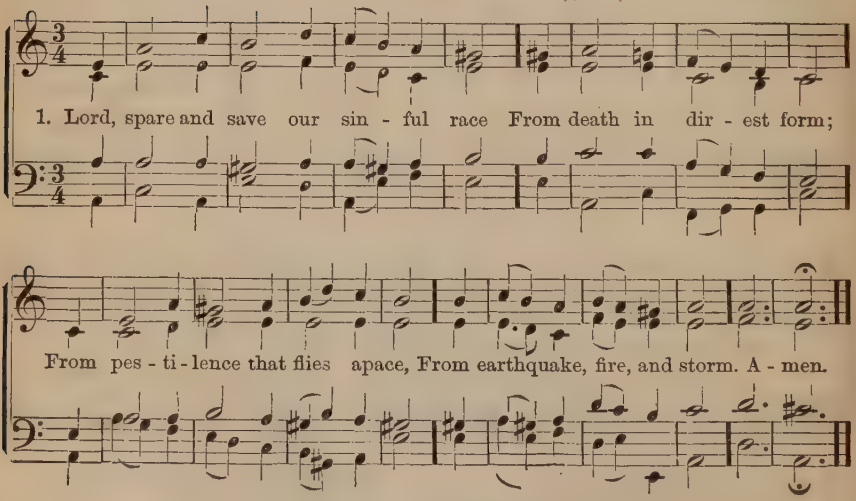
Rogation Days.

172. C. M. ST. AGNES.


1. Lord, in thy name thy ser - vants plead, And thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the har - vest, thine the seed, The fresh and fad - ing year. A - men.

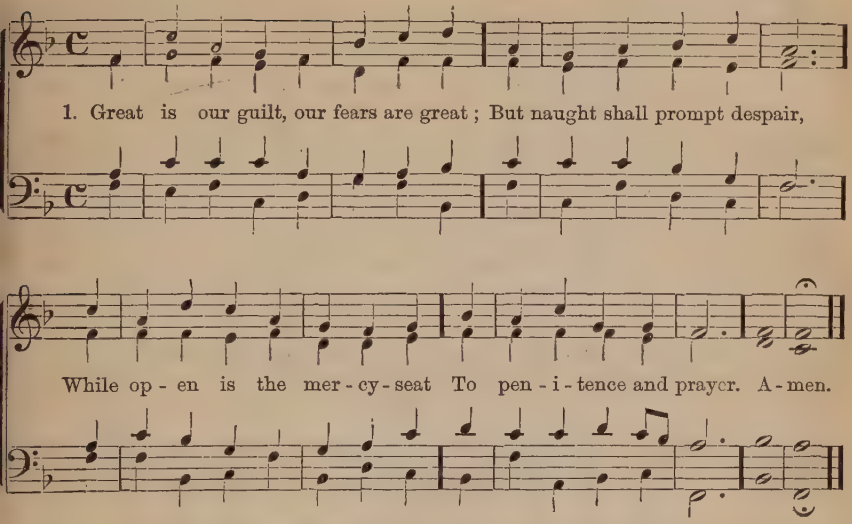
2 Grant us, with precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
A place in thy new heavens and earth,
Where richer harvests grow.

173. C. M. CLARENDON.


1. Lord, spare and save our sin - ful race From death in dir - est form;
From pes - ti - lence that flies apace, From earthquake, fire, and storm. A - men.

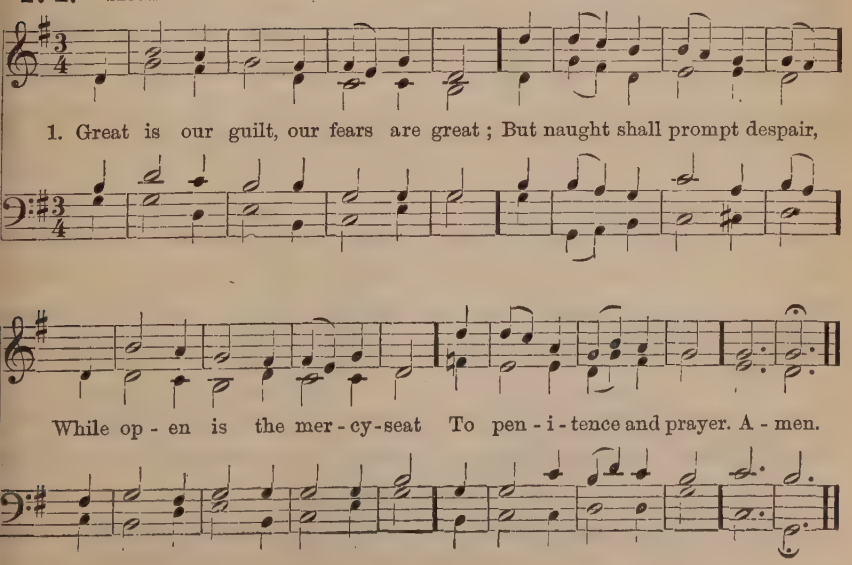
2 Let every land bemoan its sin,
That wars and crimes may cease;
And may thy pardoning grace bring in
Sweet times of health and peace.

174. First Tune. C. M. GLOUCESTER.

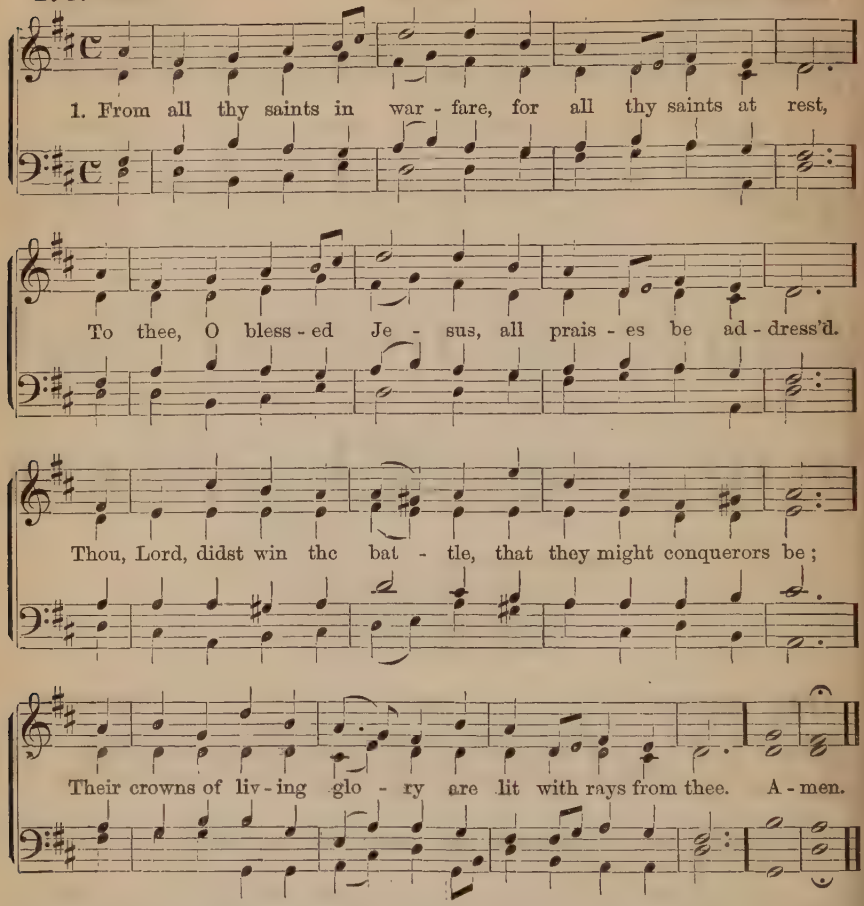

1. Great is our guilt, our fears are great; But naught shall prompt despair,
While op - en is the mer - cy - seat To pen - i - tence and prayer. A - men.

2 Kind Intercessor! to thy love
This blest resource we owe:
Thy merits plead for us above,
While we implore below.

174. Second Tune. C. M. BELMONT.


1. Great is our guilt, our fears are great; But naught shall prompt despair,
While op - en is the mer - cy - seat To pen - i - tence and prayer. A - men.

Other Holy Days.

175. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ALL SAINTS.

1. From all thy saints in war - fare, for all thy saints at rest,
To thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, all prais - es be ad - dress'd.
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle, that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from thee. A - men.

SAINT ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostle, the first to welcome thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine advent near.

SAINT THOMAS.

3 All praise for thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy love.
On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know thee, true Man, true God, adored.

SAINT STEPHEN.

4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw thee ready stand
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summon'd by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5 Praise for the loved Disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead bore;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us reveal'd.
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect be seal'd.

Other Holy Days.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

6 Praise for thine infant Martyrs, by thee with tenderest love
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel! cease thy weeping, they rest from pains and cares
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe.
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw:
Thee, Lord, for his Conversion, we glorify to-day:
So lighten all our darkness with thy true Spirit's ray.

SAINT MATTHIAS.

8 Lord, thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false Apostles for evermore defend,
And by thy parting promise be with her to the end.

SAINT MARK.

9 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from thee supplied, [abide.
And all, as fruitful branches, in thee, the Vine,

SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES.

10 All praise for thine Apostle, bless'd guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed thy brother; keep us thy brethren true,
And grant the grace to know thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life; [strife.
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the

SAINT BARNABAS.

11 The Son of Consolation, moved by thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That thy true consolations may through the world extend.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

12 We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy dawning ray.
Make us the rather blessèd, who love thy glorious day.

SAINT PETER.

13 Praise for thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice failing, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep thy fold.
Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

SAINT JAMES.

14 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veil'd decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer thee.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

15 All praise for thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
That thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

SAINT MATTHEW.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon O give us hearts set free, [follow thee.
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and

SAINT LUKE.

17 For that "Beloved Physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour, [more.
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us ever-

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE.

18 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy rest attain.

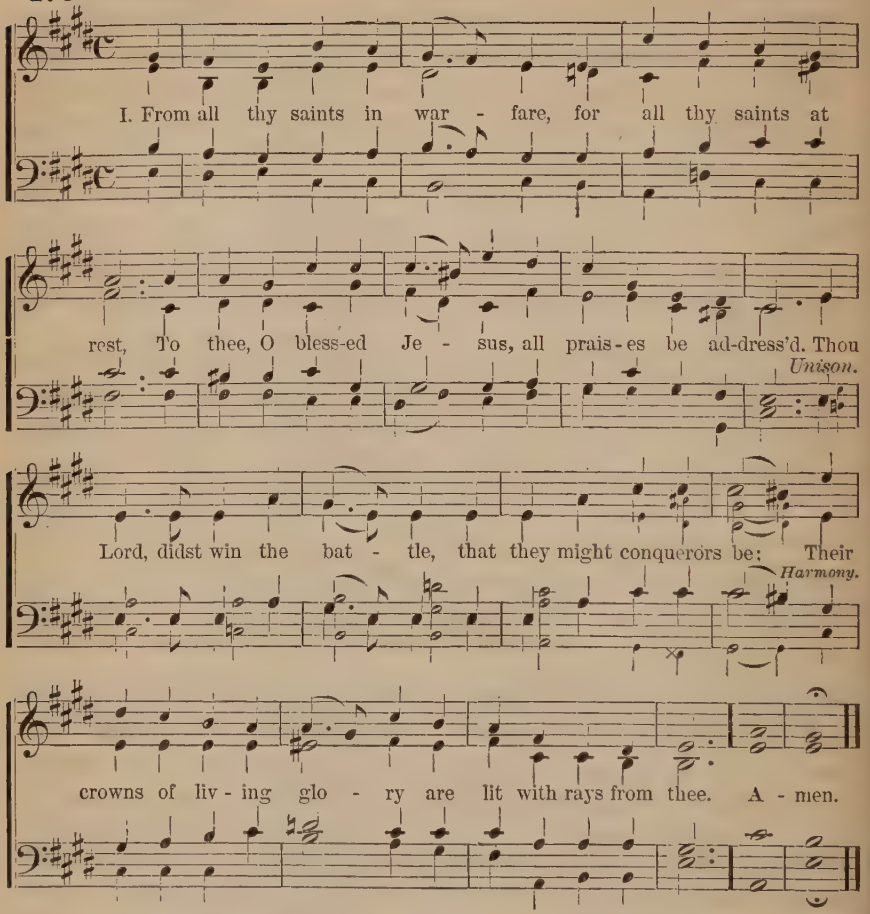
GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiments, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we thee adore.
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.

Other Holy Days.

175 SECOND TUNE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. STAINER.


I. From all thy saints in war - fare, for all thy saints at
rest, To thee, O bless-ed Je - sus, all prais-es be ad-dress'd. Thou
Unison.
Lord, didst win the bat - tle, that they might conquerors be: Their
Harmony.
crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from thee. A - men.

SAINT ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostle, the first to welcome thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
When hearts for thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine advent near.

SAINT THOMAS.

3 All praise for thine Apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy love.
On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know thee. true Man, true God, adored, . .

SAINT STEPHEN.

4 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw thee ready stand
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summon'd by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5 Praise for thy loved Disciple, exile on Patmos, shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead bore;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us reveal'd
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect be sealed.

Other Holy Days.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

Praise for thine infant Martyrs, by thee with tenderest love
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel! cease thy weeping, they rest from pains and cares
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw:
Thee, Lord, for his Conversion, we glorify to-day:
So lighten all our darkness with thy true Spirit's ray.

SAINT MATTHIAS.

Lord, thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false Apostles for evermore defend,
And by thy parting promise be with her to the end.

SAINT MARK.

For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from thee supplied, [abide.
And all, as fruitful branches, in thee, the Vine,

SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES.

All praise for thine Apostle, bless'd guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed thy brother; keep us thy brethren true,
And grant the grace to know thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life; [strife.
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the

SAINT BARNABAS.

The Son of Consolation, moved by thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That thy true consolations may through the world extend.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy dawning ray.
Make us the rather blessèd, who love thy glorious day.

SAINT PETER.

13 Praise for thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice failing, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep thy fold.
Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

SAINT JAMES.

14 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veil'd decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer thee.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

15 All praise for thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
That thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

SAINT MATTHEW.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon O give us hearts set free, [follow thee.
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and

SAINT LUKE.

17 For that "Beloved Physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour, [more.
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us ever-

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE.

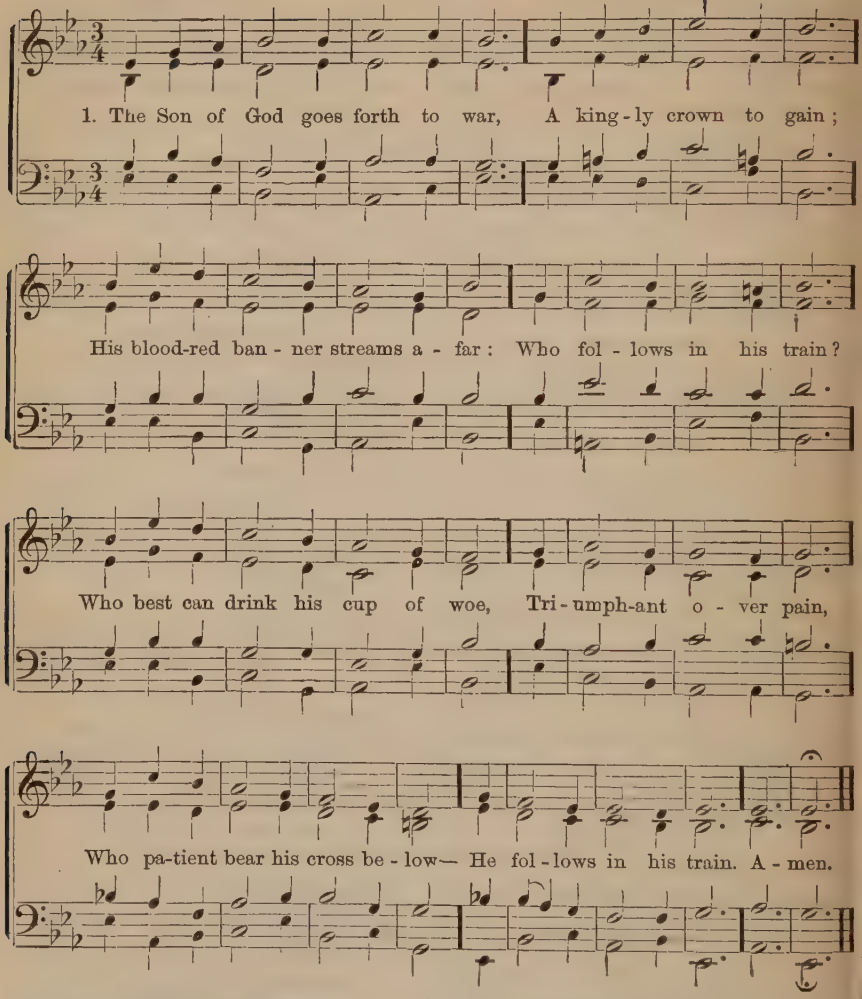
18 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiments, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we thee adore.
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.

Other Holy Days.

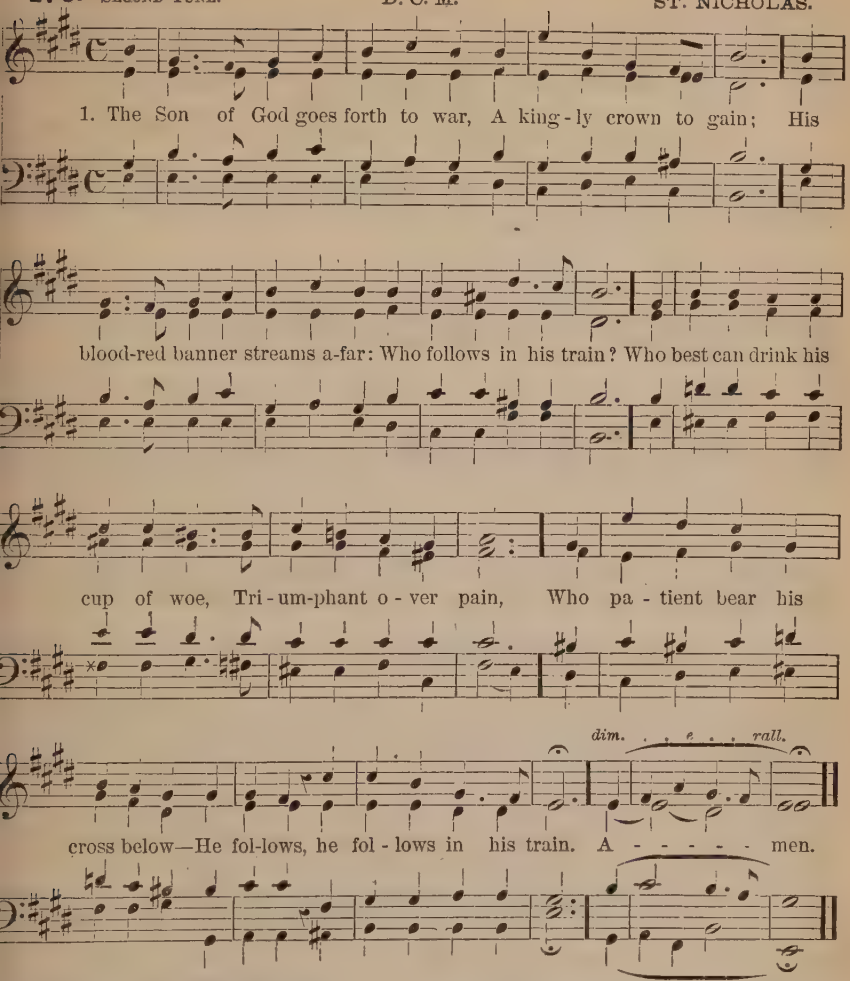
176. First Tune. D. C. M. OLD 81ST.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain,
Who pa-tient bear his cross be-low— He fol-lows in his train. A-men.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd:
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

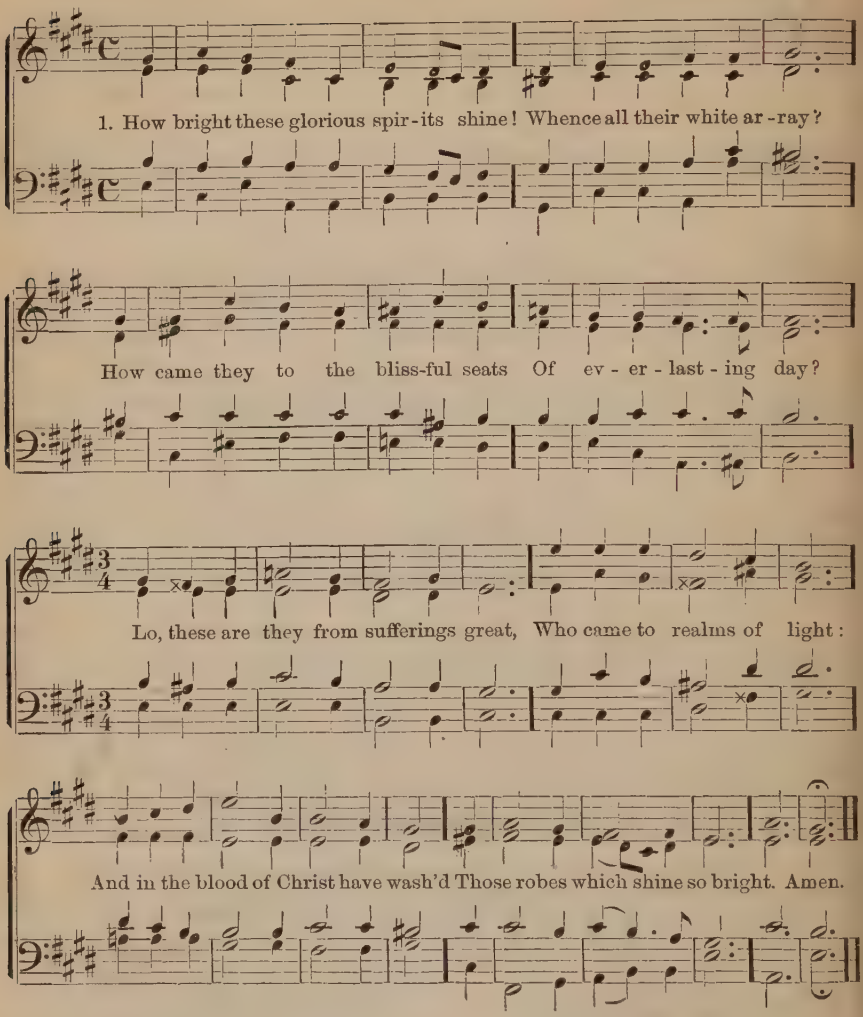
176. SECOND TUNE. D. C. M. ST. NICHOLAS.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His
blood-red banner streams a-far: Who follows in his train? Who best can drink his
cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain, Who pa-tient bear his
dim. e rall.
cross below—He fol-lows, he fol-lows in his train. A - - - - - men.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, a chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

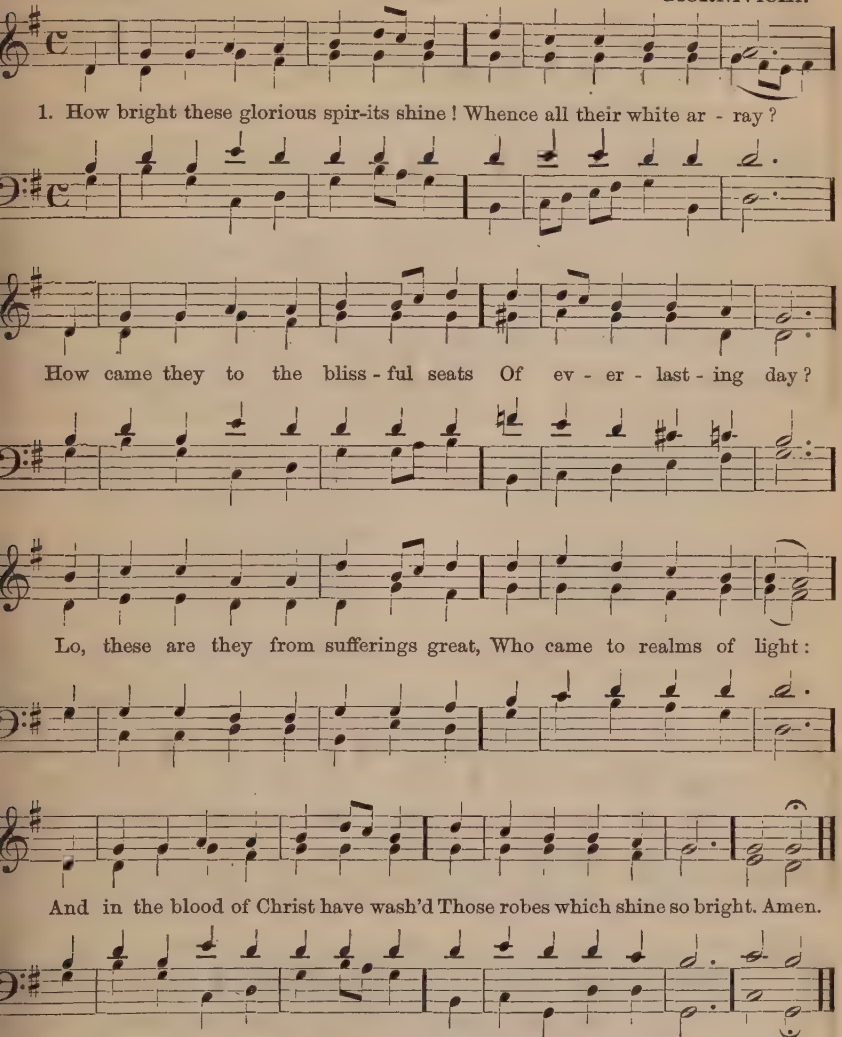
177. First Tune. D. C. M. CASTLE RISING.

1. How bright these glorious spir-its shine! Whence all their white ar-ray?
How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev-er-last-ing day?
Lo, these are they from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light:
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright. Amen.

2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

3 The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Other Holy Days.

177. Second Tune. D. C. M. GIORNIVICHI.

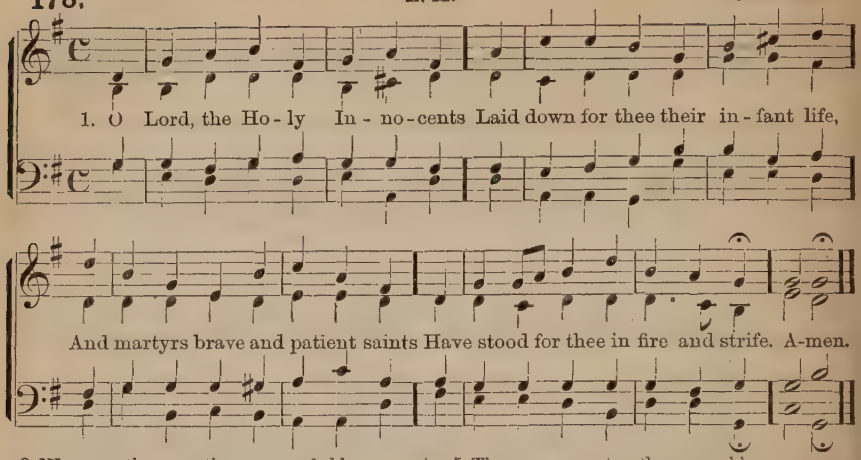

1. How bright these glorious spir-its shine! Whence all their white ar - ray?
How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day?
Lo, these are they from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light:
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright. Amen.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

3 The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourisnment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Other Holy Days.

178. L. M. CLARKE.


1. O Lord, the Ho - ly In - no - cents Laid down for thee their in - fant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints Have stood for thee in fire and strife. A-men.

2 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

3 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

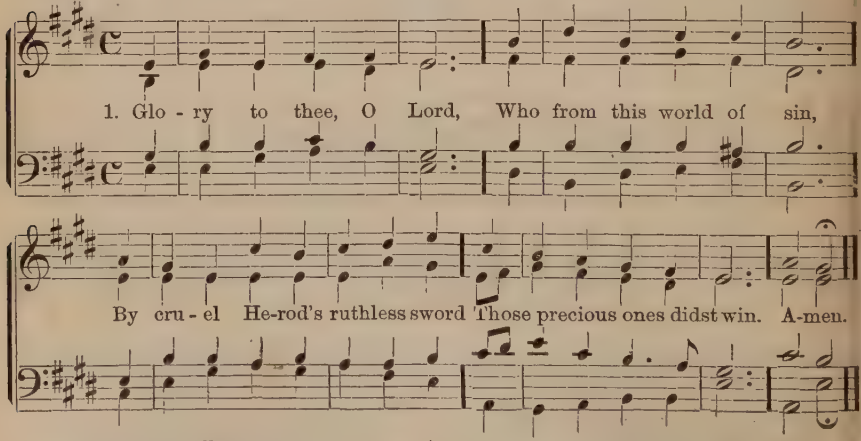
4 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

5 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

7 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

179. S. M. ST. HELENA.

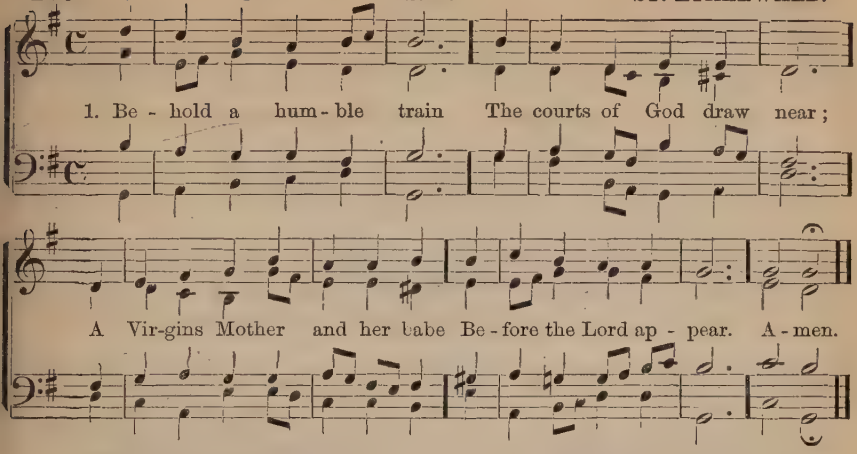


2 Glory to thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard thy call,
And reach'd the quiet land.

3 O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
O that, as free from deeds of sin,
We shrank not from thy sight.

4 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify thy power,
In death to praise thy name.

180. S. M. ST. ETHELWALD.



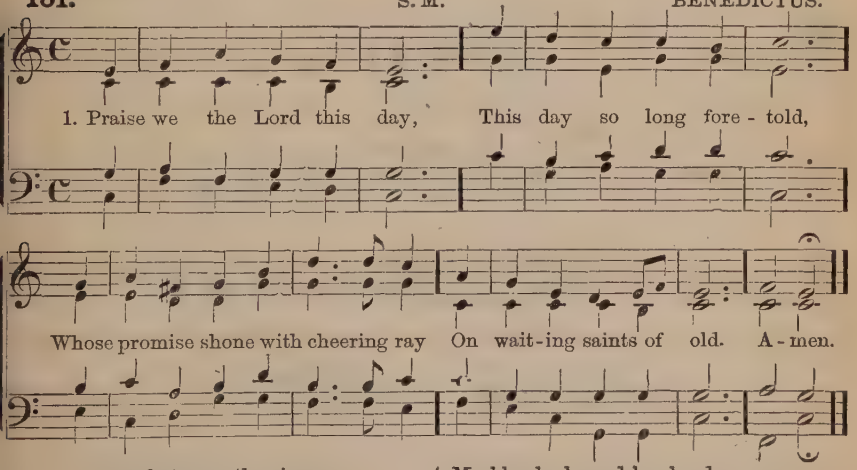
2 O wondrous, blessèd sight!
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly babe—the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, they own.

3 And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.

4 The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the Lord;
But here the Lord himself appears,
The true, incarnate Word.

5 Blest Saviour, come once more
With power and grace divine;
Our hearts thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever thine.

181. S. M. BENEDICTUS.


1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray On wait-ing saints of old. A - men.

2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

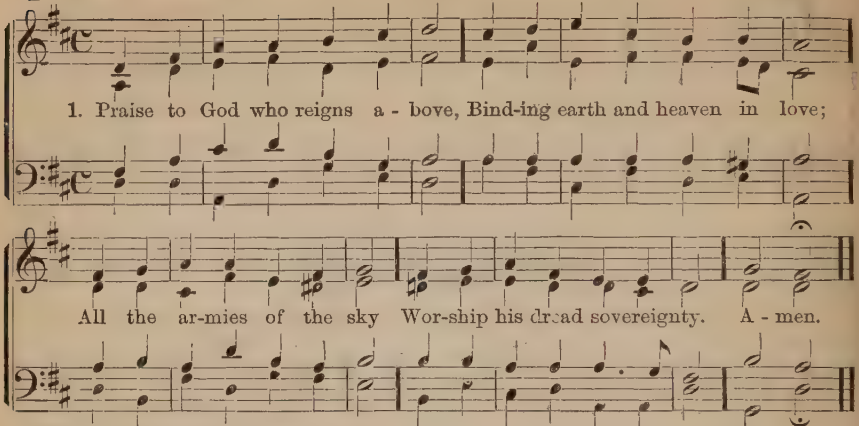
3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

5 Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The incarnate Saviour's birth.

The Communion of Saints.

182. 7.7.7.7. LUBECK.


1. Praise to God who reigns a - bove, Bind-ing earth and heaven in love;
All the ar-mies of the sky Wor-ship his dread sovereignty. A - men.

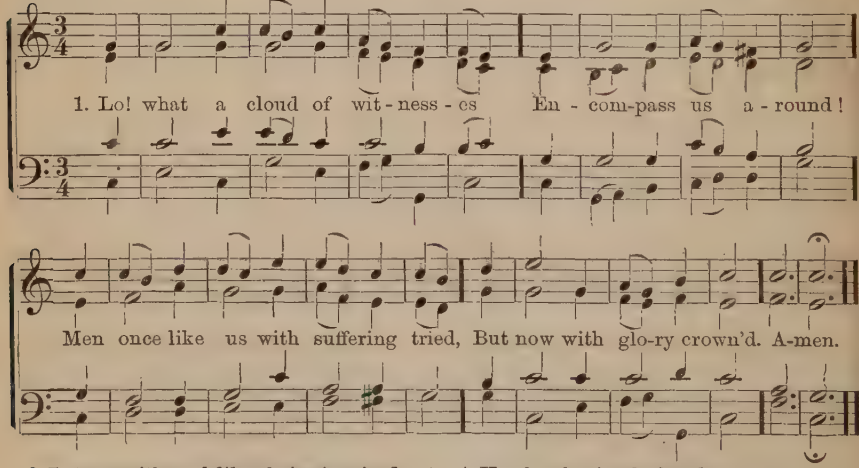
2 Seraphim his praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Ranks of Might that never cowers.

3 Angel hosts his word fulfil,
Ruling nature by his will:
Round his throne archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.

4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
And that bright celestial state,
For true Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the incarnate Deity.

5 On the throne our Lord who died
Sits in manhood glorified,
Where his people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

183. C. M. COVENTRY.



2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

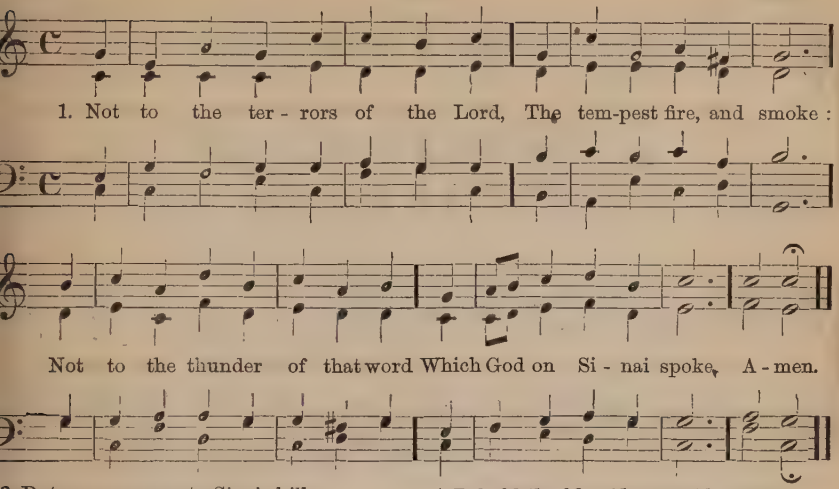
3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, the Author, Finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

The Communion of Saints.

184. C. M. ST. ANN'S.



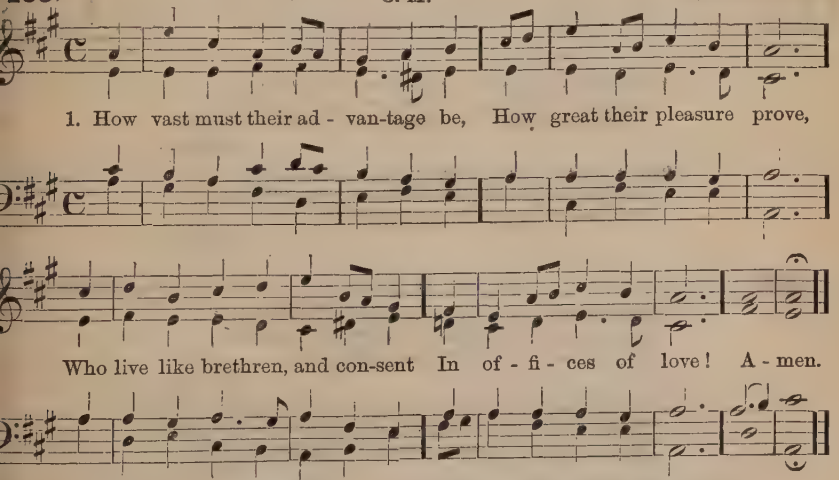
2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God ;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light:
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.

5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make :
And join in Christ, their living Head
And of his love partake.

185. C. M. NAYLAND.

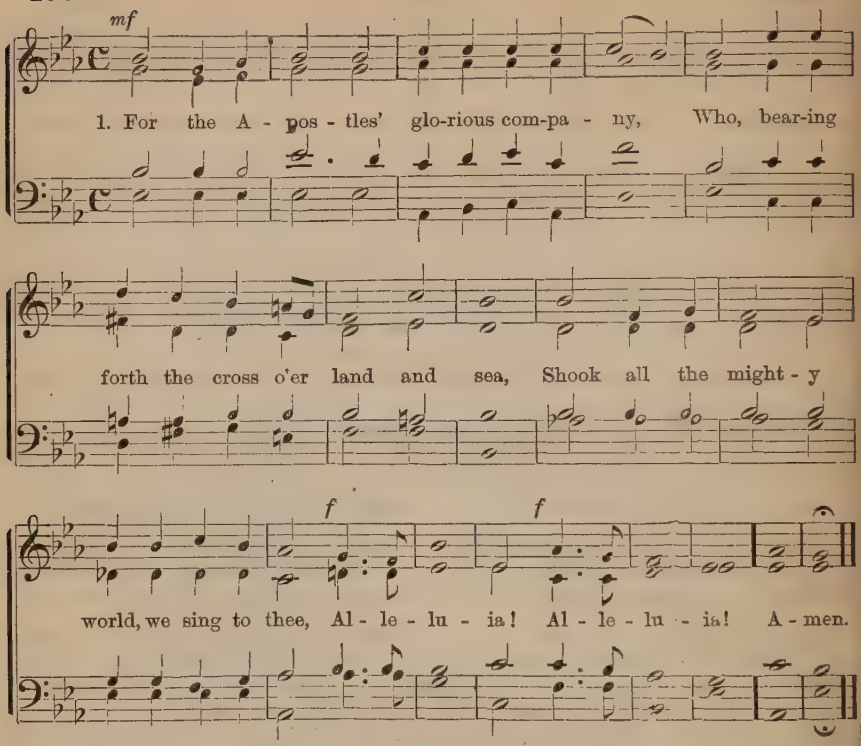

1. How vast must their ad - van-tage be, How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and con-sent In of - fi - ces of love! A - men.

2 True love is like the precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes,
Its costly fragrance shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's favour'd hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

186. 10.10.10.4. BARNBYS.


mf
1. For the A - pos - tles' glo-rious com-pa - ny, Who, bear-ing
forth the cross o'er land and sea, Shook all the might - y
f
f
world, we sing to thee, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord
Is fair and fruitful, be thy name adored.
Alleluia.

3 For Martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye,
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
And died to grasp it, thee we glorify.
Alleluia.

187. 10.10.10.4. BARNBYS.

1 For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever bless'd.
Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.
Alleluia.

3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

The Communion of Saints.

4 O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia.

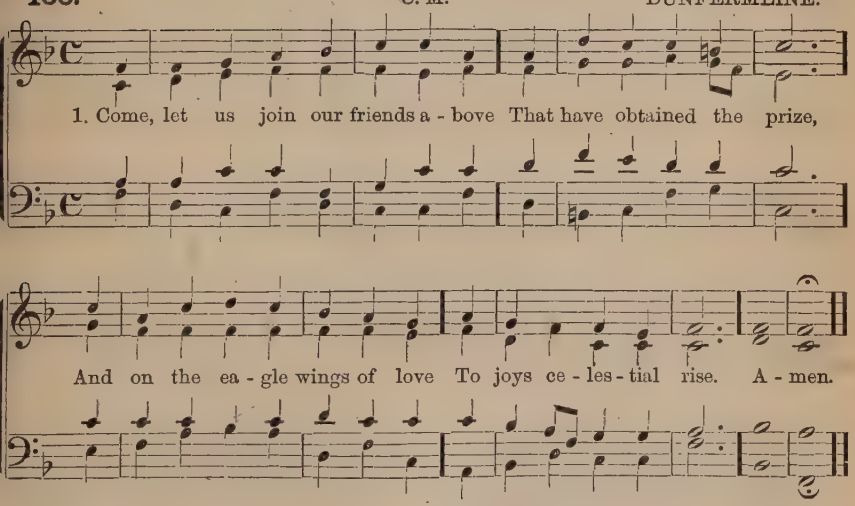
5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.
Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia.

188. C. M. DUNFERMLINE.


1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove That have obtained the prize,
And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise. A - men.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

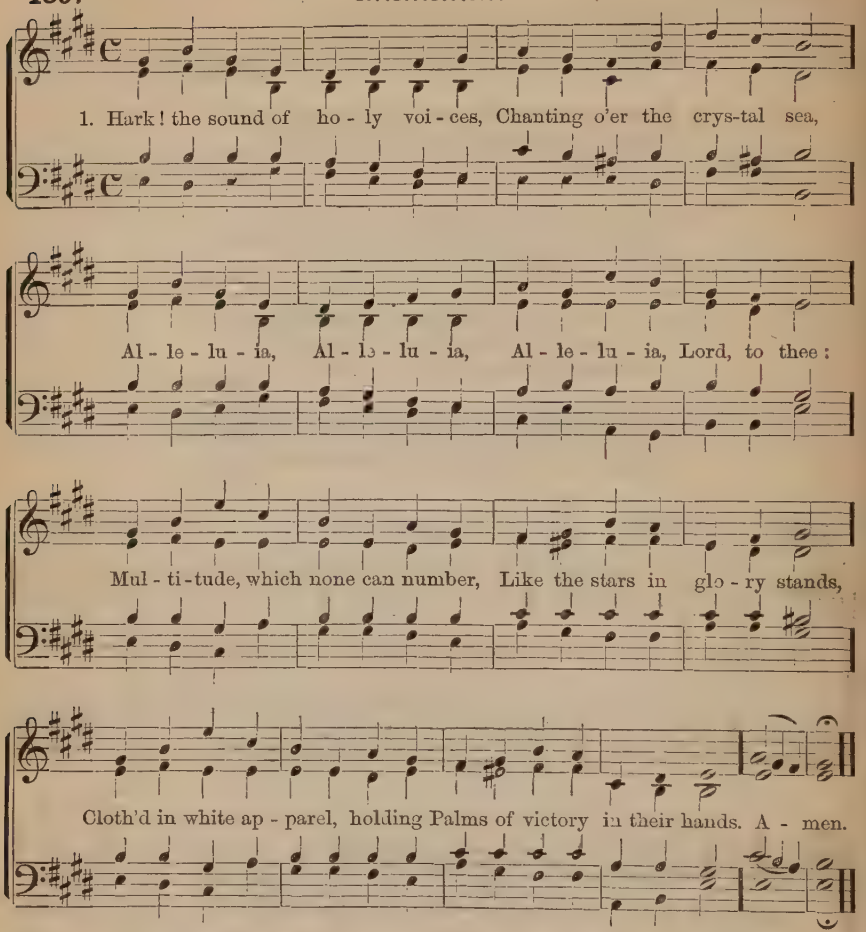
3 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 Then, Lord of hosts, be thou our guide,
And we, at thy command,
Through waves that part on either side,
Shall reach thy blessèd land.

The Communion of Saints.

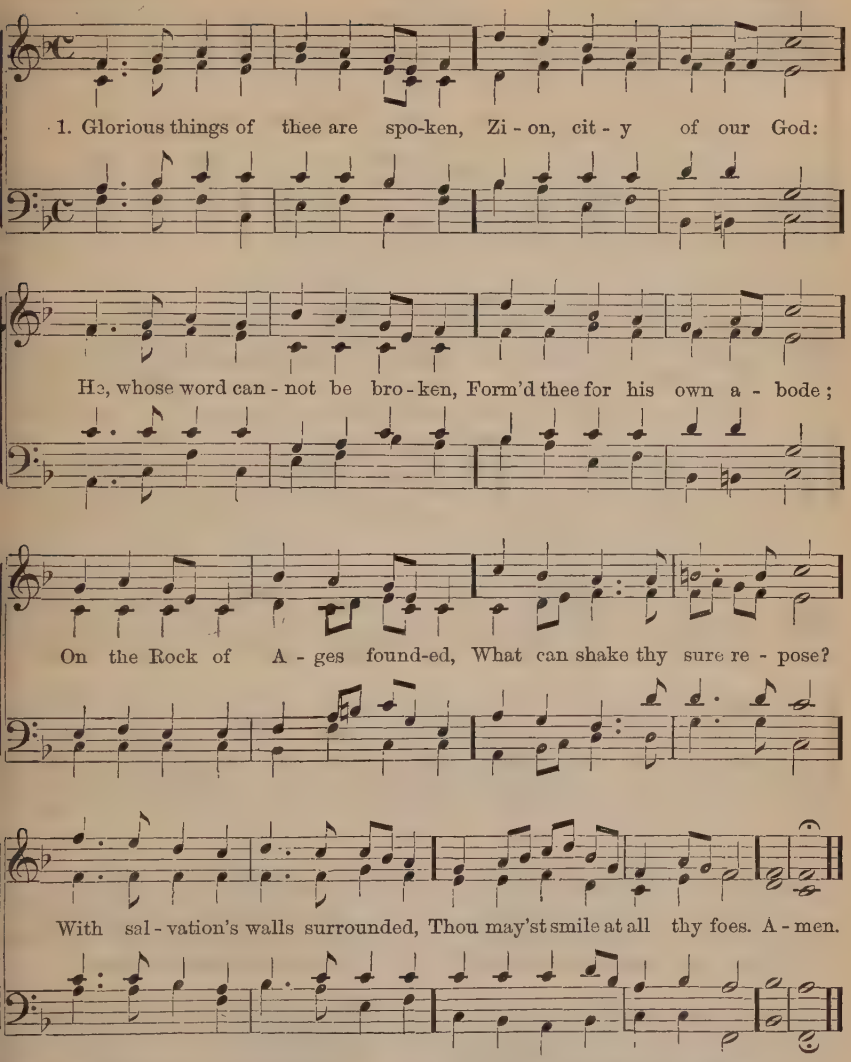
189. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. LANGRAN'S.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting o'er the crys-tal sea,
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to thee:
Mul - ti - tude, which none can number, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
Cloth'd in white ap - parel, holding Palms of victory in their hands. A - men.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King,
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

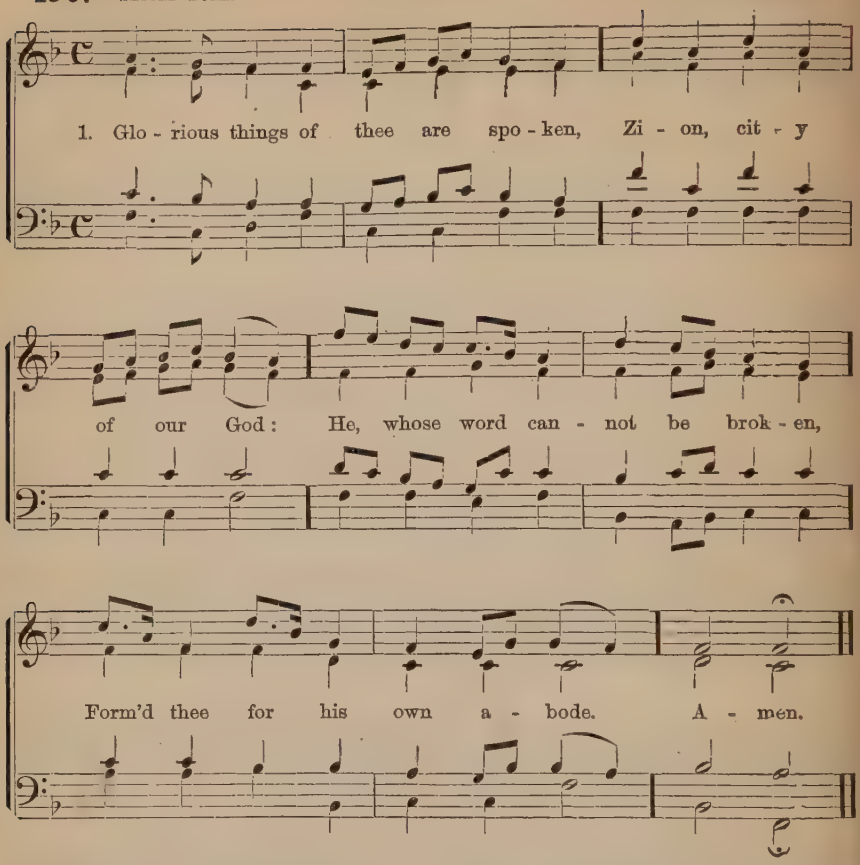
5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

190. First Tune. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. AUSTRIA.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God:
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - vation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A - men.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

190. SECOND TUNE. 8.7.8.7. WORTHING.



2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

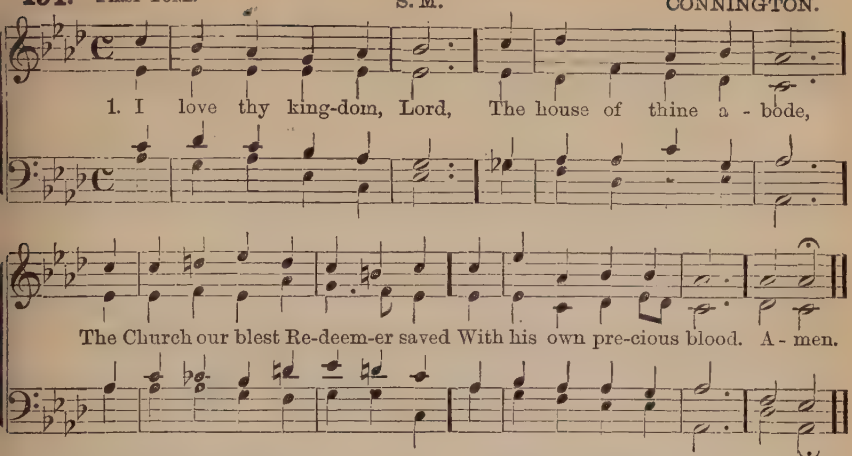
3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;

4 Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

5 Round each hab'tation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

6 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

191. First Tune. S. M. CONNINGTON.



2 I love thy Church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

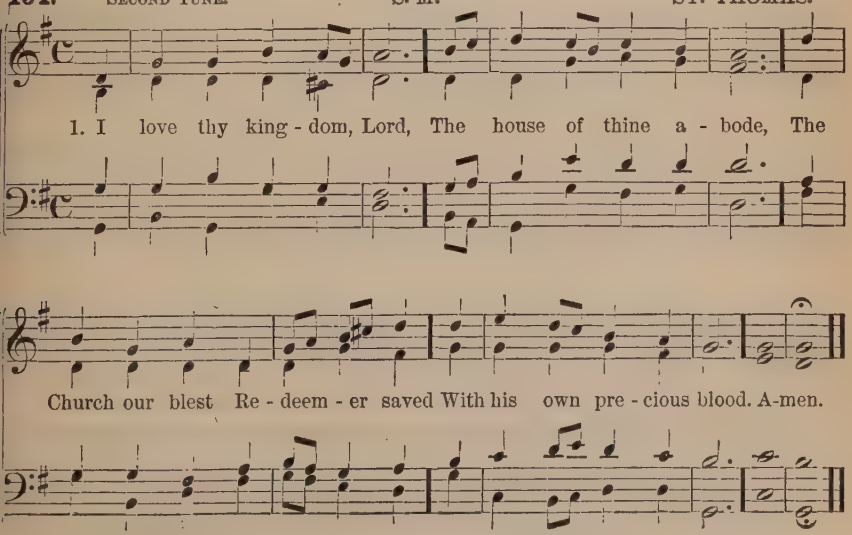
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

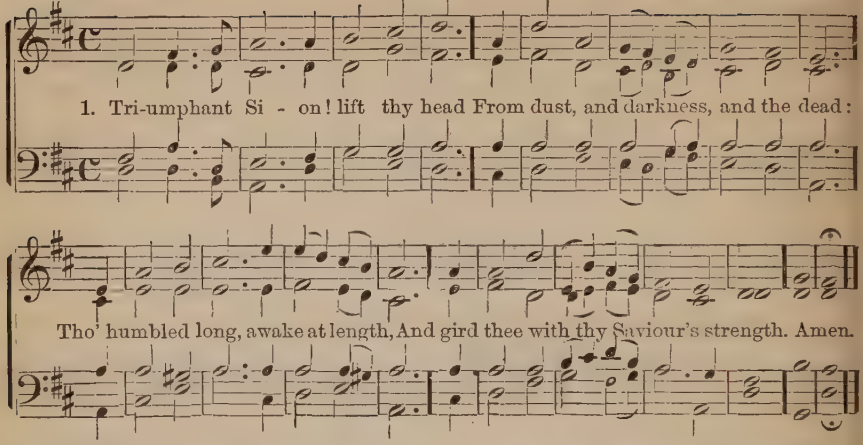
5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

191. Second Tune. S. M. ST. THOMAS.



192. First Tune. L. M. TRURO.

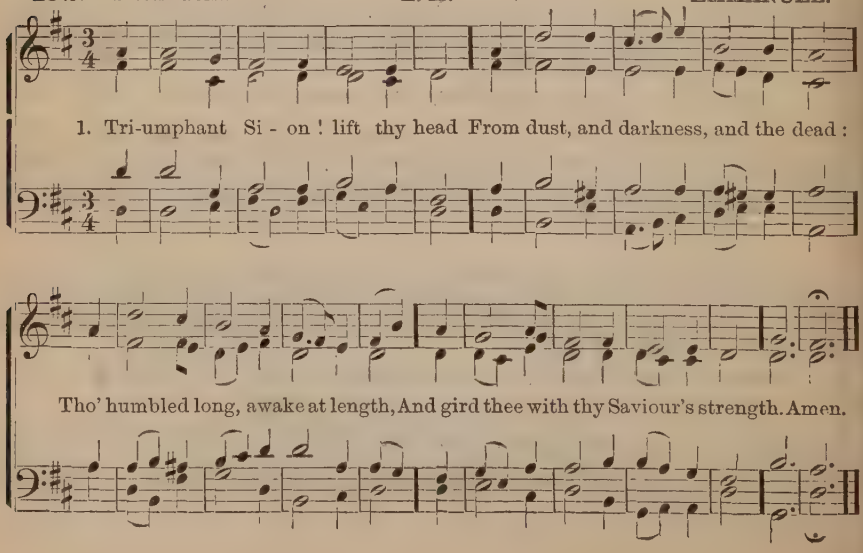

1. Tri-umphant Si - on! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. Amen.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

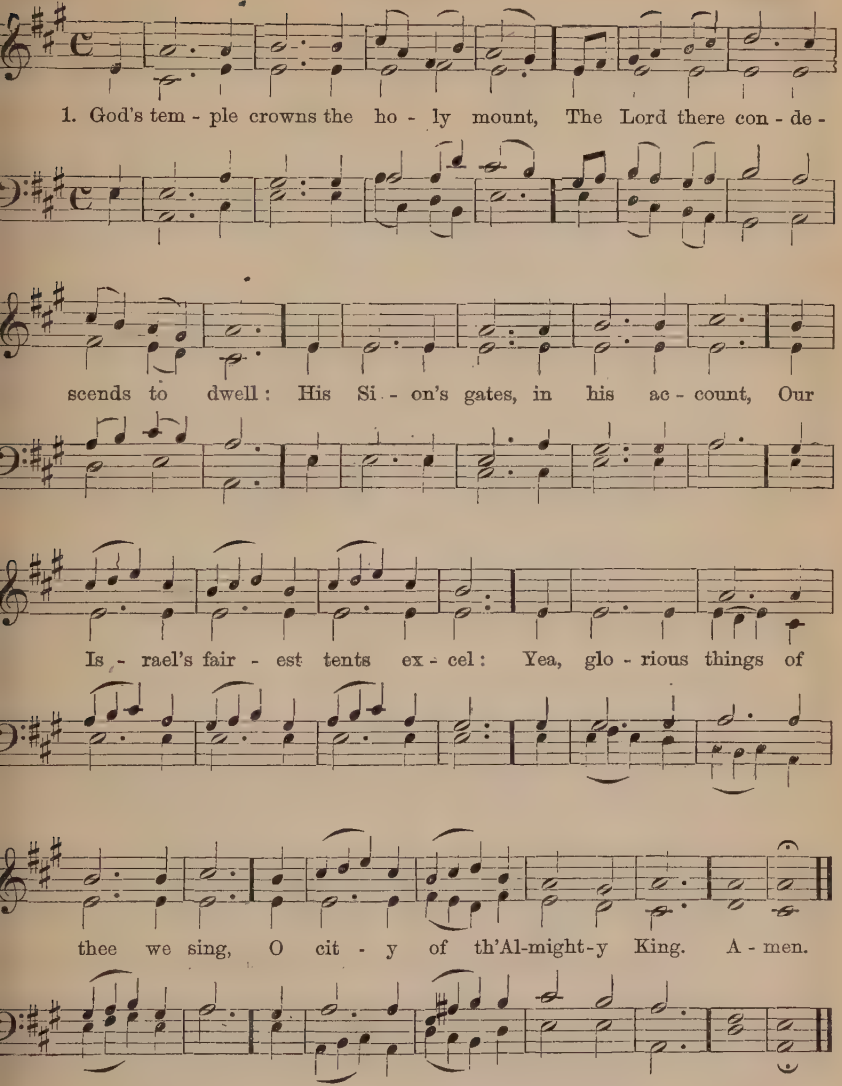
3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

192. Second Tune. L. M. EMMANUEL.


1. Tri-umphant Si - on! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. Amen.

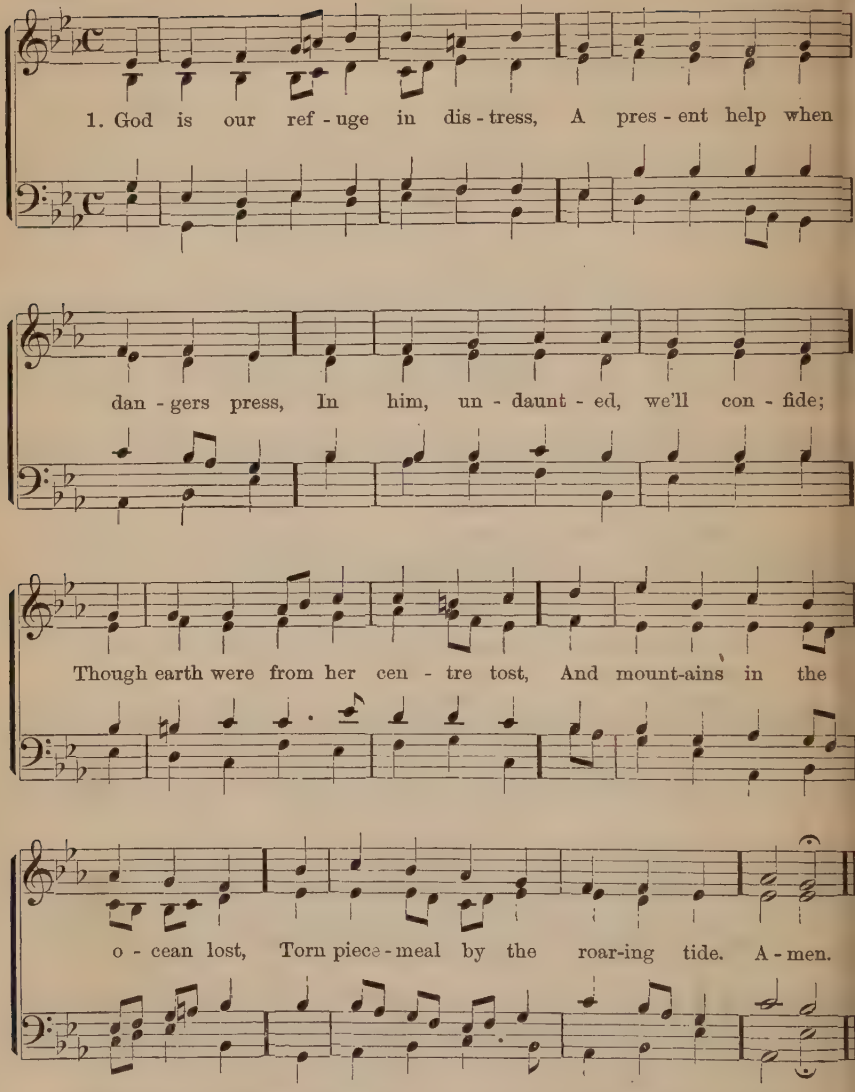
193. 8.8.8.8.8.8. CREATION.


1. God's tem - ple crowns the ho - ly mount, The Lord there con - de -
scends to dwell: His Si - on's gates, in his ac - count, Our
Is - rael's fair - est tents ex - cel: Yea, glo - rious things of
thee we sing, O cit - y of th'Al-might-y King. A - men.

Of honour'd Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed;
The Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enrol her holy seed:
Yea, for his people he shall count
The children of his favour'd mount.

3 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate his matchless praise;
Who, here in alleluias skill'd,
In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise:
O Sion, seat of Israel's King,
Be mine to drink thy living spring!

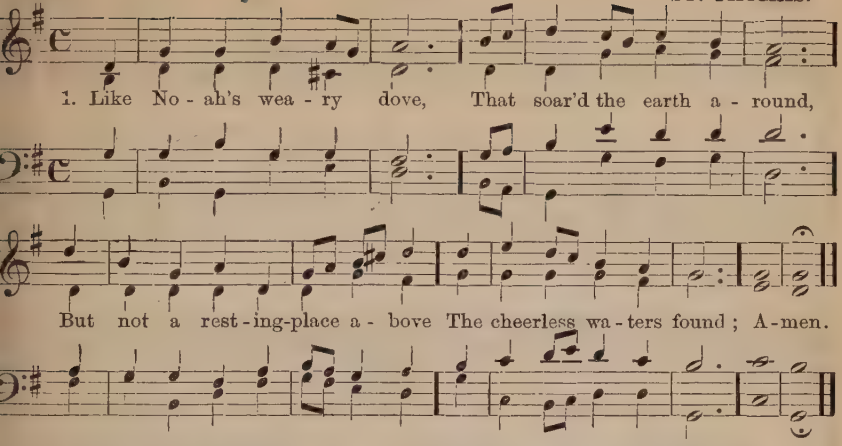
194. 8.8.8.8.8.8. DARMSTADT.


1. God is our ref - uge in dis - tress, A pres - ent help when
dan - gers press, In him, un - daunt - ed, we'll con - fide;
Though earth were from her cen - tre tost, And mount-ains in the
o - cean lost, Torn piece - meal by the roar-ing tide. A - men.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his Almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's Almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

195. S. M. ST. THOMAS.



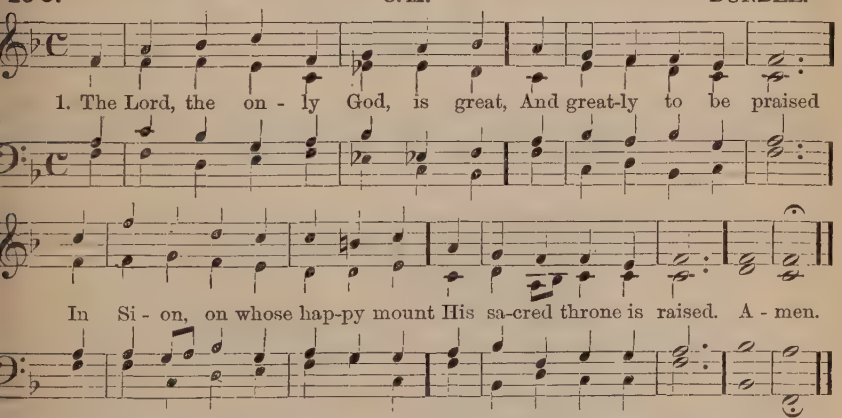
2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Sion's hill.

196. C. M. DUNDEE.



2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

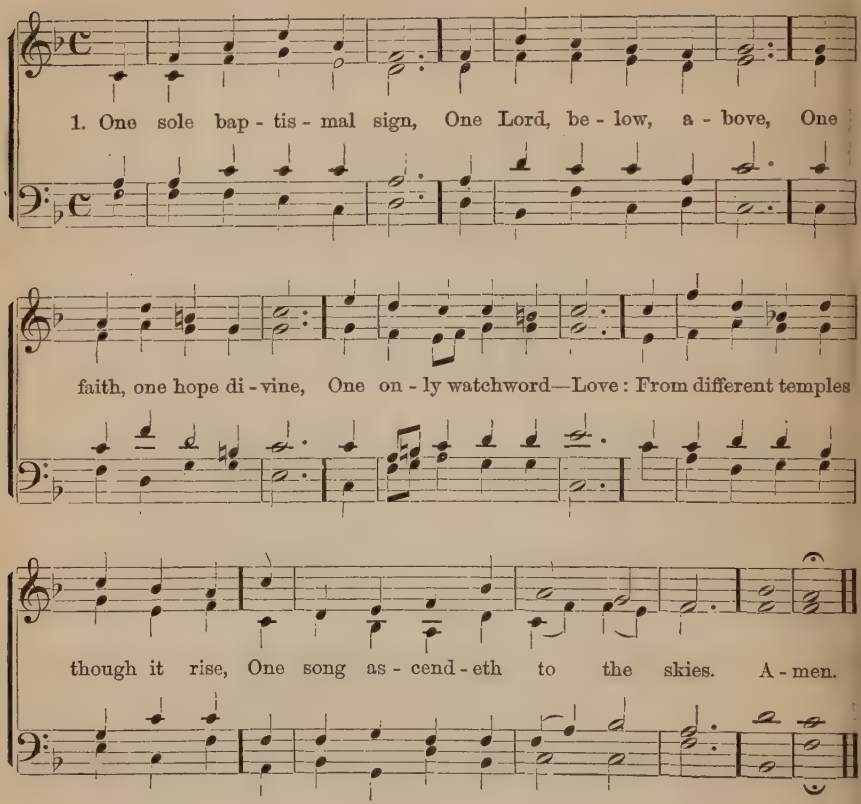
3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound ;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast ;
Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well,
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.

6 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide ;
Who, as he has preserved us now,
Till death will be our guide.

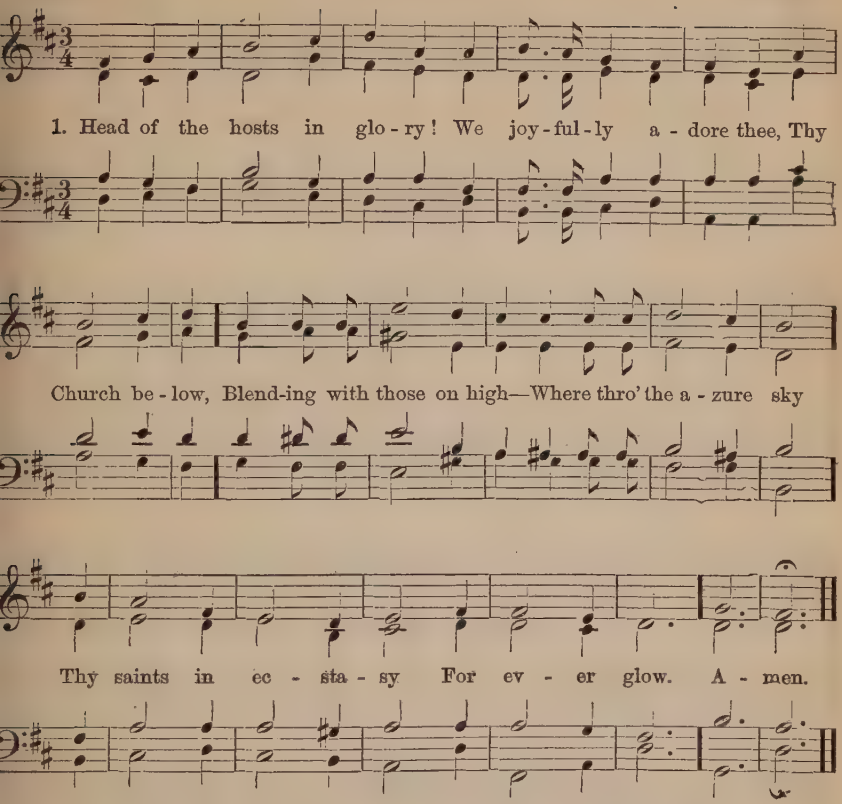
197. 6.6.6.6.8.8. BICKLEIGH.


1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove, One
faith, one hope di - vine, One on - ly watchword—Love: From different temples
though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies. A - men.

2 Our sacrifice is one,
Our Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

198. 7.7.4.6.6.6.4. CAPUT.


1. Head of the hosts in glo - ry! We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee, Thy
Church be - low, Blend-ing with those on high—Where thro' the a - zure sky
Thy saints in ec - sta - sy For ev - er glow. A - men.

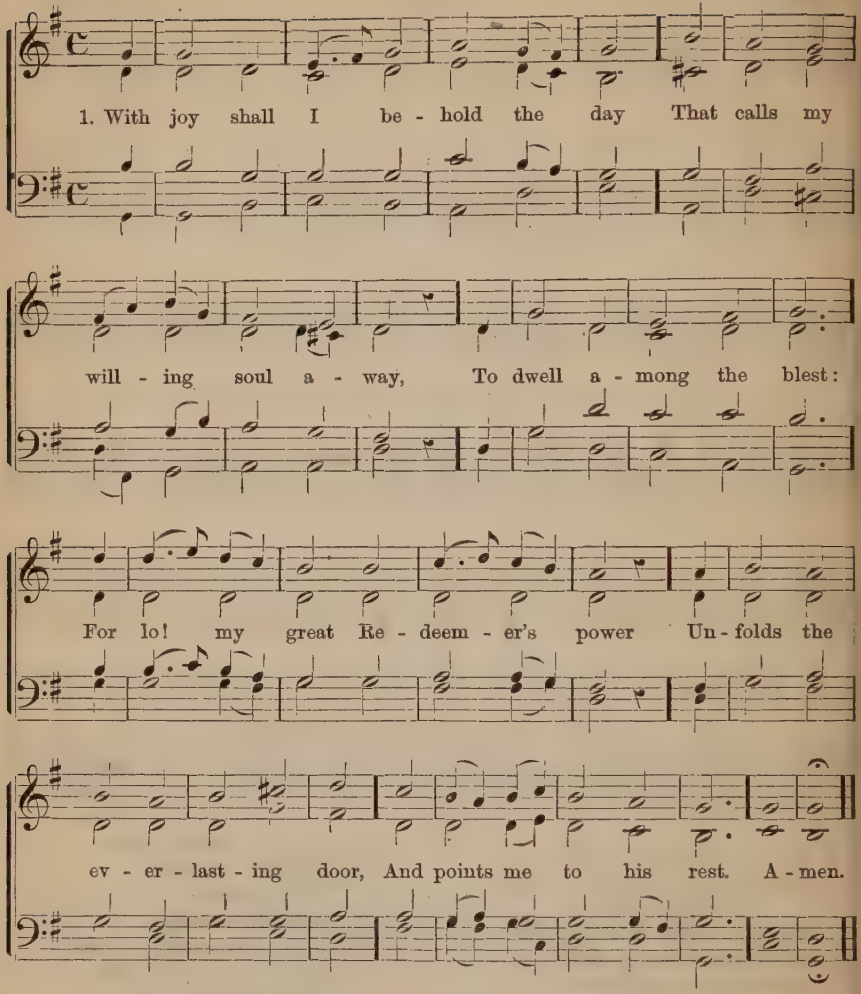
2 Angels! archangels! glorious
Guards of the Church victorious!
Worship the Lamb!
Crown him with crowns of light,
One of the Three by right—
Love, majesty, and might—
The great I AM!

3 Martyrs! whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round:
Wave high your banners, wave!
Your God, our Saviour, clave
For death itself a grave,
In hell profound!

4 Saints! in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesus' feet,
Amidst our rude alarms,
We stretch forth suppliant arms,
That we, too, safe from harms,
In heaven may meet!

5 Saviour! in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthroned in power,
Grant, by thy awful name,
That we through flood and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour.

199. 8.8.6.8.8.6. HARWOOD.

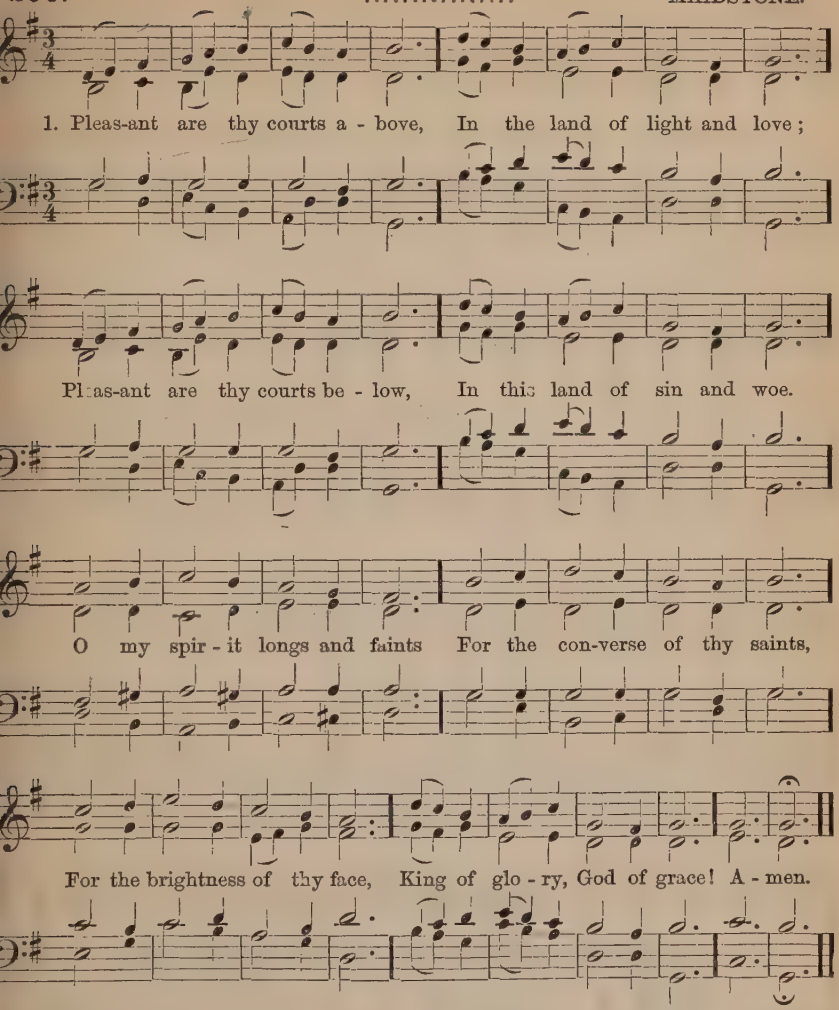

1. With joy shall I be - hold the day That calls my
will - ing soul a - way, To dwell a - mong the blest:
For lo! my great Re - deem - er's power Un - folds the
ev - er - last - ing door, And points me to his rest. A - men.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' Almighty King.

4 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

200. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. MAIDSTONE.

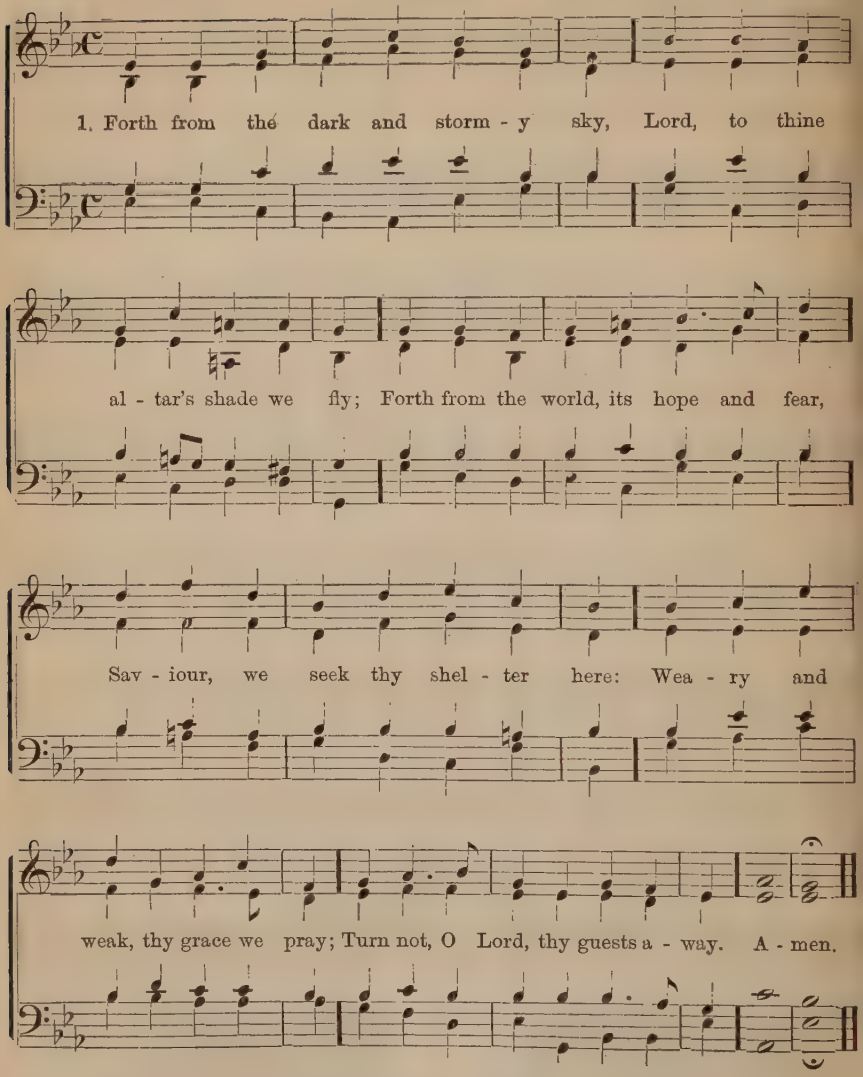

1. Pleas-ant are thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;
Pleas-ant are thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.
O my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace! A - men.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord on me.

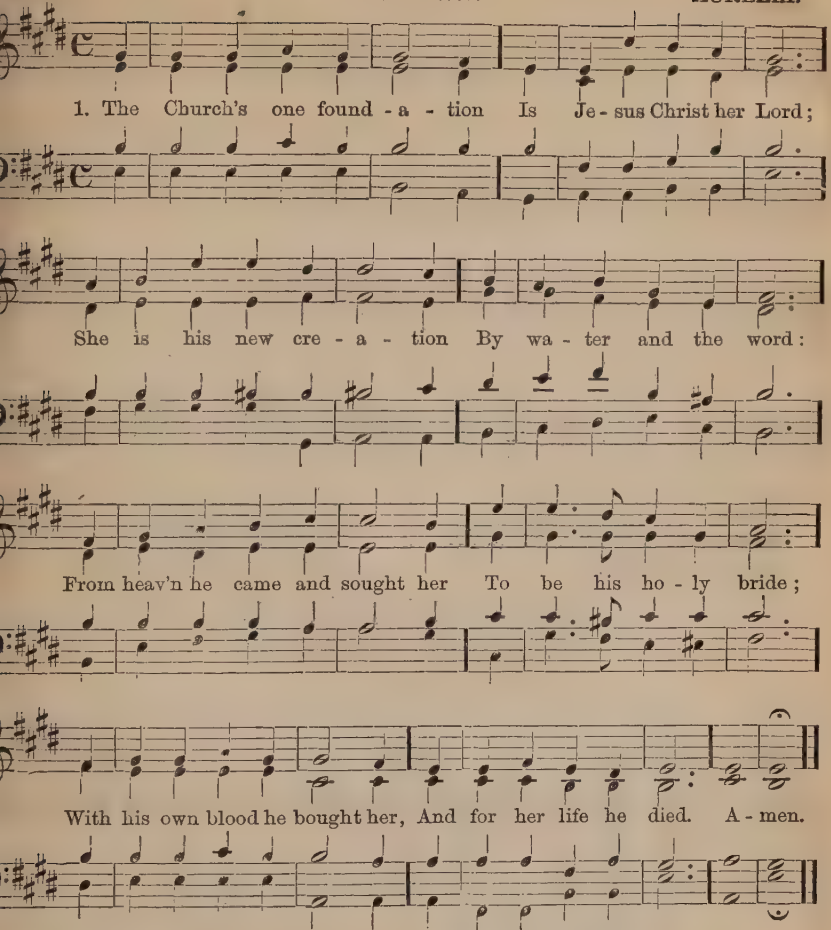
201. 8.8.8.8.8.8. CHRIST CHURCH (Ouseley).


1. Forth from the dark and storm - y sky, Lord, to thine
al - tar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Sav - iour, we seek thy shel - ter here: Wea - ry and
weak, thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way. A - men.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

The Church.

202. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. AURELIA.


1. The Church's one found - a - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is his new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride;
With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died. A - men.

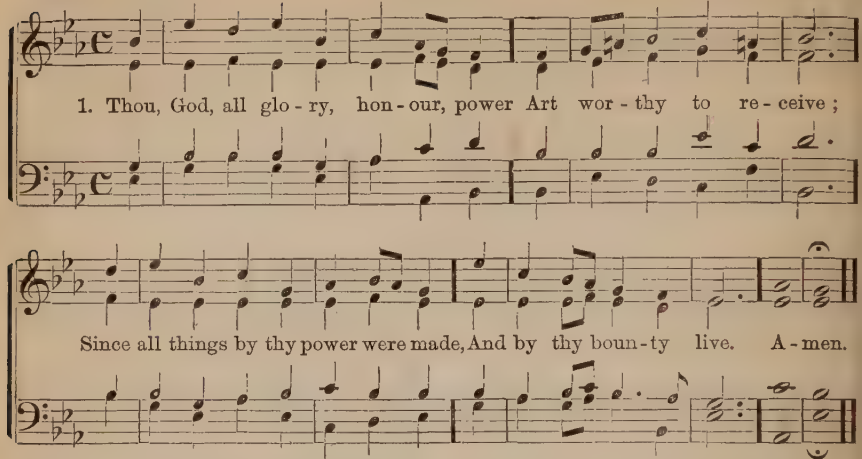
Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

203. First Tune. C. M. ST. MARTINS.

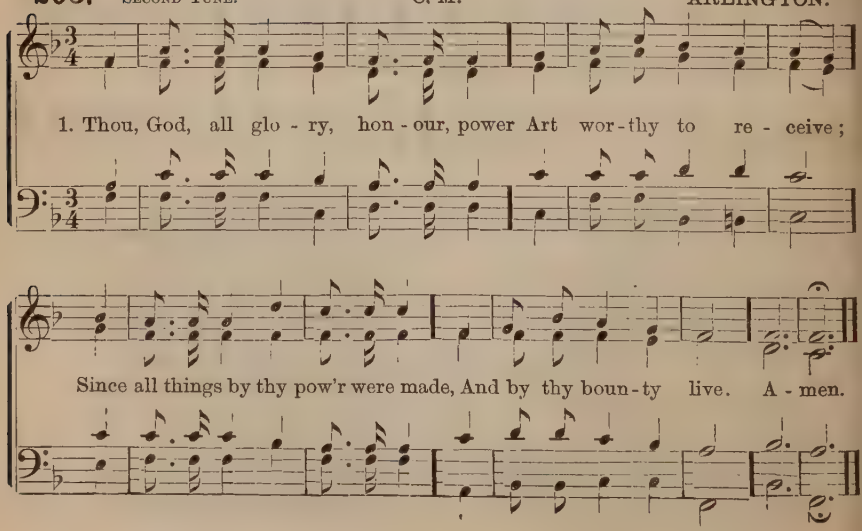


2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

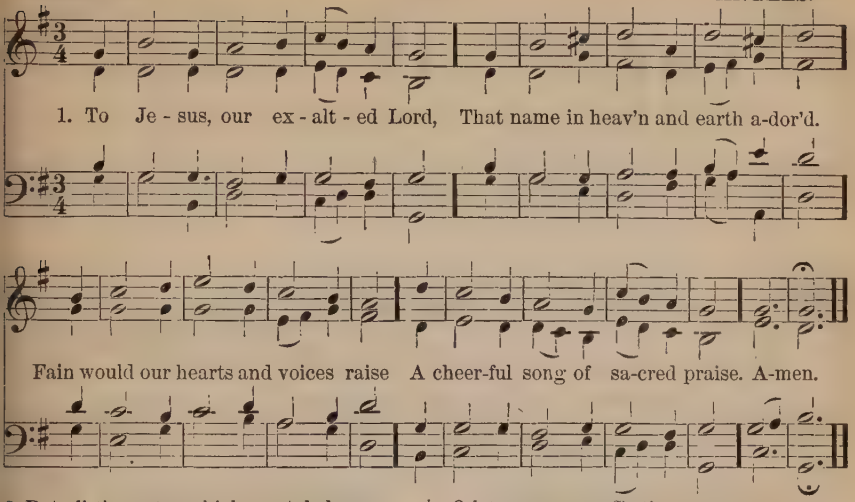
4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given.

203. Second Tune. C. M. ARLINGTON.



204.

L. M. ANGELS.


1. To Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, That name in heav'n and earth a-dor'd.
Fain would our hearts and voices raise A cheer-ful song of sa-cred praise. A-men.

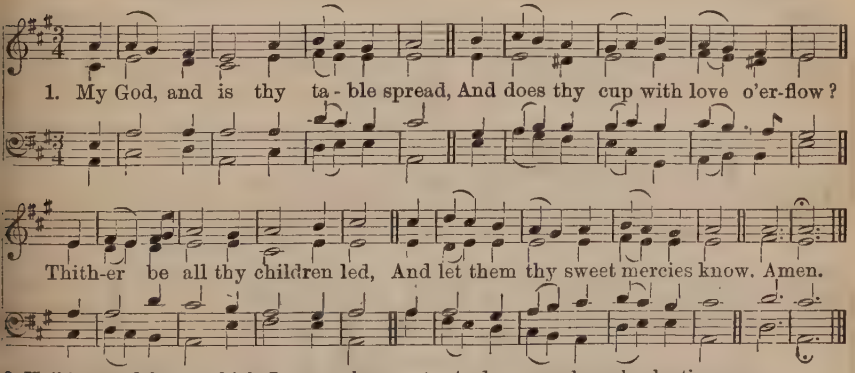
2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And, whilst we take the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

205.

First Tune. L. M. WAREHAM.


1. My God, and is thy ta - ble spread, And does thy cup with love o'er-flow?
Thith-er be all thy children led, And let them thy sweet mercies know. Amen.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

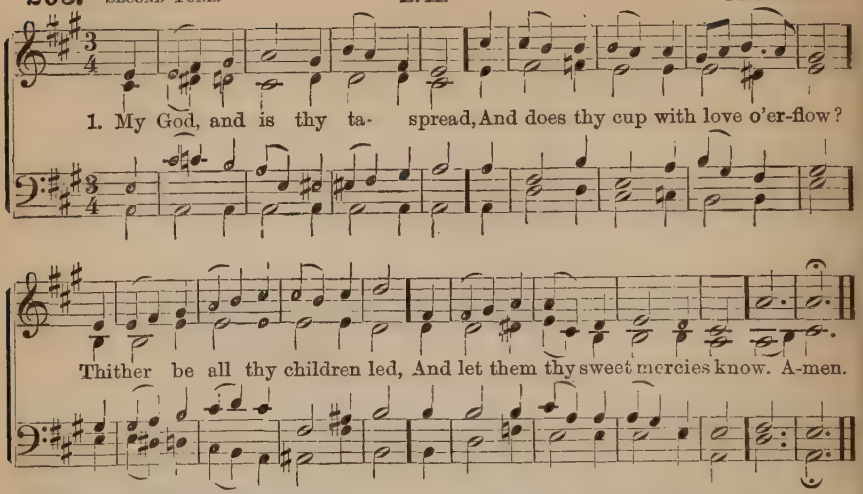
3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 Oh, let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes!

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

205. SECOND TUNE. L. M. TRINITY.


1. My God, and is thy ta- spread, And does thy cup with love o'er-flow?
Thither be all thy children led, And let them thy sweet mercies know. A-men.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

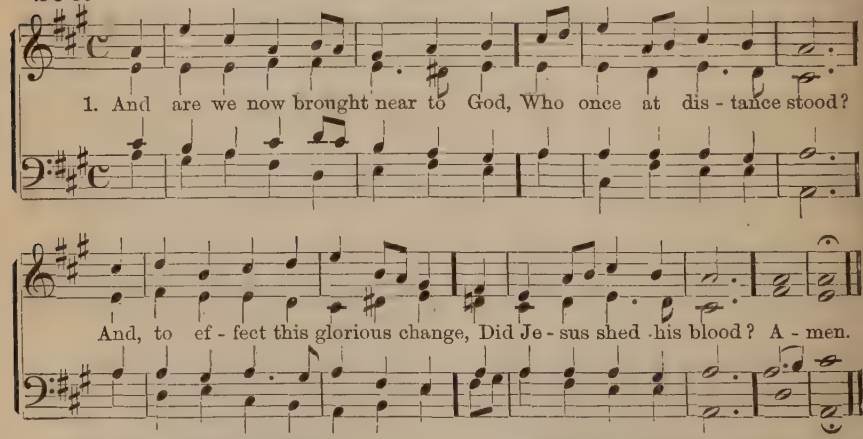
3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 Oh, let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes!

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

206. C. M. NAYLAND.


1. And are we now brought near to God, Who once at dis - tance stood?
And, to ef - fect this glorious change, Did Je - sus shed his blood? A - men.

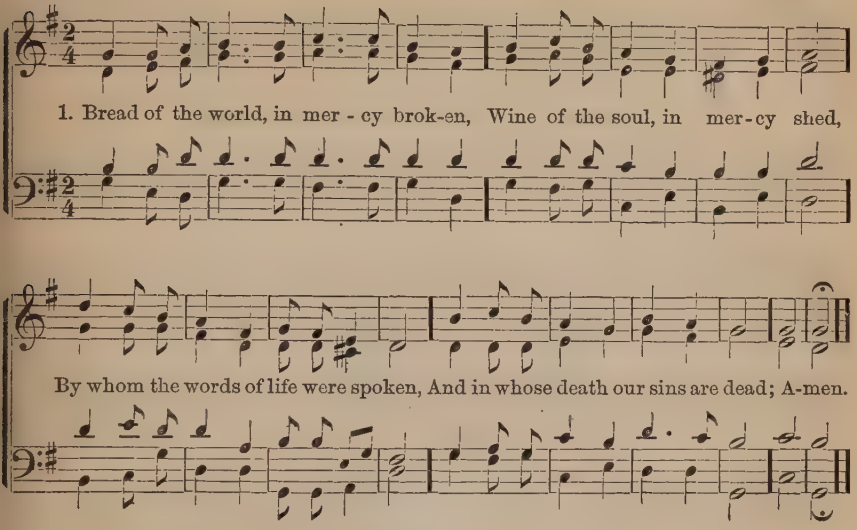
2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King:
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing:

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease."

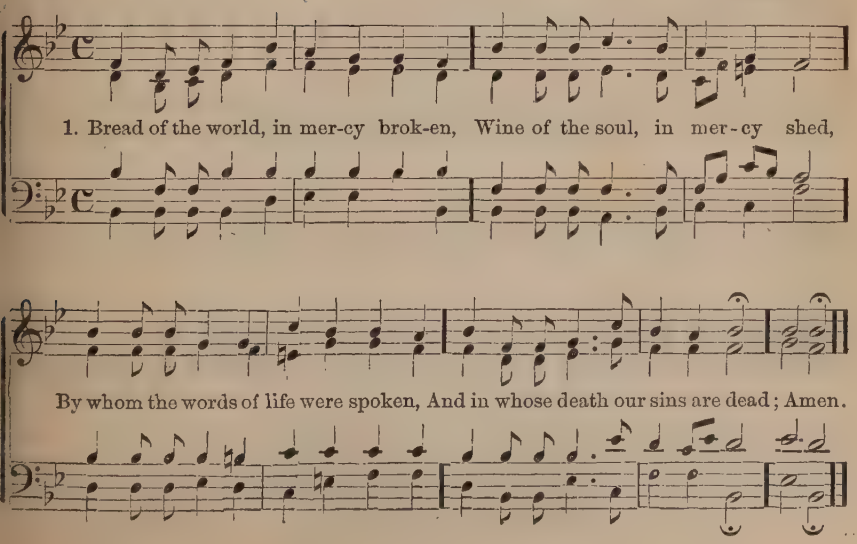
The Lord's Supper.

207. First Tune. 9.8.9.8. GOUDIMEL.

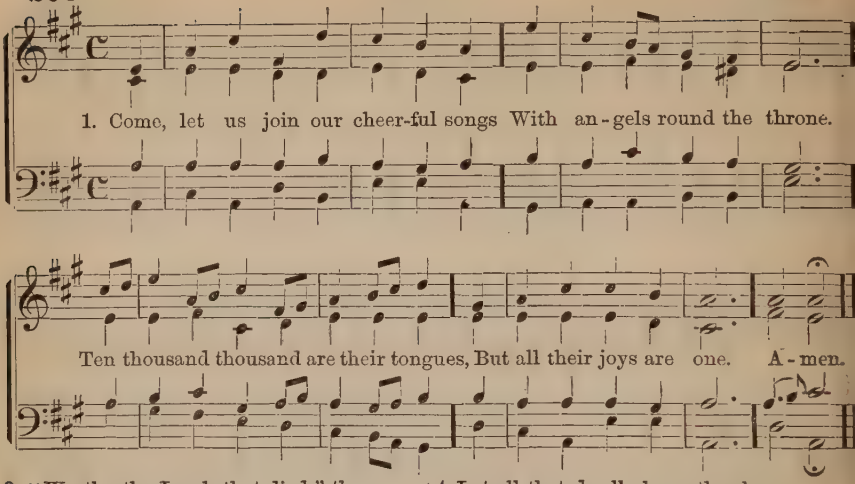

1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy brok-en, Wine of the soul, in mer-cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

207. Second Tune. 9.8.9.8. SIEBOTH'S.


1. Bread of the world, in mer-cy brok-en, Wine of the soul, in mer-cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; Amen.

208. C. M. BRISTOL.


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne.
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

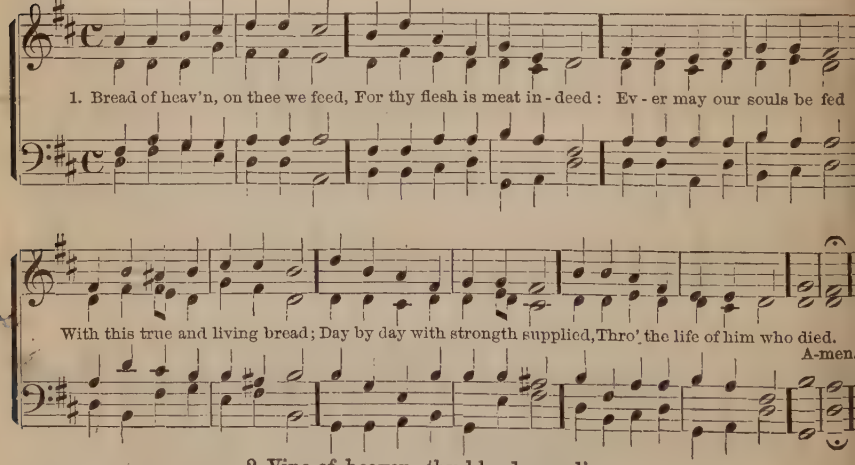
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise!

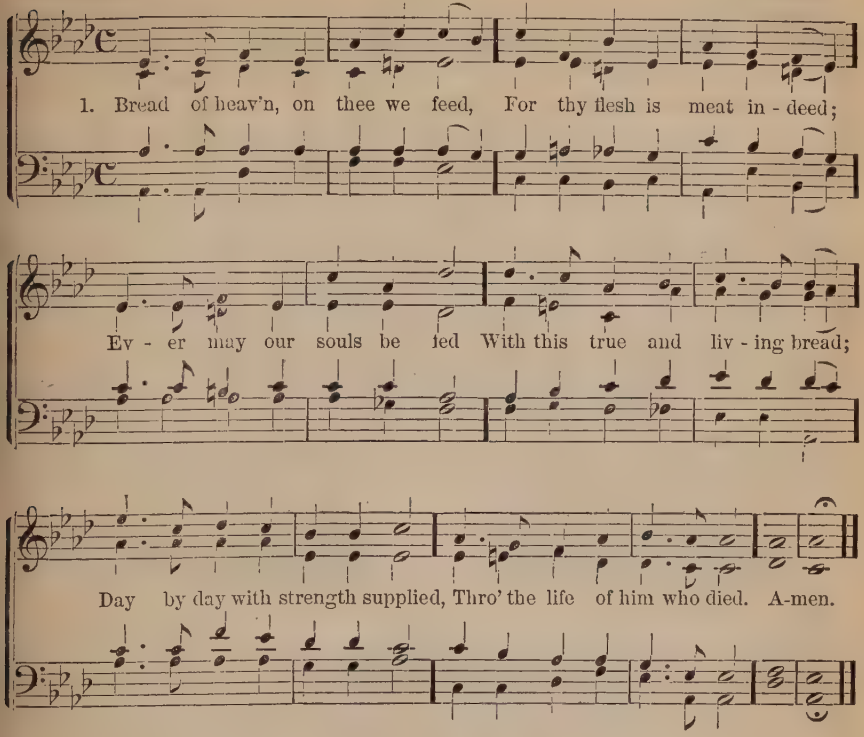
5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

209. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. RATISBON.

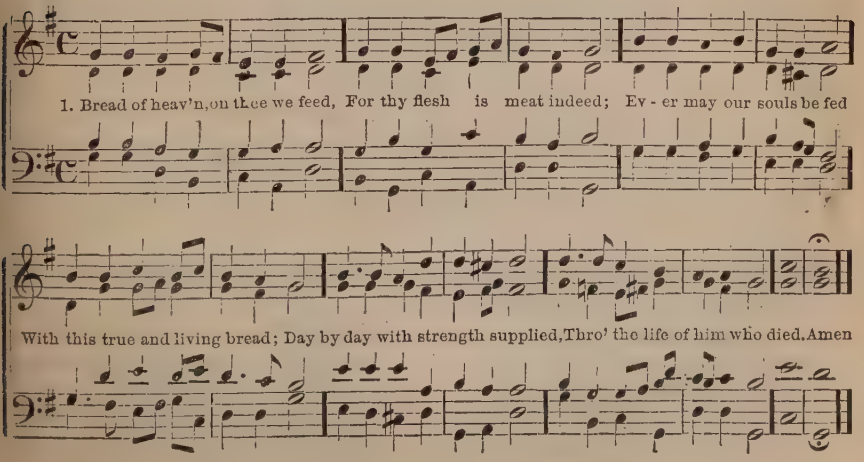

1. Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in-deed: Ev-er may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread; Day by day with strength supplied, Thro' the life of him who died.
A-men.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice,
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in thee.

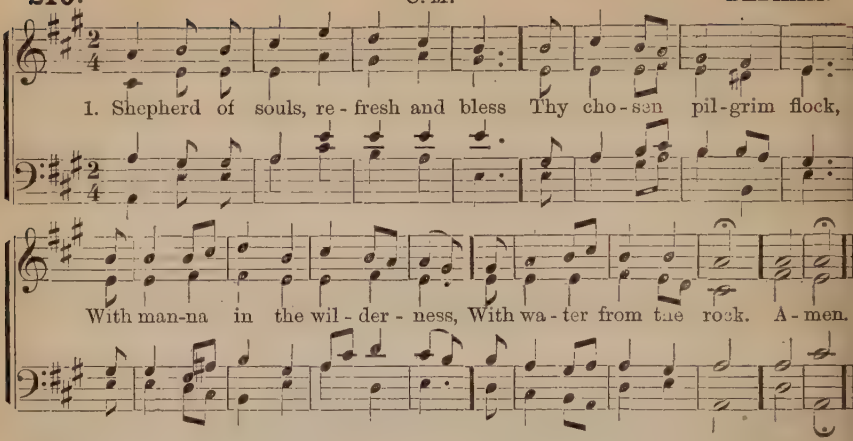
209. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. CLAPHAM.


1. Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed;
Ev - er may our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread;
Day by day with strength supplied, Thro' the life of him who died. A-men.

209. THIRD TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. ITALY.


1. Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat indeed; Ev - er may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread; Day by day with strength supplied, Thro' the life of him who died. Amen

210. C. M. DEDHAM.


1. Shepherd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,
With man-na in the wil - der - ness, With wa - ter from the rock. A - men.

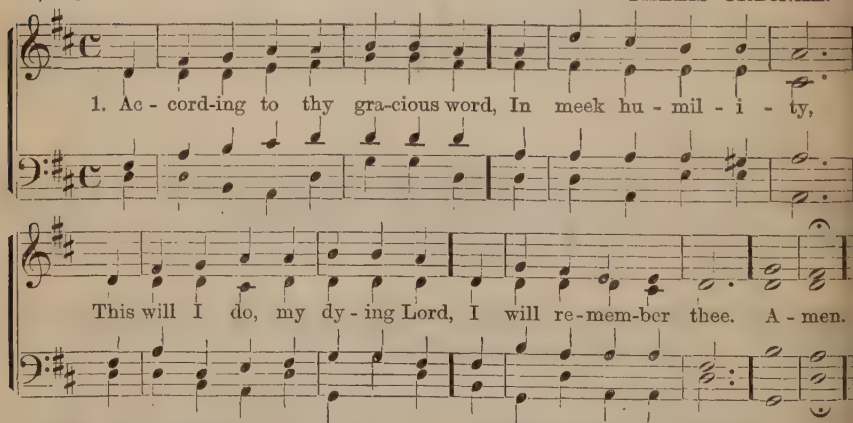
2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

211. C. M. TALLIS' ORDINAL.



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

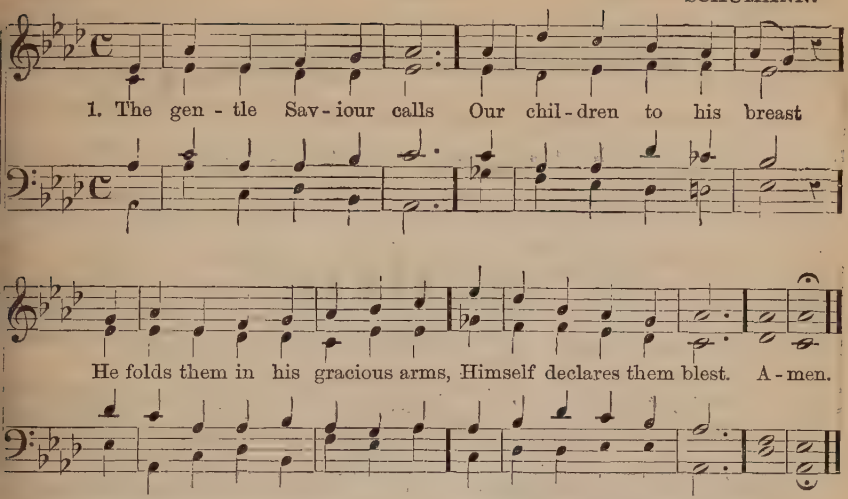
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

Baptism.

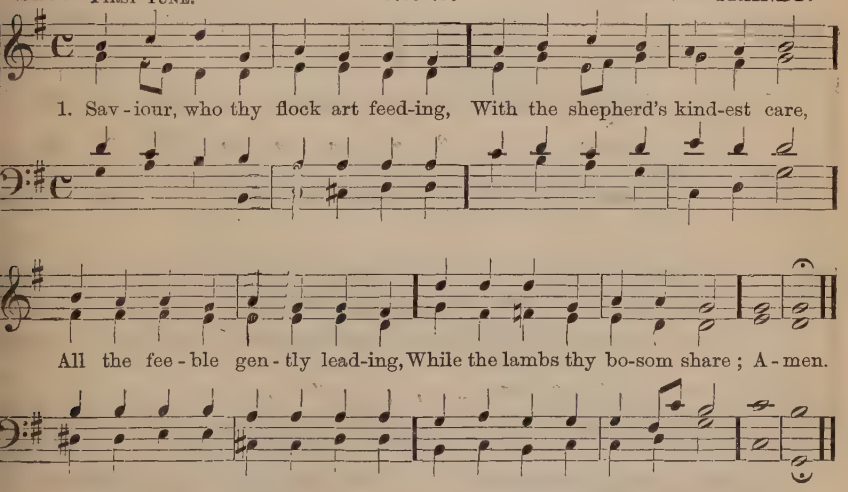
212. S. M. SCHUMANN.


1. The gen - tle Sav - iour calls Our chil - dren to his breast
He folds them in his gracious arms, Himself declares them blest. A - men.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

213. First Tune. 8.7.8.7. TRANBY.


1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share; A - men.

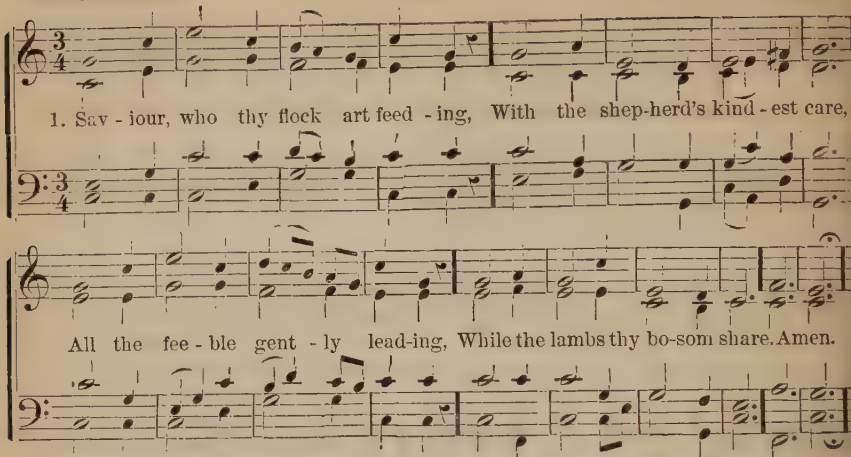
2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Baptism.

213. SECOND TUNE. 8.7.8.7. RATHBUN.

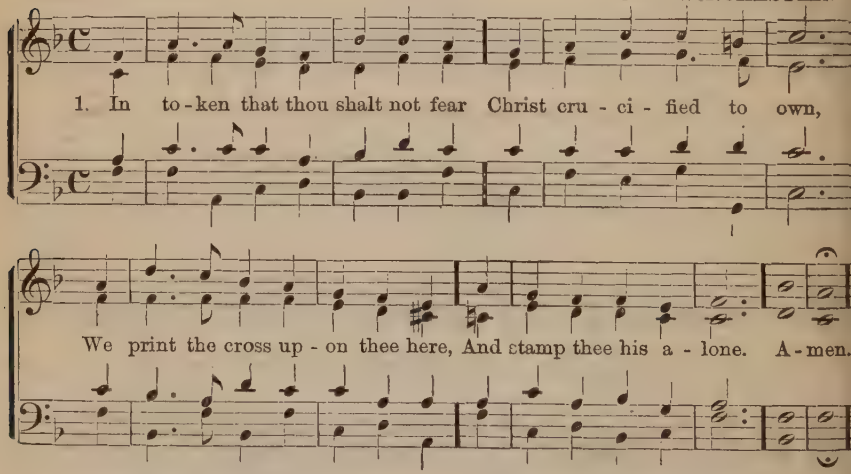

1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing, With the shep-herd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gent - ly lead-ing, While the lambs thy bo-som share. Amen.

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

214. FIRST TUNE. C. M. OLD WINCHESTER.



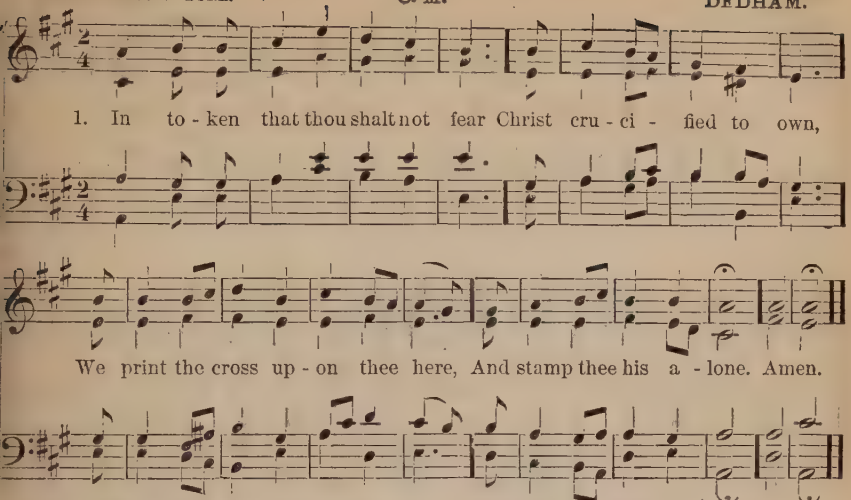
2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front,
His glory and his shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own:
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

Baptism.

214. SECOND TUNE. C. M. DEDHAM.

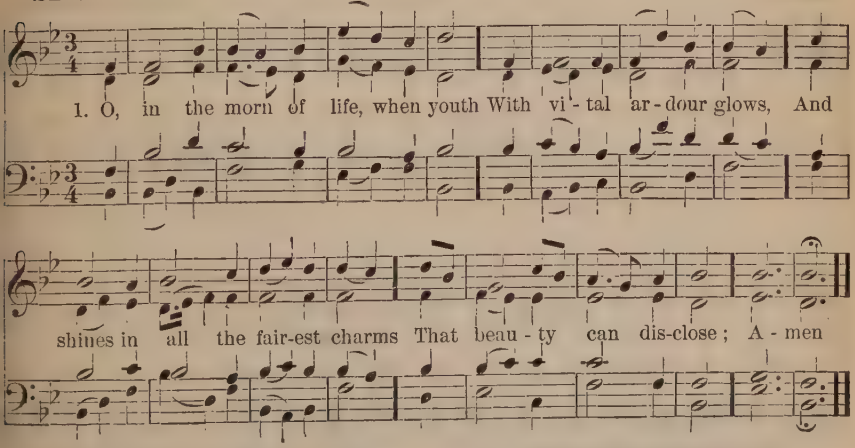


2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front,
His glory and his shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path they travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own:
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

215. C. M. WILTSHIRE.


1. O, in the morn of life, when youth With vi - tal ar - dour glows, And
shines in all the fair-est charms That beau - ty can dis-close; A - men

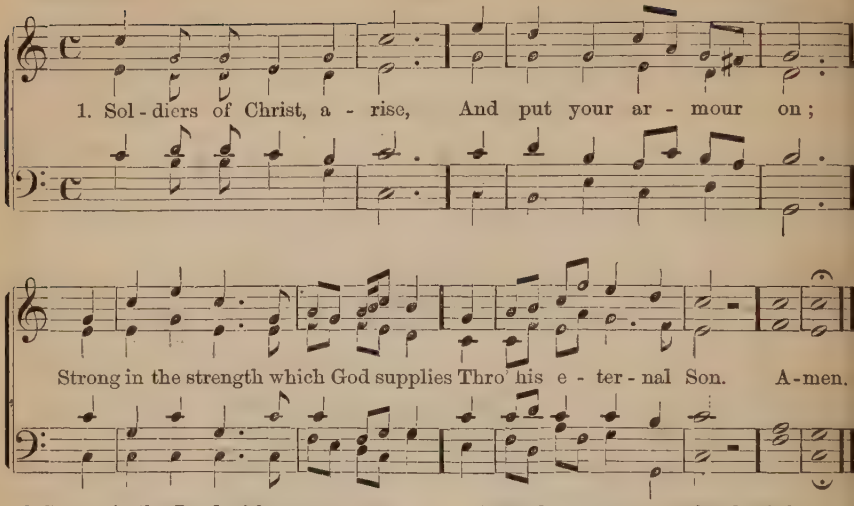
2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious Name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest:
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

216. S. M. SILVER ST.

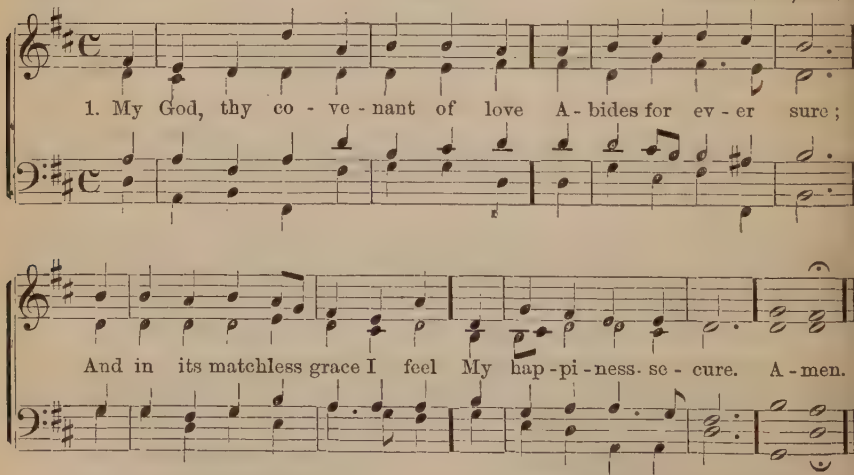


2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

217. C. M. REDHEAD, 66.

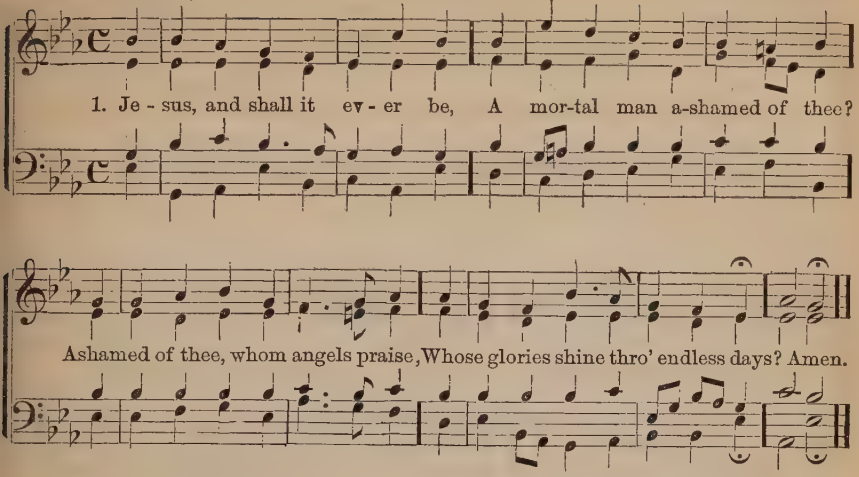


2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home,—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

218. First Tune. L. M. MELCOMBE.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? Amen.

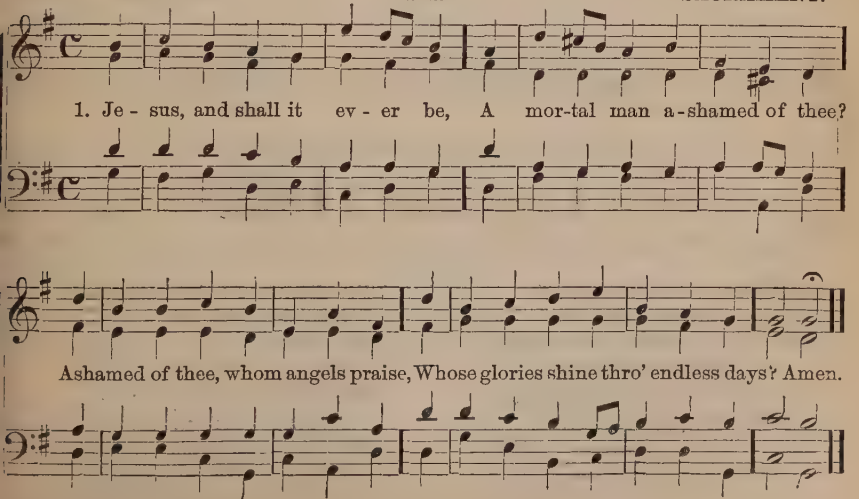
2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

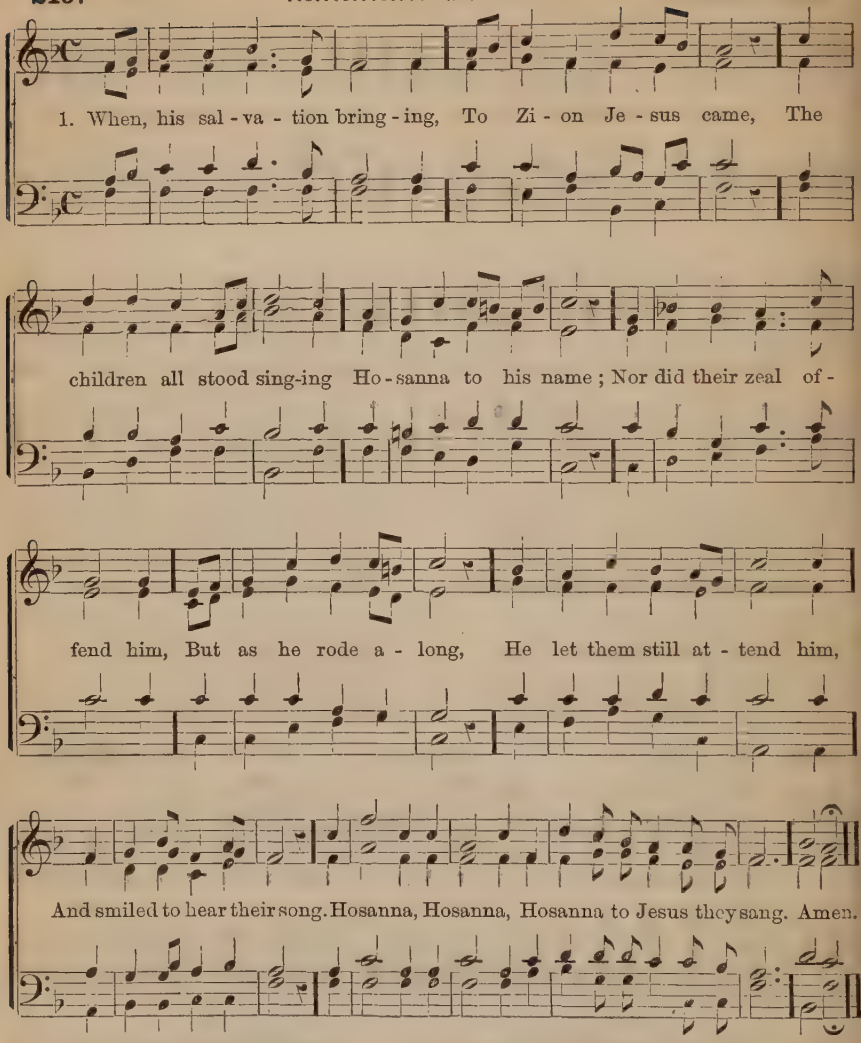
4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

218. Second Tune. L. M. SACRAMENT.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? Amen.

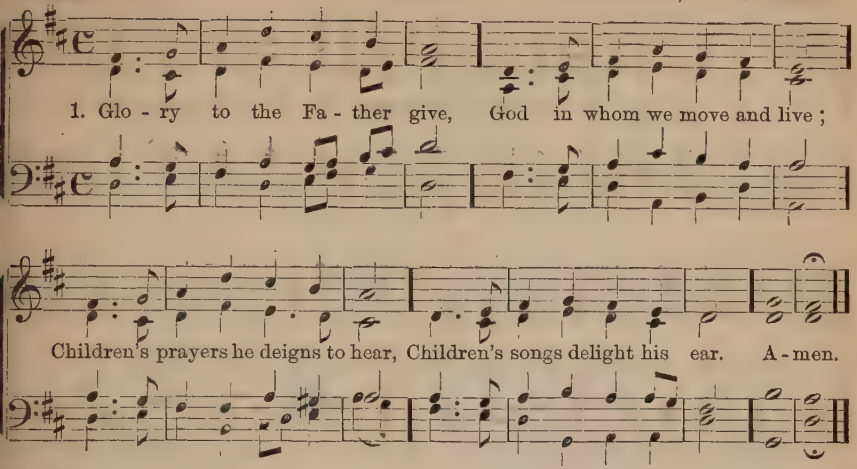
219. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. with Chorus. SALVATION.


1. When, his sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The
children all stood sing-ing Ho - sanna to his name; Nor did their zeal of -
fend him, But as he rode a - long, He let them still at - tend him,
And smiled to hear their song. Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to Jesus they sang. Amen.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus our King.

220. 7.7.7.7. INNOCENTS, or DURHAM.

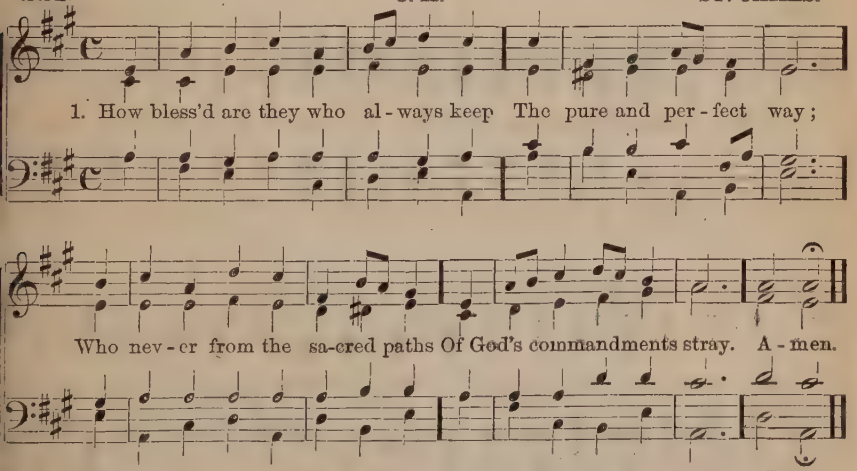

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear. A - men.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessèd Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

221. C. M. ST. JAMES.


1. How bless'd are they who al - ways keep The pure and per - fect way;
Who nev - er from the sa-cred paths Of God's commandments stray. A - men.

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been;
And have with fervent, humble zeal
His favour sought to win!

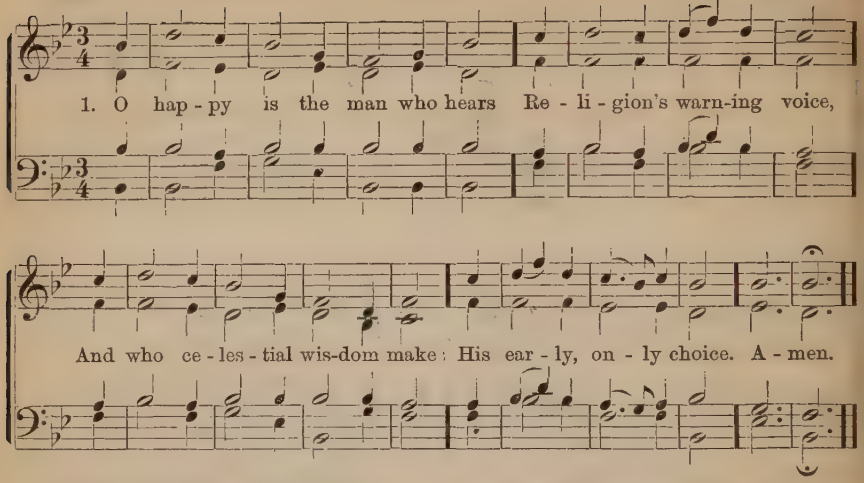
4 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

Catechism.

222. C. M. BALERMA.

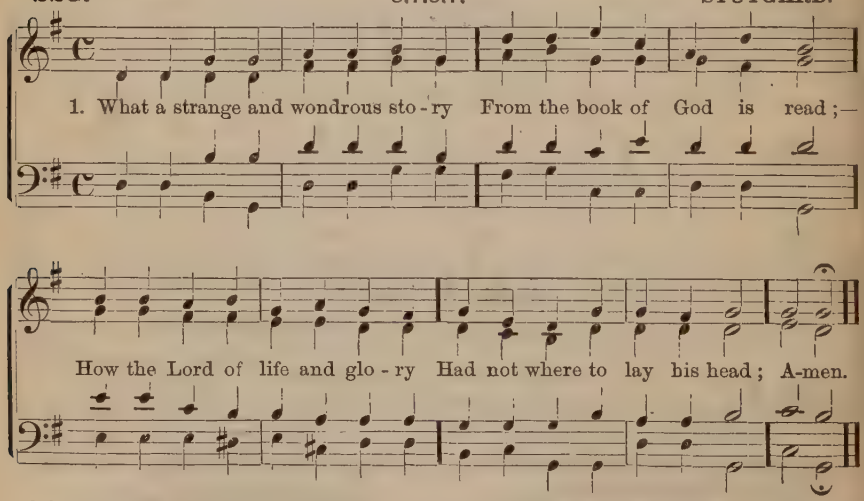


2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

223. 8.7.8.7. STUTGARD.

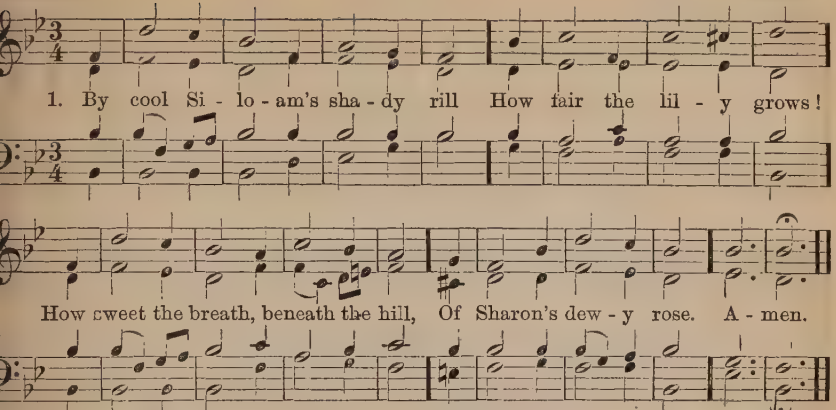

1. What a strange and wondrous sto - ry From the book of God is read;—
How the Lord of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay his head; A-men.

2 How he left his throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high!

3 Father! let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where he reigns above.

4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of his name.

224 C. M. HOLY CROSS.



Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

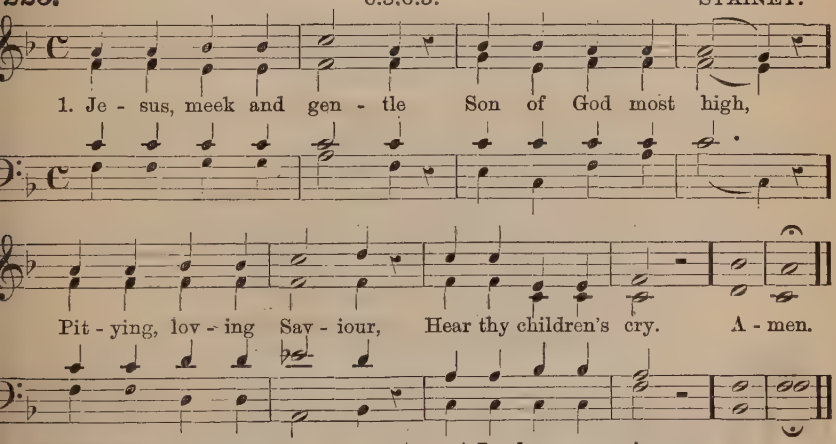
By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

225. 6.5.6.5. STAINEY.



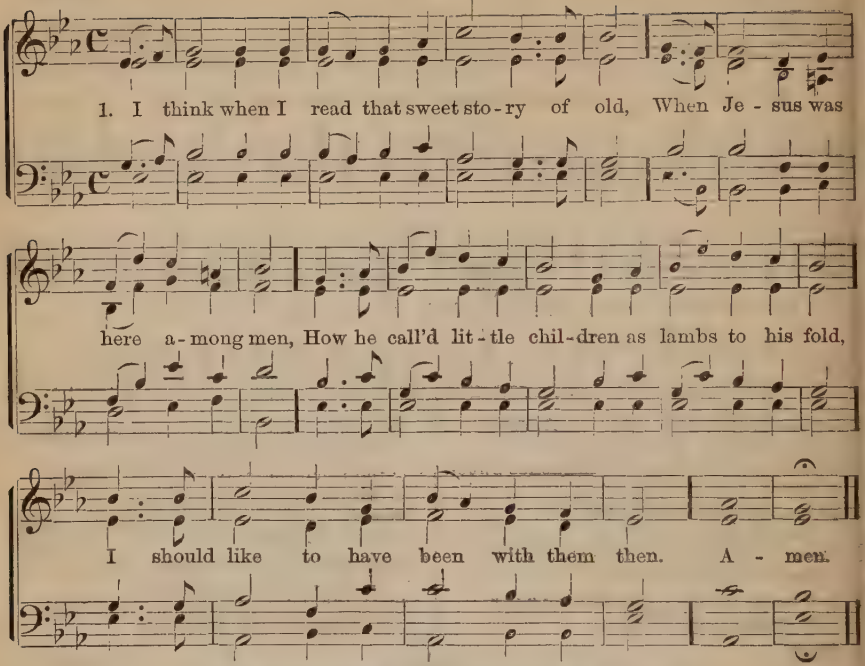
2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy Children's cry.

226. 11.8.12.9. AGNUS.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was
here a-mong men, How he call'd lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then. A-men.

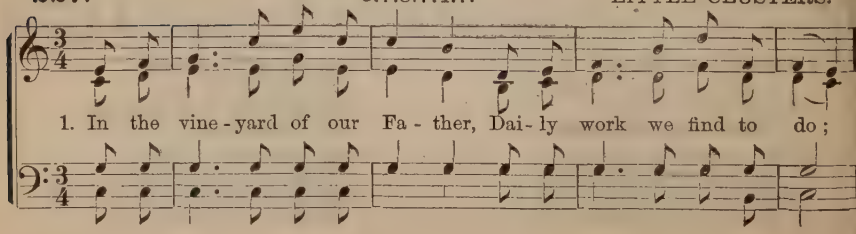
2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

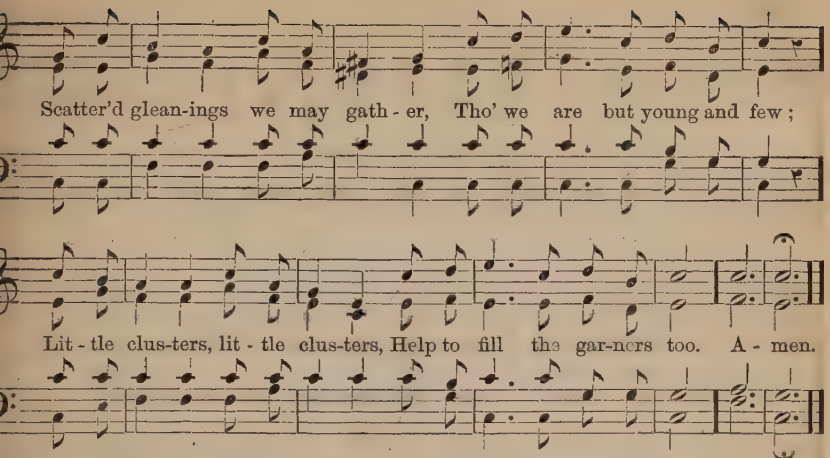
4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus had bid them to come.

227. 8.7.8.7.4.7. LITTLE CLUSTERS.



Catechism.


Scatter'd glean-ings we may gath - er, Tho' we are but young and few ;
Lit - tle clus-ters, lit - tle clus-ters, Help to fill the gar-ners too. A - men.

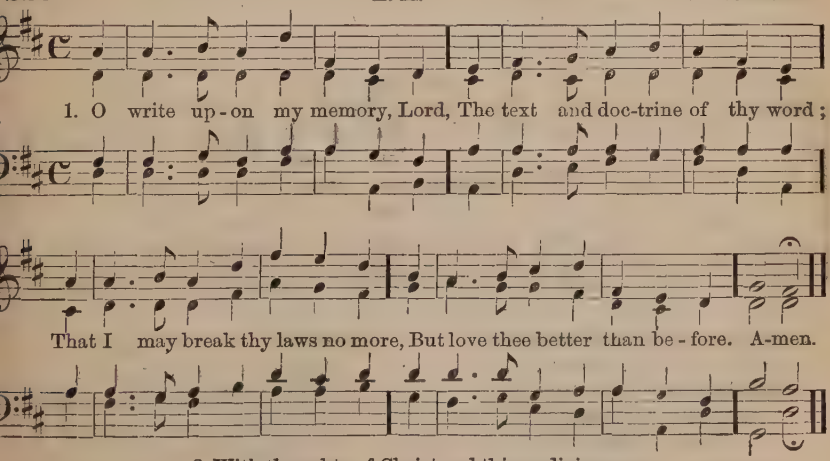
Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray ;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessèd story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall in his kingdom come,
And his children
Reach their everlasting home.

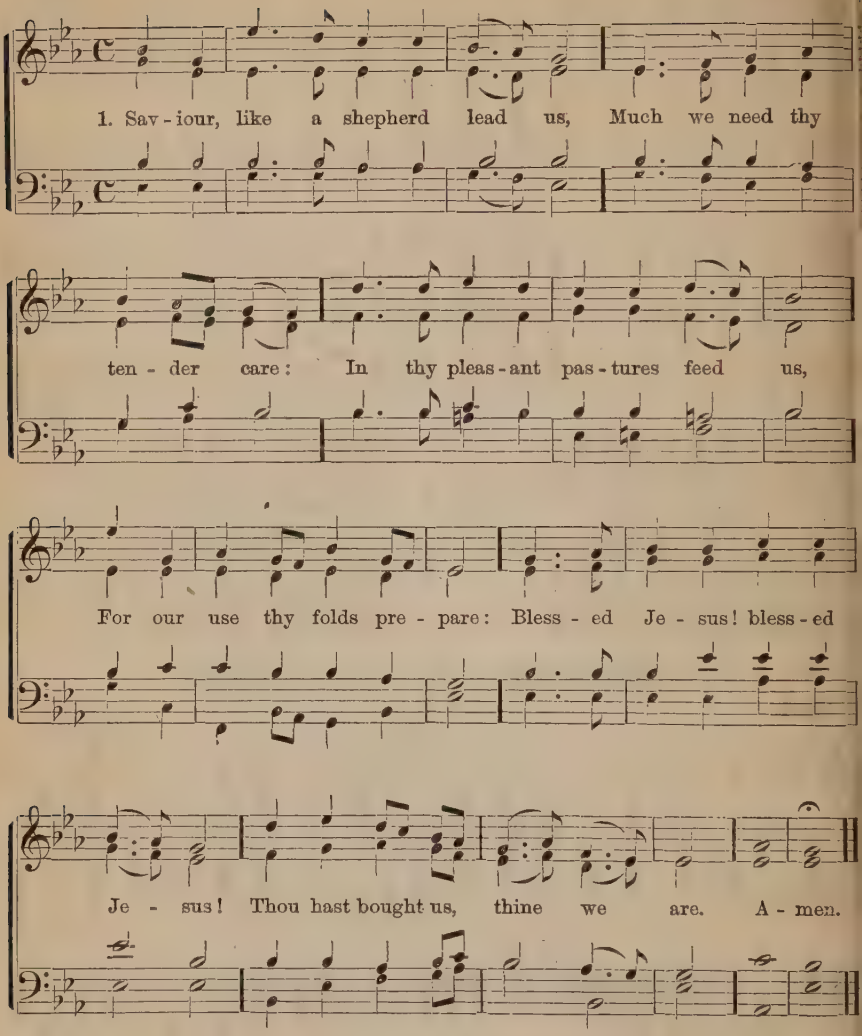
5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be ;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to thee ;
Alleluia
Singing, all eternity.

228. L. M. ALSTONE.


1. O write up - on my memory, Lord, The text and doc-trine of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more, But love thee better than be - fore. A-men.

2 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine ;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

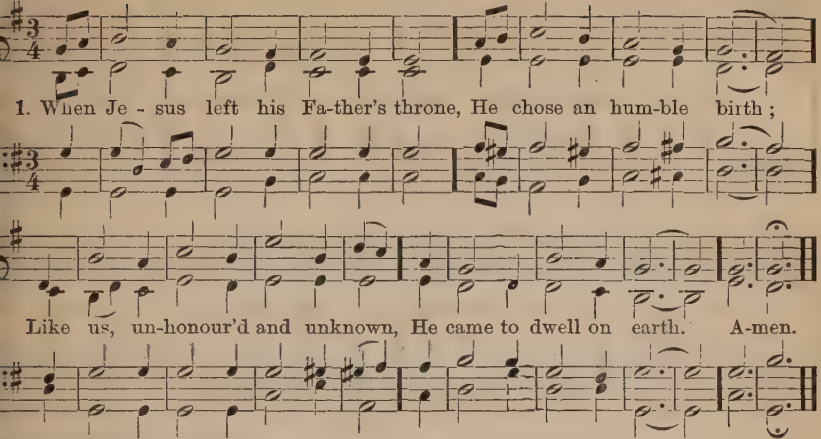
229. 8.7.8.7.4.7. HEMANS.


1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy
ten - der care: In thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us,
For our use thy folds pre - pare: Bless - ed Je - sus! bless - ed
Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, thine we are. A - men.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us learn thy will;
Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us,—love us still.

230. C. M. MANOAH.

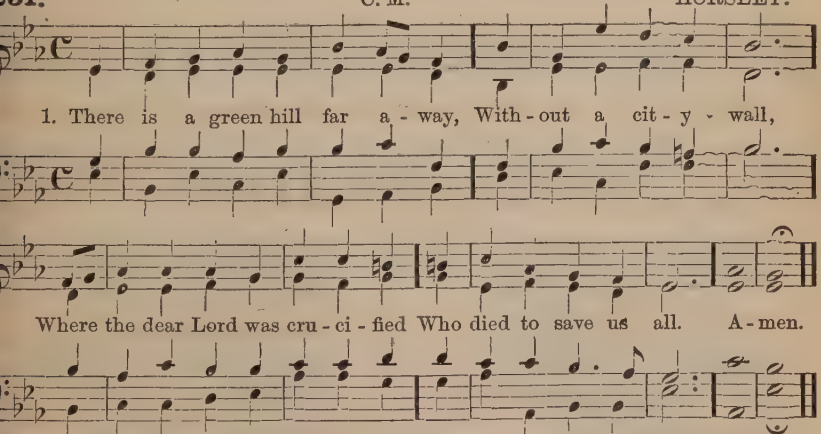


ike him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
ike him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
weet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
heir infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd.
afe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

5 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and
Their garments on the ground. [strow'd

6 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

231. C. M. HORSLEY.

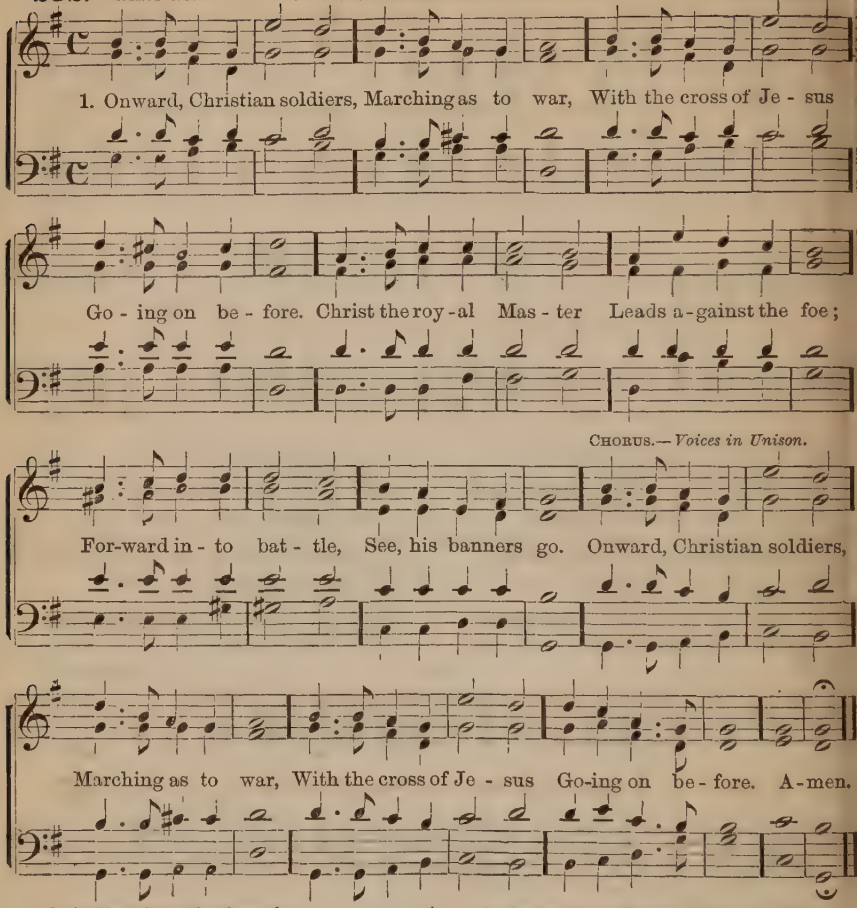


We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

232. First Tune. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. with Chorus. ONWARD

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
Chorus.—Voices in Unison.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore. A - men.

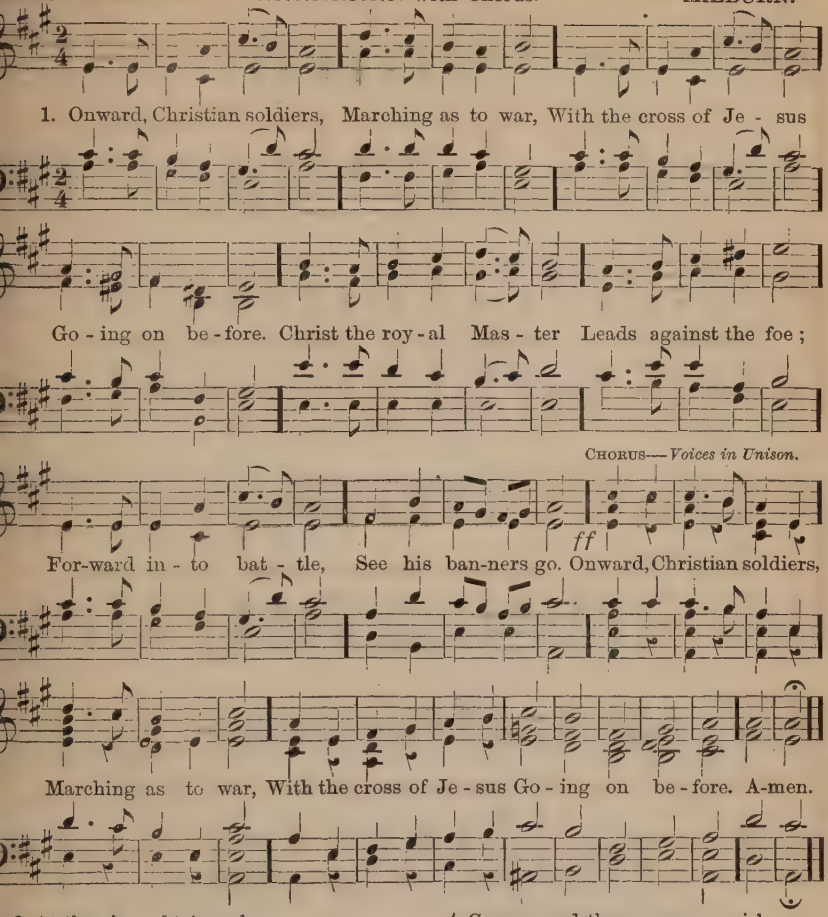
2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, &c.

232. SECOND TUNE. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. with Chorus. MILBURN.

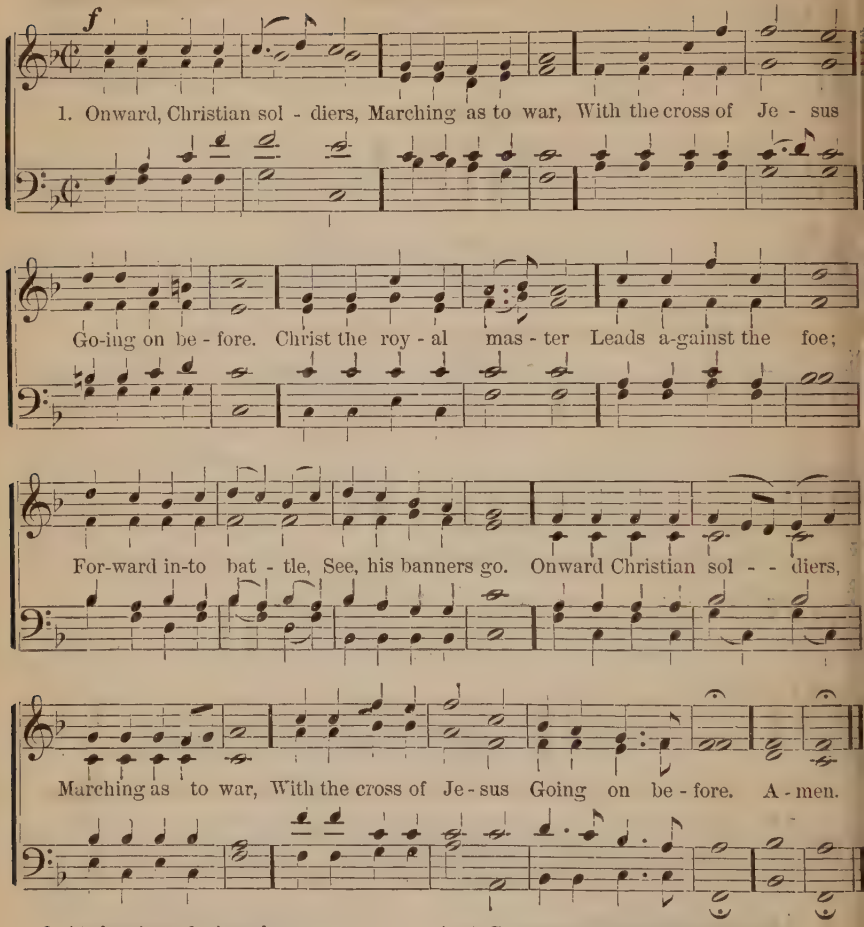

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads against the foe;
CHORUS—*Voices in Unison.*
ff
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See his ban-ners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A-men.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, &c.

232. THIRD TUNE. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. SULLIVANS.

f
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go-ing on be - fore. Christ the roy - al mas - ter Leads a-gainst the foe;
For-ward in-to bat - tle, See, his banners go. Onward Christian sol - - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be - fore. A - men.

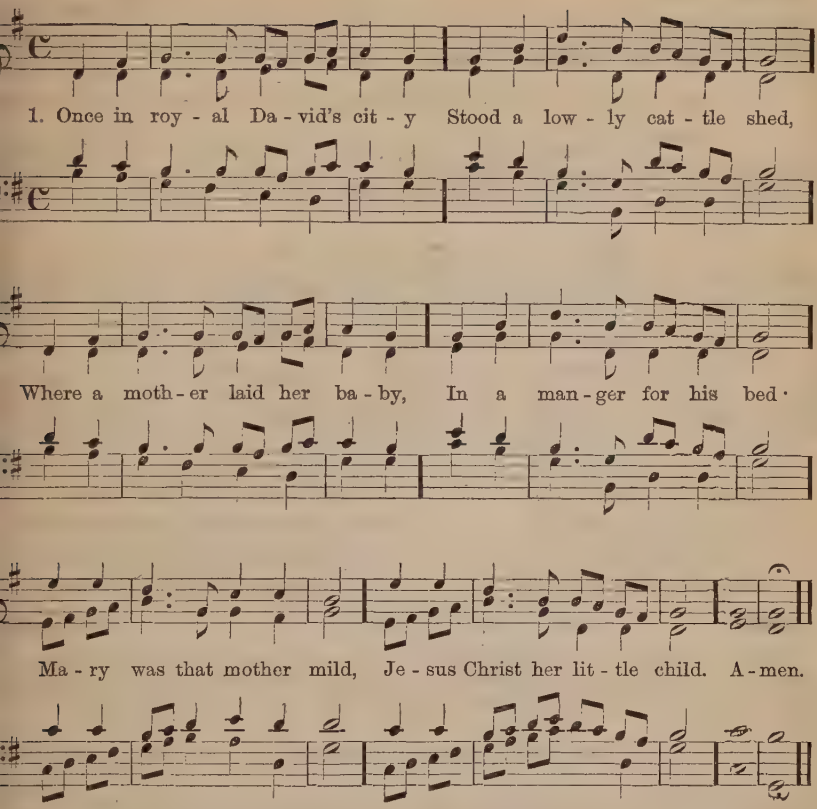
2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise. Onward, &c.

4 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity. Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail. Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing. Onward, &c.

233. 8.7.8.7.7.7. IRBY.


1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
Where a moth - er laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for his bed:
Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child. A - men.

e came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
nd his she ter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
ith the poor, and mean, and lowly,
ved on earth our Saviour holy.

nd, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
ove, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay;
nristian children all must be
ild, obedient, good as he.

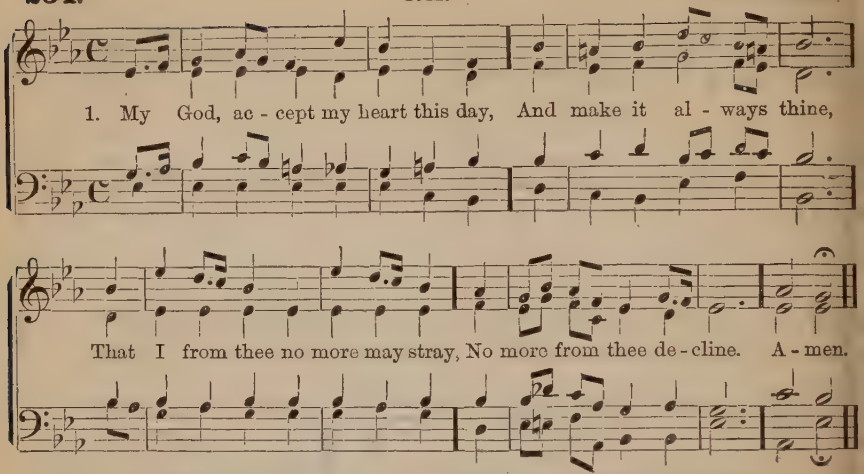
4 For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Confirmation.

234. C. M. BURLINGTON.

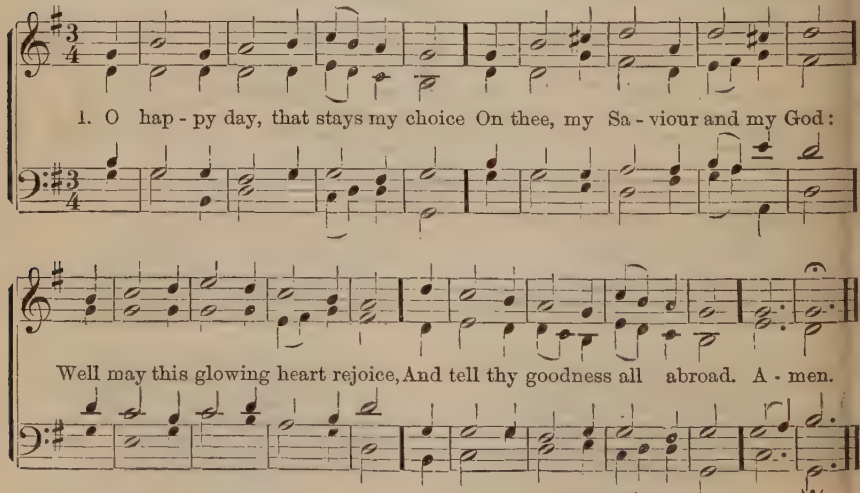


2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own;
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship near thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

235. L. M. ANGELS.


1. O hap - py day, that stays my choice On thee, my Sa - viour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell thy goodness all abroad. A - men.

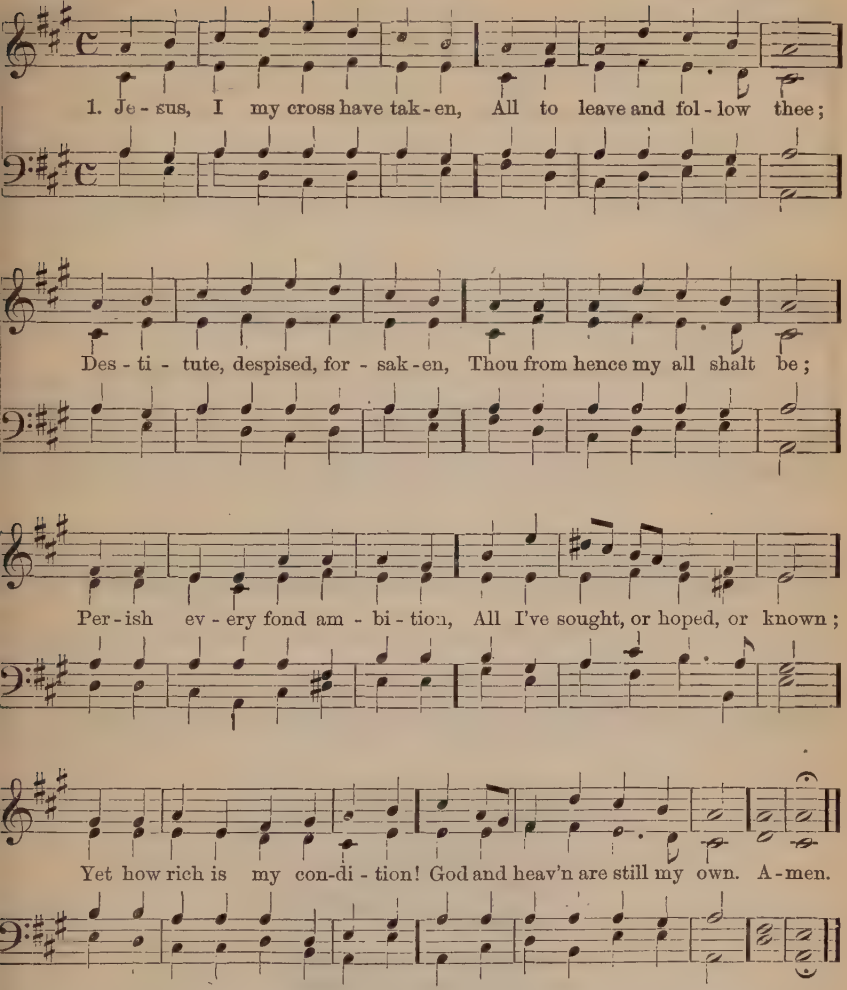
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When call'd on angels' food to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

236. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. BENEDICTION.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my con-di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

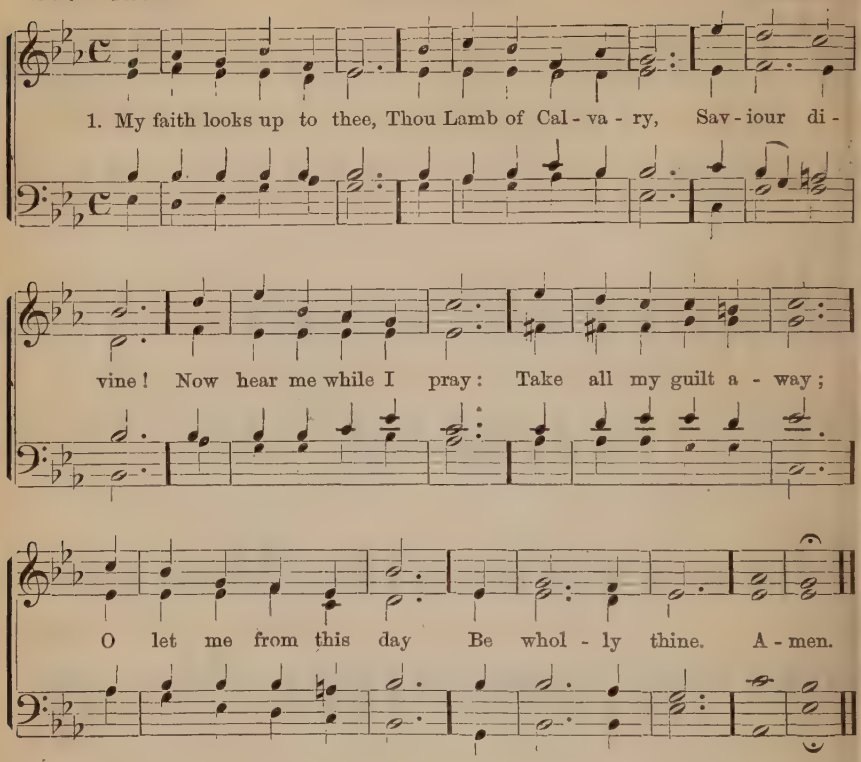
2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Confirmation.

237. First Tune. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. FIDELIS.

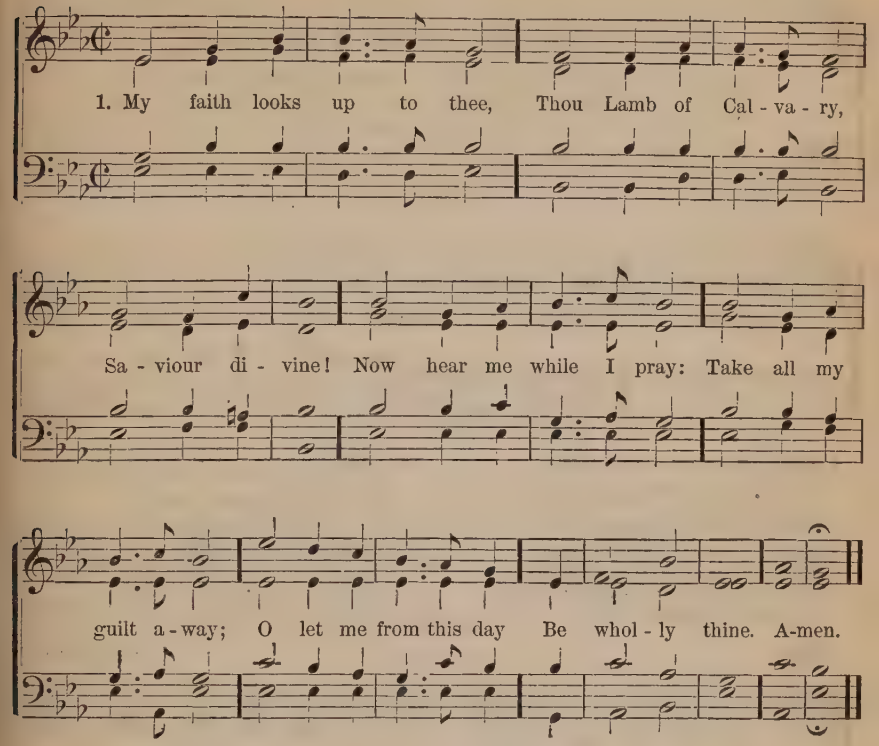

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di -
vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my guilt a - way;
O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine. A - men.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

237. SECOND TUNE. 6.6.4.6.6.4. OLIVET.

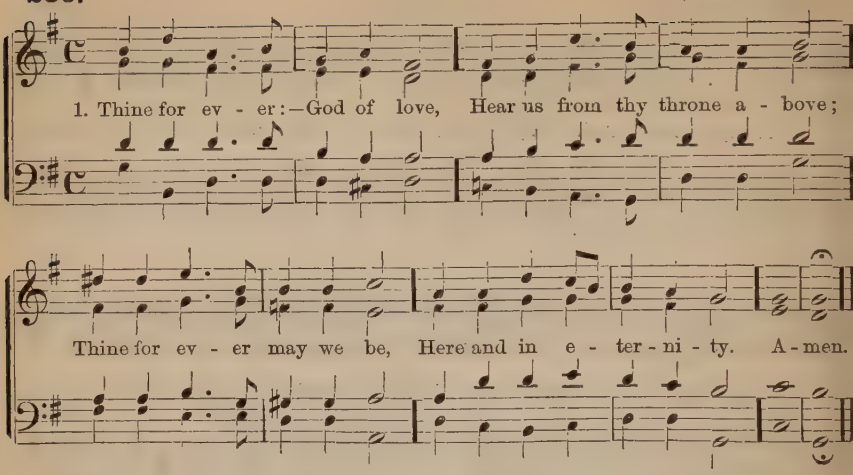

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sa - viour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine. A-men.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

238. 7.7.7.7. EVERMORE.



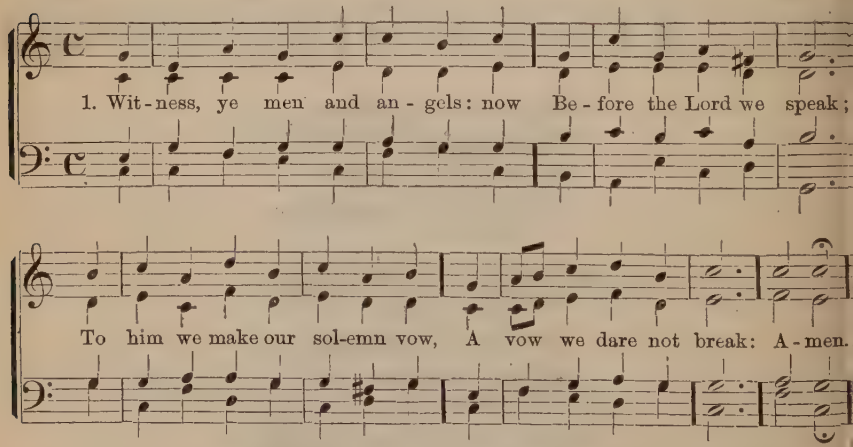
2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:—O how bless'd
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:—thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

239. C. M. ST. ANN'S.

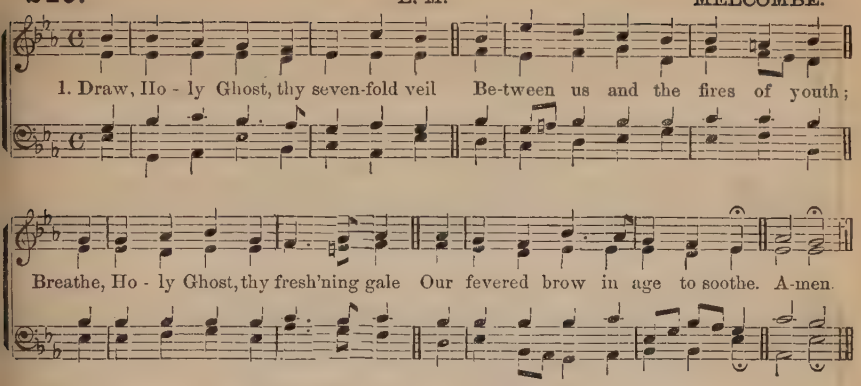


2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

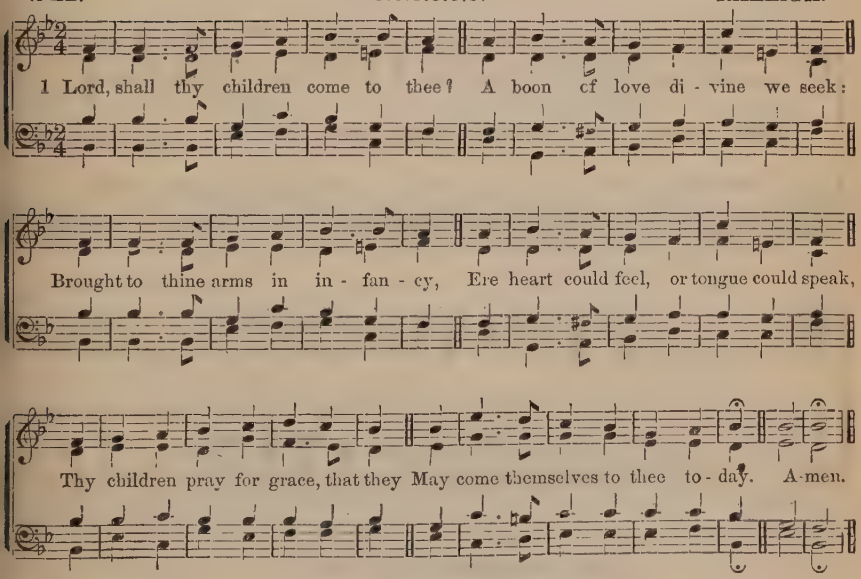
4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

240. L. M. MELCOMBE.


1. Draw, Ho - ly Ghost, thy seven-fold veil Be-tween us and the fires of youth;
Breathe, Ho - ly Ghost, thy fresh'ning gale Our fevered brow in age to soothe. A-men.

2 For ever on our souls be traced
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

241. 8.8.8.8.8.8. RALEIGH.

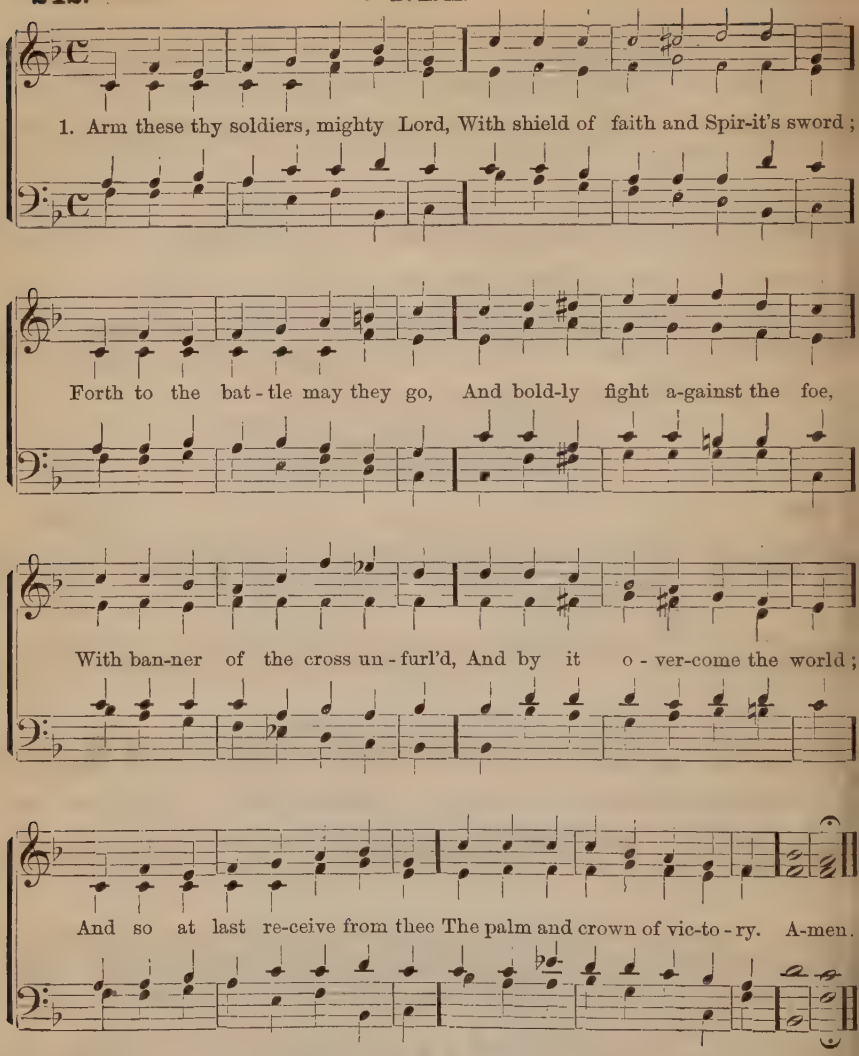

1 Lord, shall thy children come to thee? A boon of love di - vine we seek:
Brought to thine arms in in - fan - cy, Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they May come themselves to thee to - day. A-men.

2 Lord, shall we come? and come again,
Oft as we see thy table spread,
And, tokens of thy dying pain,
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?
Bless, thee, O Lord, thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone
At holy time, or solemn rite;
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

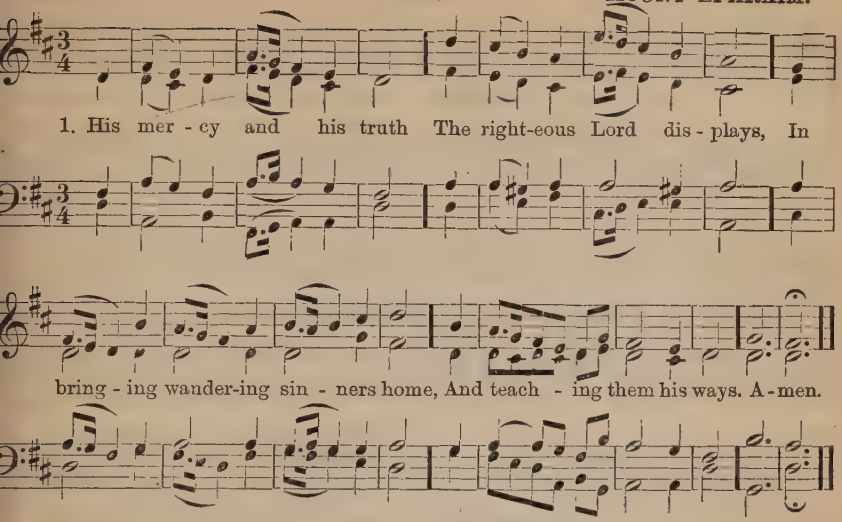
4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more;
To come, not now alone;—but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by thee.

Confirmation.

242. D. L. M. HAYES.

1. Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spir-it's sword;
Forth to the bat-tle may they go, And bold-ly fight a-gainst the foe,
With ban-ner of the cross un-furl'd, And by it o-ver-come the world;
And so at last re-ceive from thee The palm and crown of vic-to-ry. A-men.

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallow'd for ever, Lord, to thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless.
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

243. S. M. MOUNT EPHRAIM.

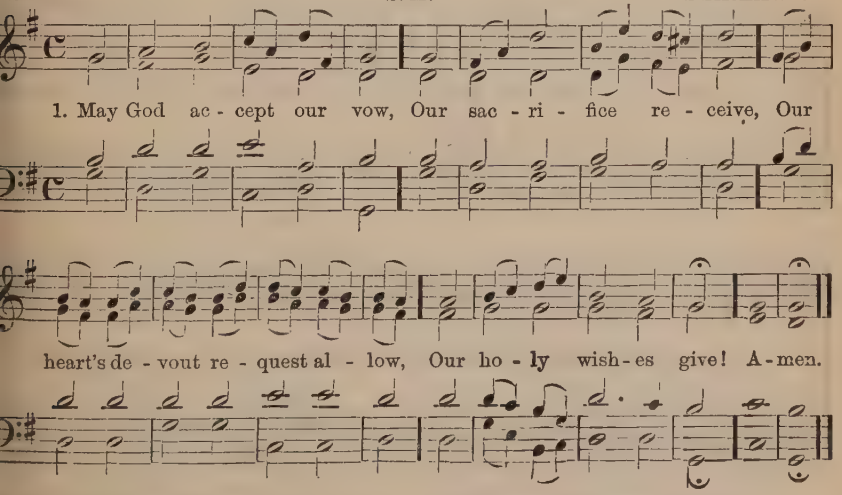

1. His mer - cy and his truth The right-eous Lord dis - plays, In
bring - ing wander-ing sin - ners home, And teach - ing them his ways. A - men.

2 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacer d paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

3 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

4 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

244. S. M. SHIRLAND.

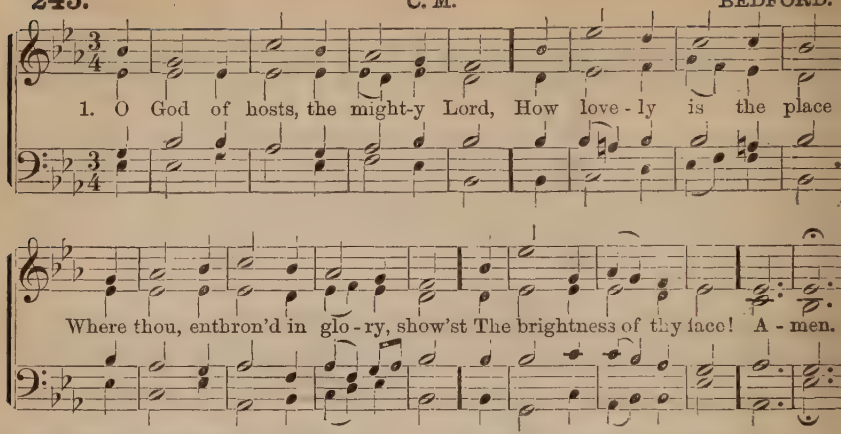


2 O Lord, thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in thy name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

3 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.

Confirmation.

245. C. M. BEDFORD.


1. O God of hosts, the might-y Lord, How love-ly is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glo-ry, show'st The brightness of thy face! A-men.

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

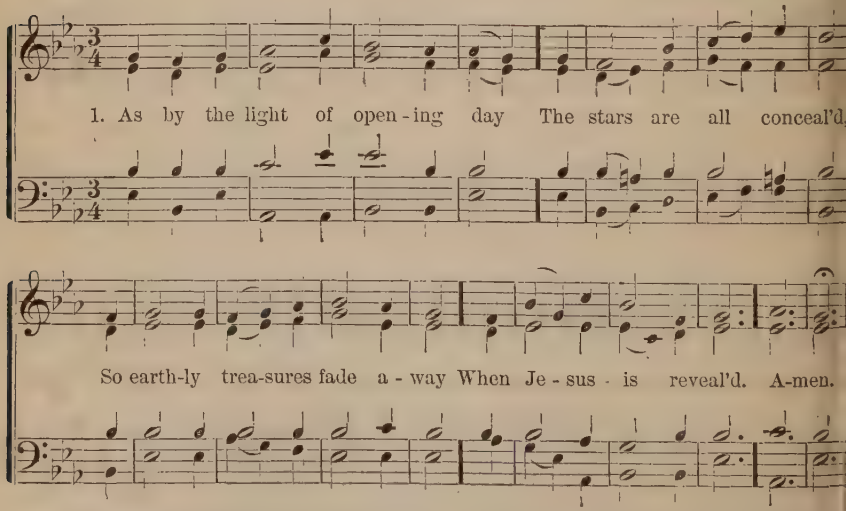
3 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

4 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

5 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

6 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Are still reposed on thee!

246. C. M. ECKARDTSHEIM.

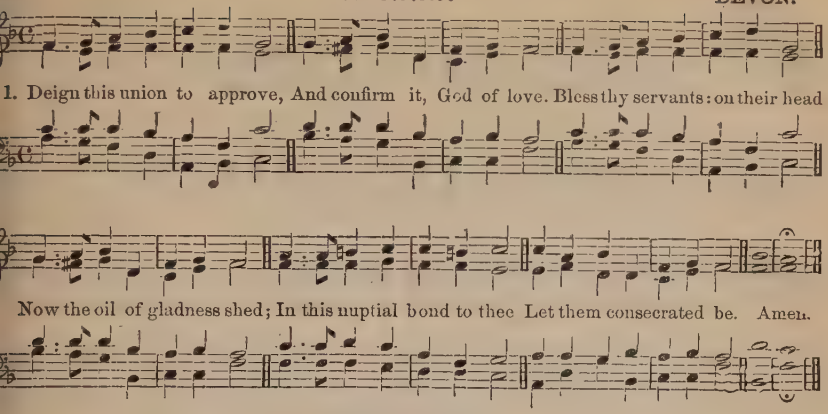


2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
Yet worthless still myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

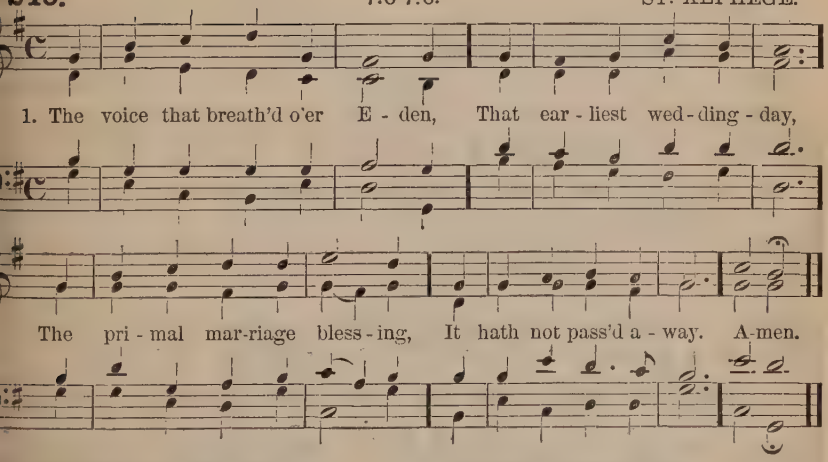
Holy Matrimony.

247. 7.7.7.7.7.7. DEVON.


1. Deign this union to approve, And confirm it, God of love. Bless thy servants: on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed; In this nuptial bond to thee Let them consecrated be. Amen.

2 In prosperity, be near,
To preserve them in their fear;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile;
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.

248. 7.6 7.6. ST. ALPHEGE.



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

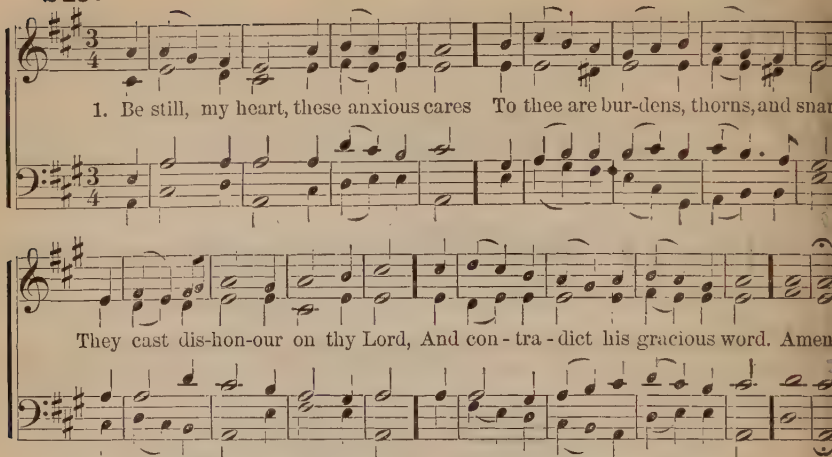
4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost s al!

6 O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

7 To cast their crowns before thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise.

249. L M. WAREHAM.


1. Be still, my heart, these anxious cares To thee are bur-dens, thorns, and snar
They cast dis-hon-our on thy Lord, And con - tra - dict his gracious word. Amen

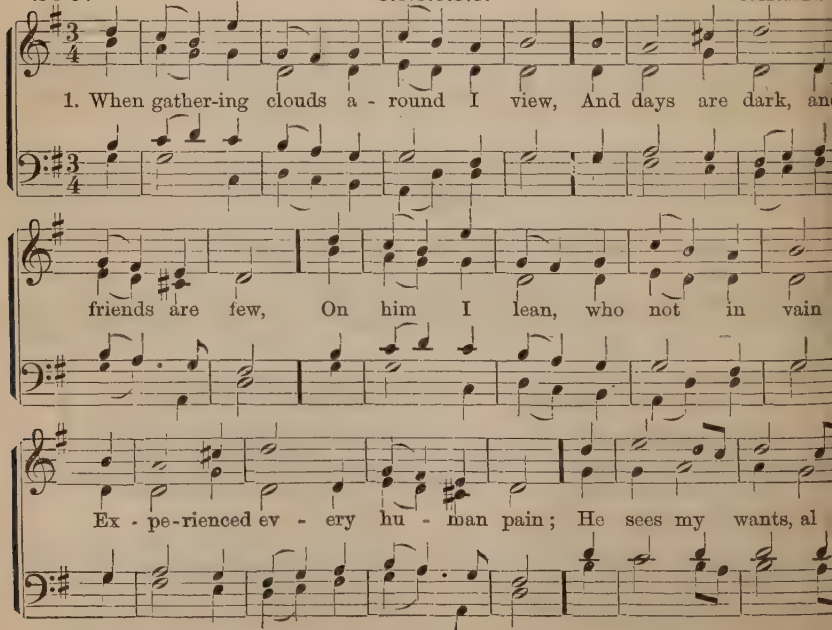
2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

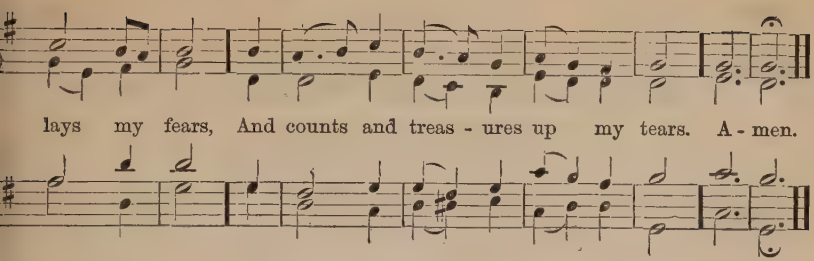
4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small.
For heaven will make amends for all.

250. 8.8.8.8.8.8. CAREYS.


1. When gather-ing clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, an
friends are few, On him I lean, who not in vain
Ex - pe-rienced ev - ery hu - man pain; He sees my wants, al

Visitation of the Sick.



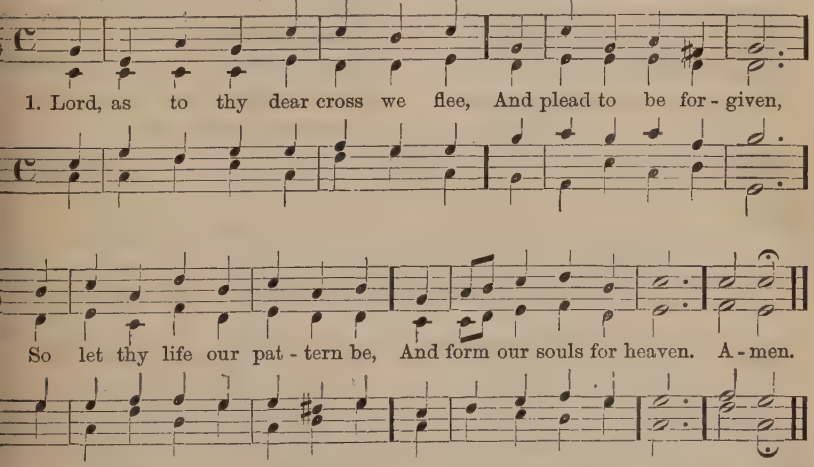
aught should tempt my soul to stray
om heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
o fly the good I would pursue,
do the ill I would not do;
ill he who felt temptation's power,
all guard me in that dangerous hour.

vexing thoughts within me rise,
nd, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
ill he who once vouchsafed to bear
ch bitter conflict with despair,
all sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
he throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death. for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

51. C. M. ST. ANN'S.



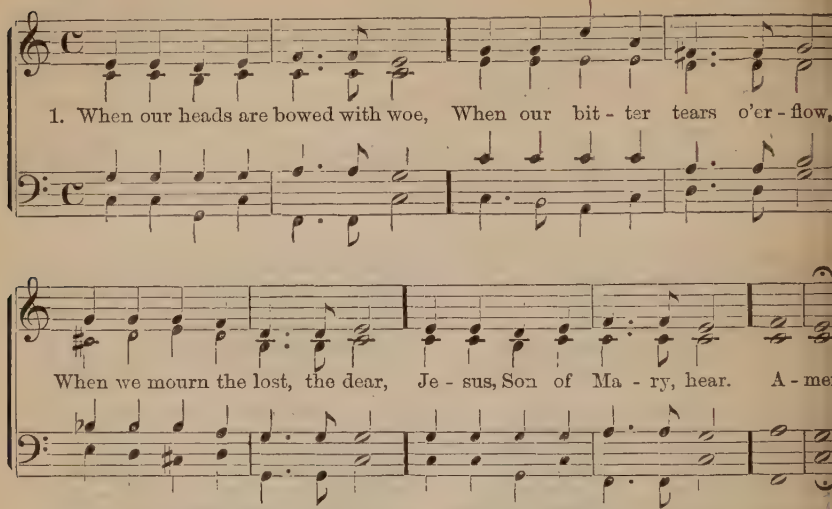
Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven.

252. First Tune. 7.7.7.7. REDHEAD.



2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

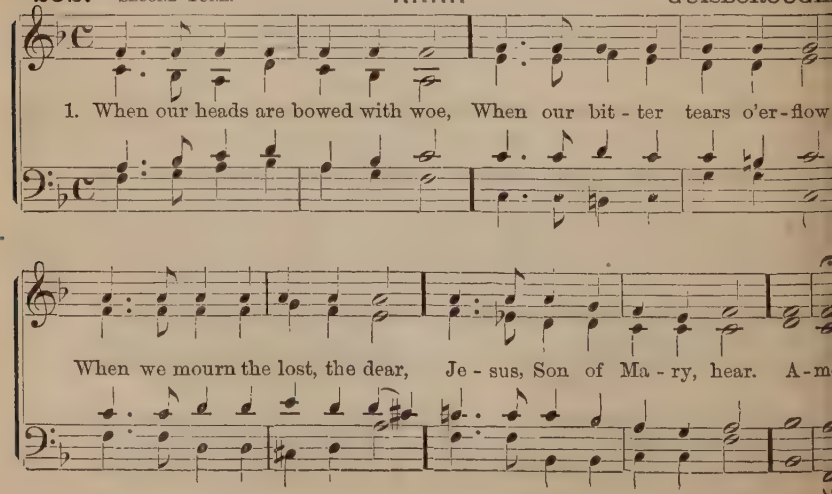
3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

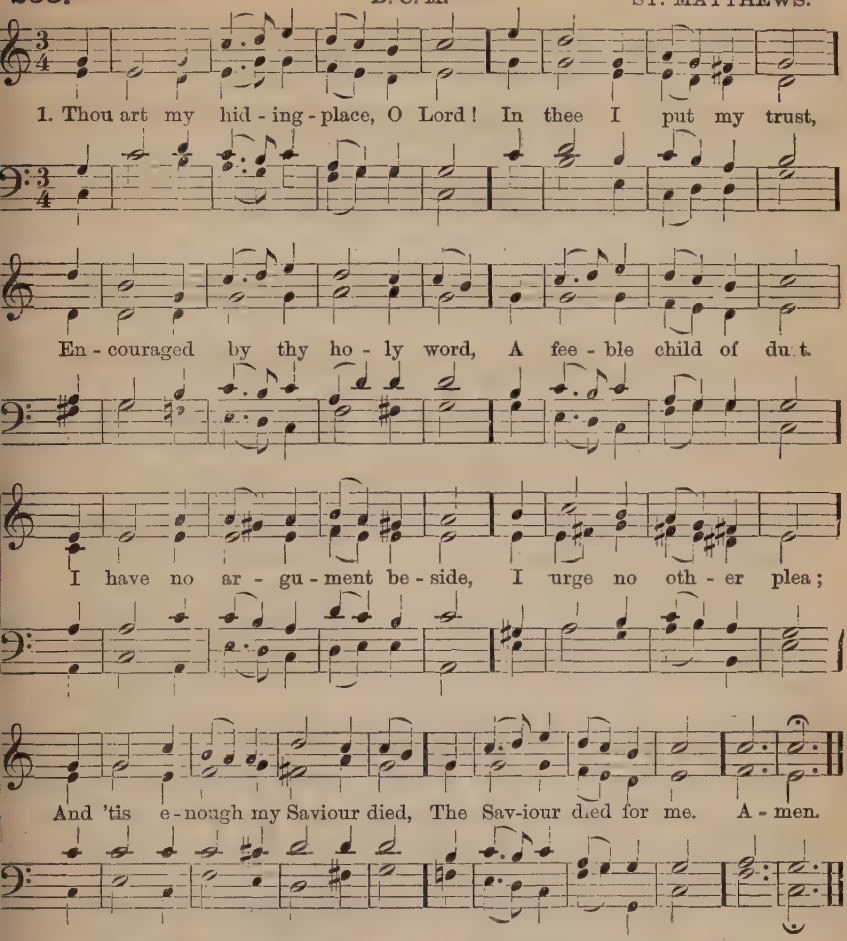
6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

252. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. GUISBOROUGH.



Visitation of the Sick.

253. D. C. M. ST. MATTHEWS.


1. Thou art my hid - ing - place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust,
En - couraged by thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust.
I have no ar - gu - ment be - side, I urge no oth - er plea;
And 'tis e - nough my Saviour died, The Sav-iour died for me. A - men.

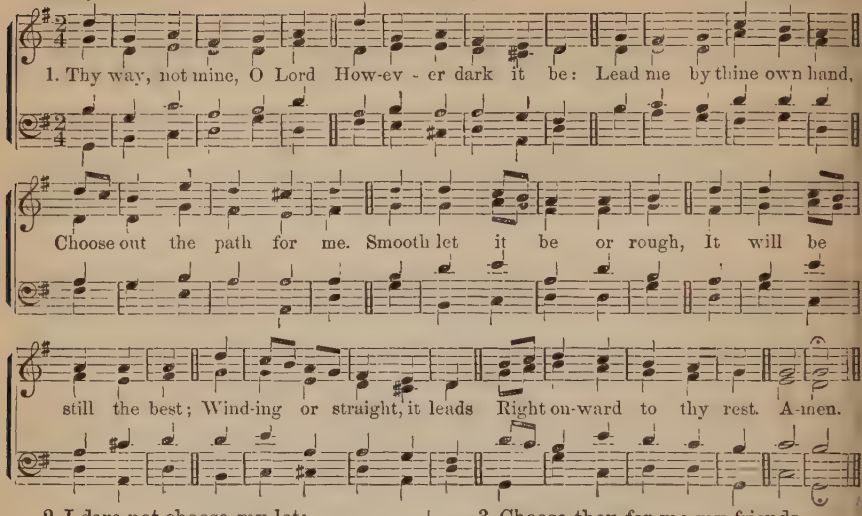
When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

3 Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body rack'd with pain,—
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me.

Visitation of the Sick.

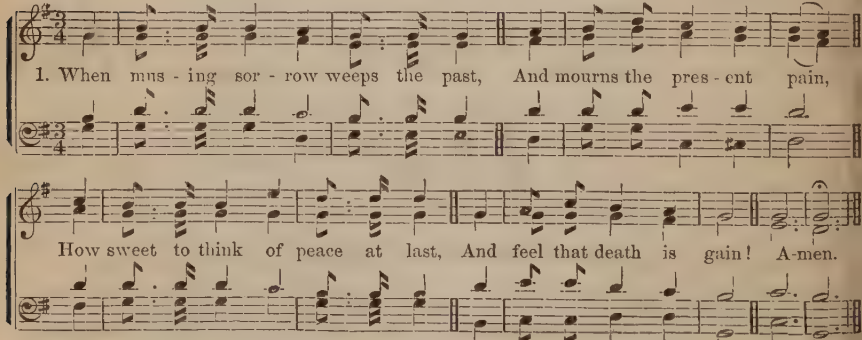
254. 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6. ST. MARGARET.


1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord How-ev - er dark it be: Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be
still the best; Wind-ing or straight, it leads Right on-ward to thy rest. A-men.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

255. C. M. ARLINGTON.


1. When mus - ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - ent pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain! A-men.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will,
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

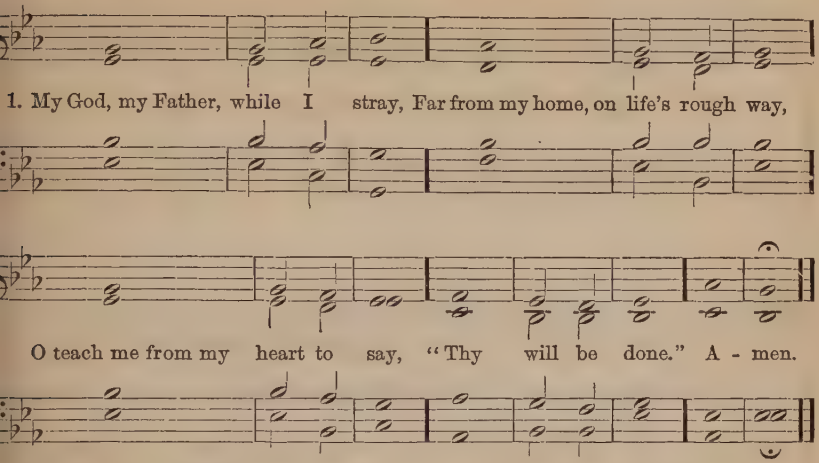
4 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that tortur'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Visitation of the Sick.

256. First Tune. 8.8.8.4. TROYTES CHANT.



ho' dark my path, and | sad my | lot, ||
et me be still and | murmur | not,
nd breathe the prayer di- | vinely | taught,
"Thy | will be | done."

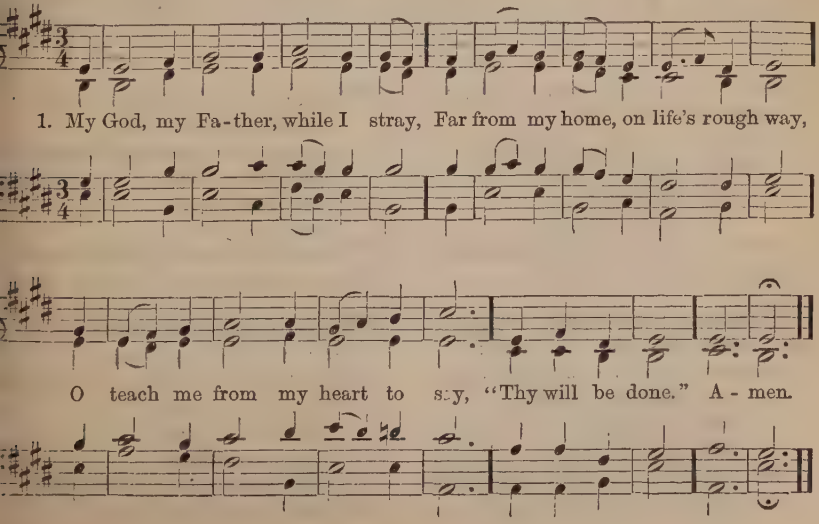
hat though in lonely | grief I | sigh ||
or friends beloved no | longer | nigh,
ubmissive still would | I re- | ply,
"Thy | will be | done."

thou shouldst call me | to re- | sign ||
hat most I prize—it | ne'er was | mine ;
I only yield thee | what is | thine—
"Thy | will be | done."

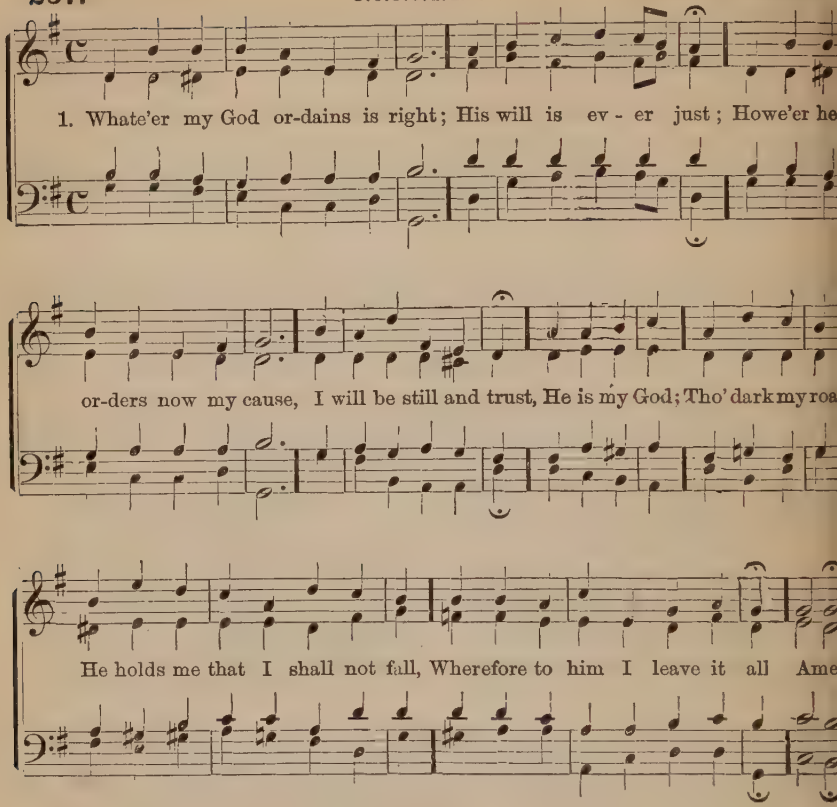
5 Renew my will from | day to | day, ||
Blend it with thine, and | take a- | way
All that now makes it | hard to | say,
"Thy | will be | done."

6 Let but my fainting | heart be | blest ||
With thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,
My God, to thee I | leave the | rest;
"Thy | will be | done."

256. Second Tune. 8.8.8.4. SUBMISSION.



257. 8.6.8.6.4.4.8.8. VARICK STREET.


1. Whate'er my God or-dains is right; His will is ev - er just; Howe'er he
or-ders now my cause, I will be still and trust, He is my God; Tho' dark my roa
He holds me that I shall not fall, Wherefore to him I leave it all Ame

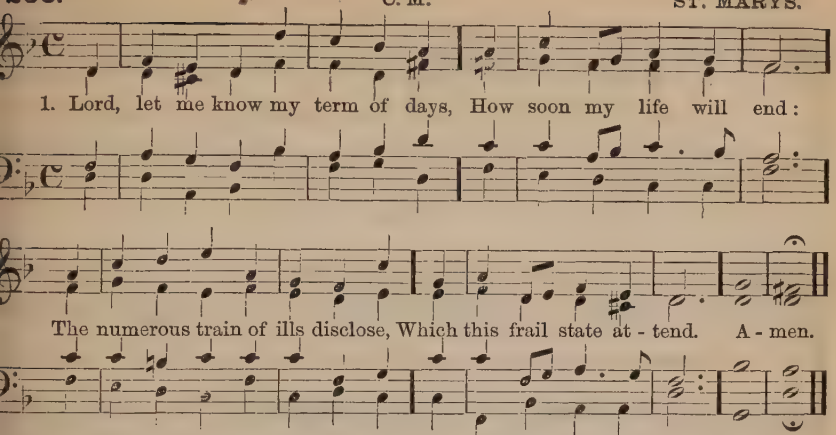
2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to him I cleave,
And take content
What he hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait his day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My Light, my Life is he,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make es
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to him I leave it all.

258. C. M. ST. MARYS.


1. Lord, let me know my term of days, How soon my life will end:
The numerous train of ills disclose, Which this frail state at - tend. A - men.

2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

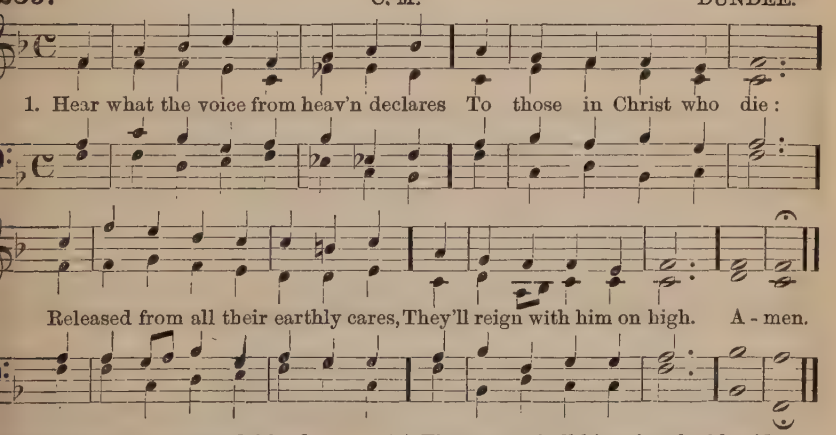
3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence
And shall be seen no more.

259. C. M. DUNDEE.


1. Hear what the voice from heav'n declares To those in Christ who die:
Released from all their earthly cares, They'll reign with him on high. A - men.

hen why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
eath's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

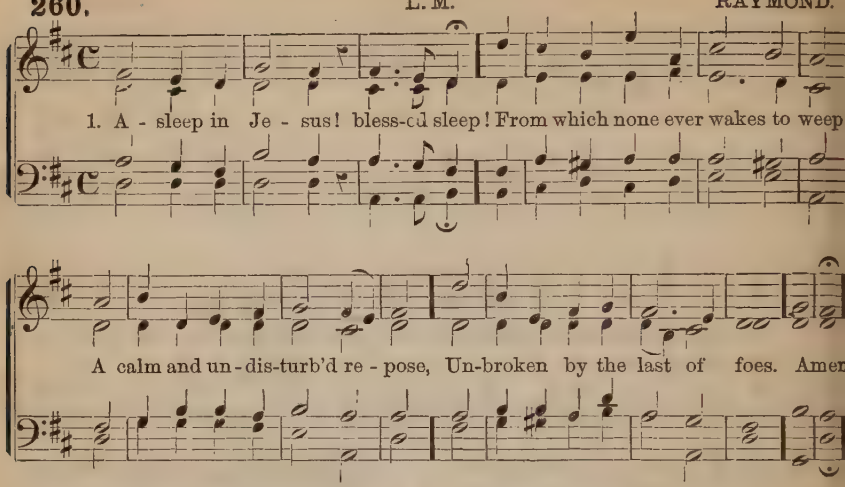
' sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
he law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our ransom, died.

4 The grave of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay:
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

Burial of the Dead.

260. L. M. RAYMOND.


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep
A calm and un - dis-turb'd re - pose, Un-broken by the last of foes. Amen

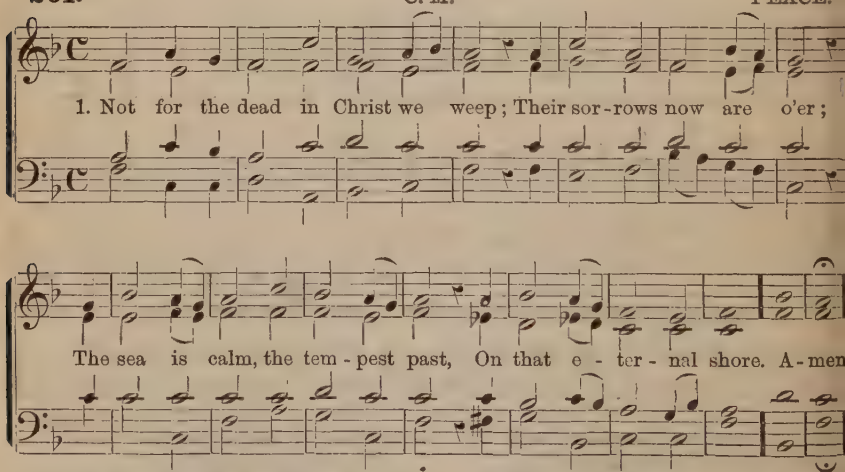
2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

261. C. M. PEACE.



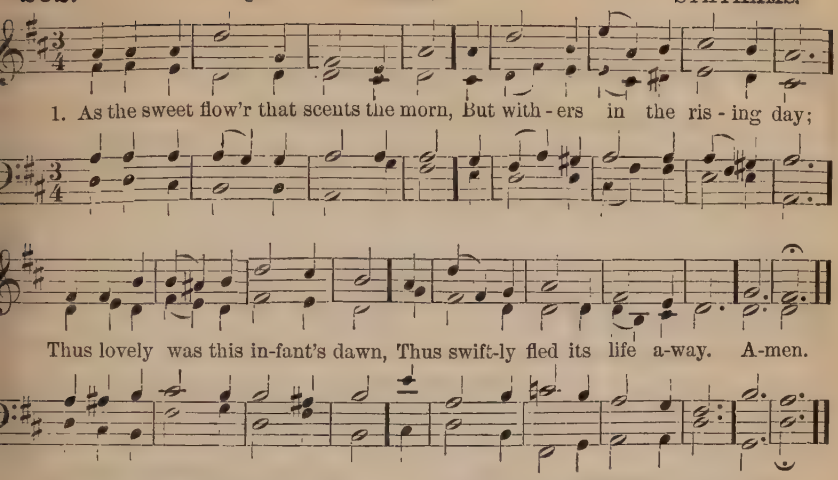
2 Their peace is seal'd, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
A while we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

3 And though no vision'd dream of bliss
Nor trance of rapture show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe;

4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chasten'd mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resign'd.

Burial of the Dead.

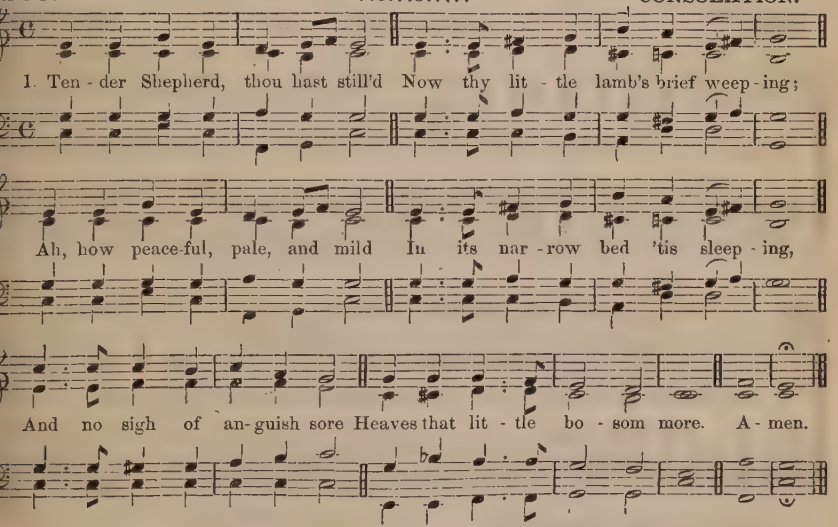
262. L. M. STATHAMS.


1. As the sweet flow'r that scents the morn, But with - ers in the ris - ing day;
Thus lovely was this in-fant's dawn, Thus swift-ly fled its life a-way. A-men.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod:
O mourner, such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

263. 7.8.7.8.7.7. CONSOLATION.

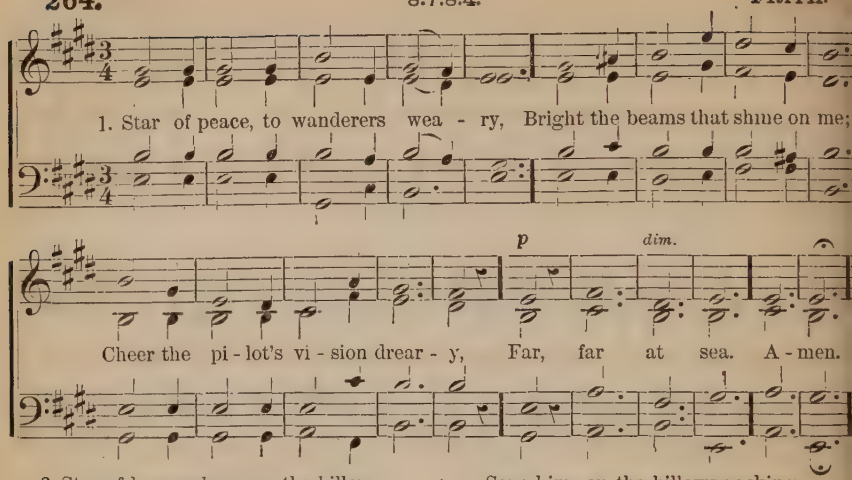

1. Ten - der Shepherd, thou hast still'd Now thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing;
Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing,
And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more. A - men.

In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

For those at Sea.

264. 8.7.8.4. FRITH.

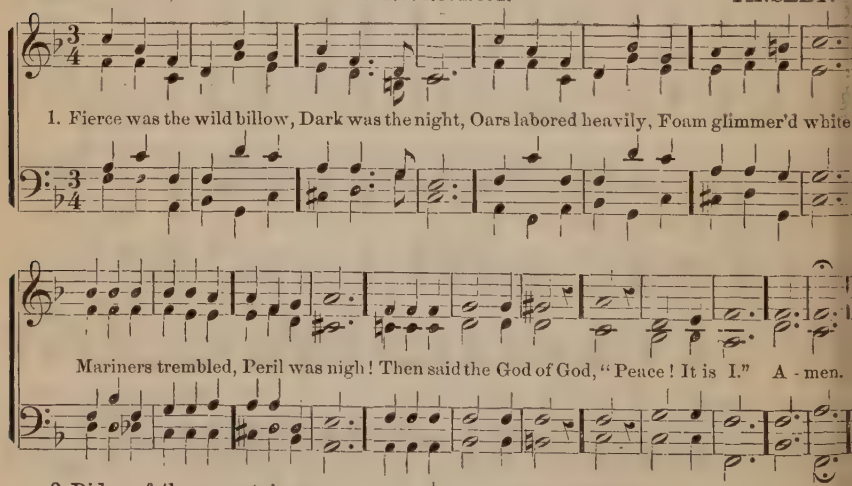

1. Star of peace, to wanderers wea - ry, Bright the beams that shine on me;
p
dim.
Cheer the pi - lot's vi - sion drear - y, Far, far at sea. A - men.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

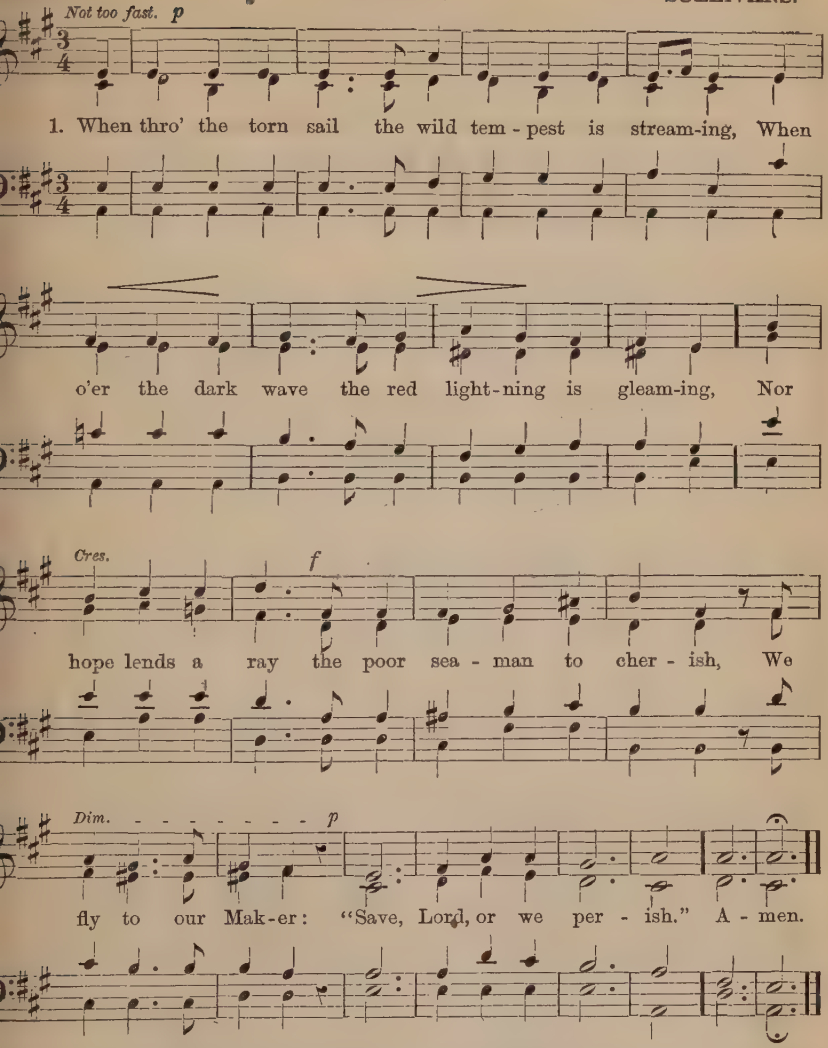
265. 6.4.6.4.5.4.6.4. TINSLEY.


1. Fierce was the wild billow, Dark was the night, Oars labored heavily, Foam glimmer'd white
Mariners trembled, Peril was nigh! Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I." A - men.

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly—
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come thou to me:
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth—
"Peace! It is I!"

For those at Sea.

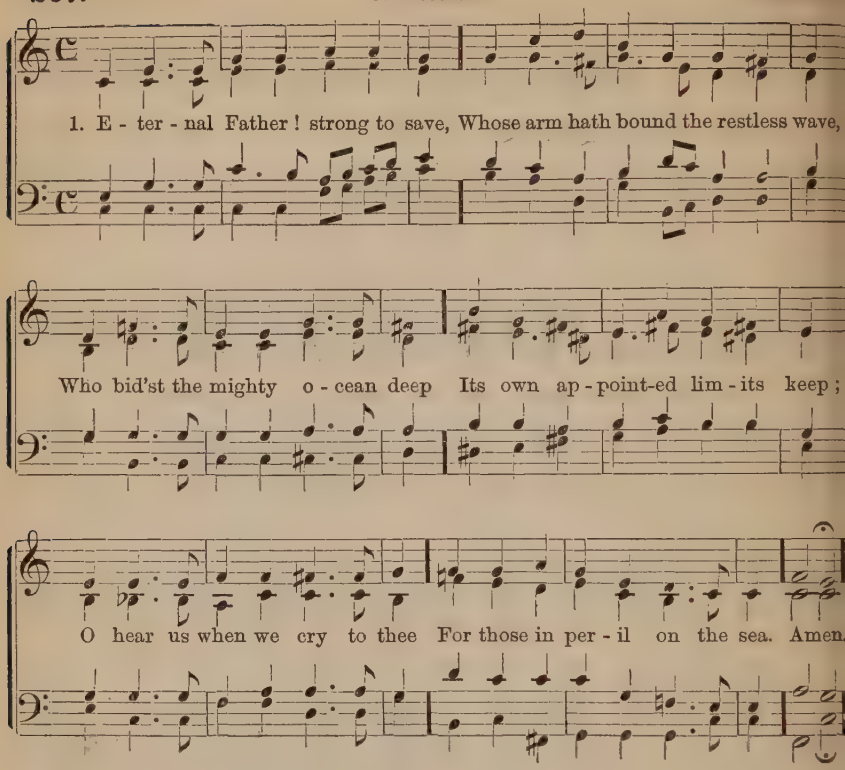
266. 12.12.12.12. SULLIVANS.

Not too fast. p
1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream-ing, When
o'er the dark wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor
Cres.
f
hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher - ish, We
Dim.
p
fly to our Mak-er: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish." A - men.

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy redeemèd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

For those at Sea.

267. 8.8.8.8.8.8. MELITA.

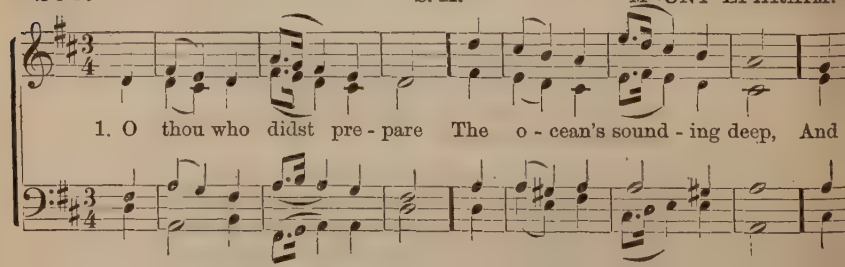

1. E - ter - nal Father! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty o - cean deep Its own ap - point-ed lim - its keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea. Amen.

2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

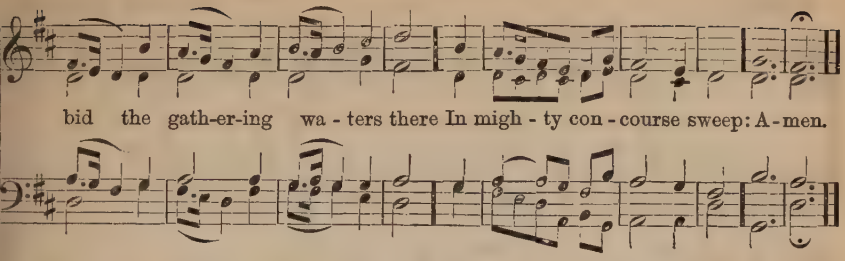
3 Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and se

268. S. M. MOUNT EPHRAIM.



For those at Sea.

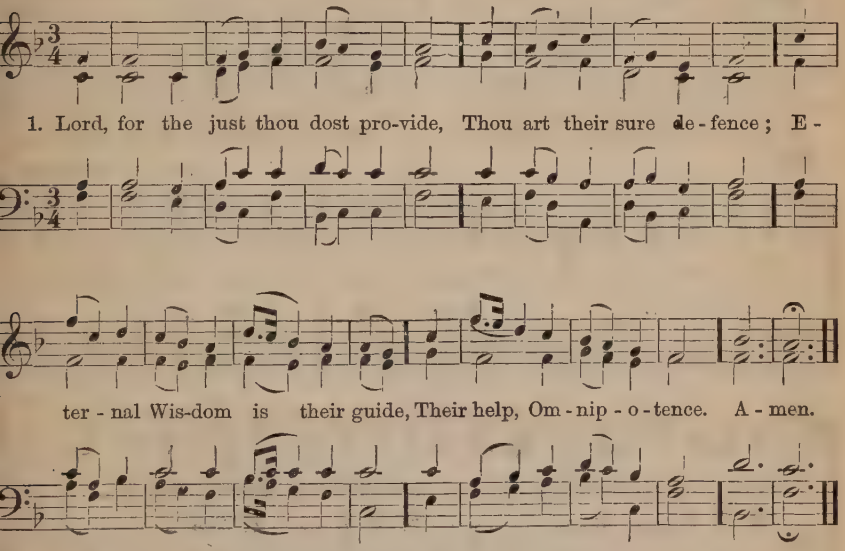


2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to thee.

3 Jesus is nigh, who trod
Of old that foaming spray,
Whose billows own'd the incarnate God,
And died in calm away.

4 Though swells the threatening tide,
Mounting to heaven above,
We know in whom our souls confide,
And fearless trust his love.

269. C. M. IRISH.


1. Lord, for the just thou dost pro-vide, Thou art their sure de - fence; E -
ter - nal Wis-dom is their guide, Their help, Om - nip - o - tence. A - men.

Though they through foreign lands should
And breathe the tainted air [roam
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

When waves on waves, on heaven uprear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

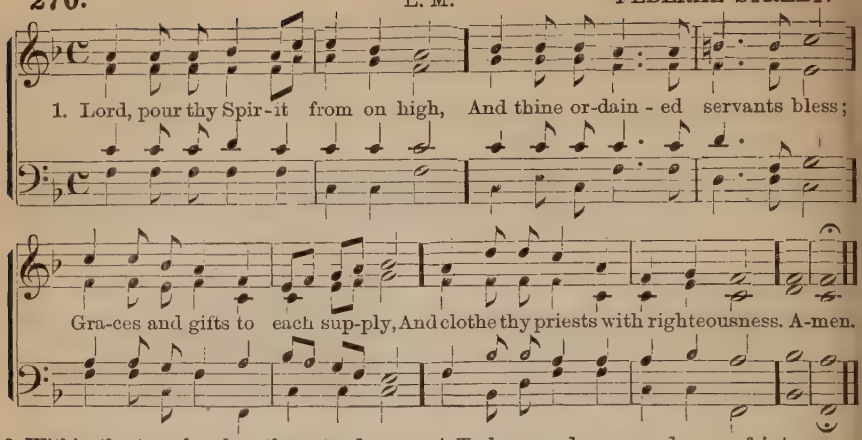
5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save.

6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still.

7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Ordination.

270. L. M. FEDERAL STREET.


1. Lord, pour thy Spir-it from on high, And thine or-dain-ed servants bless;
Gra-ces and gifts to each sup-ply, And clothe thy priests with righteousness. A-men.

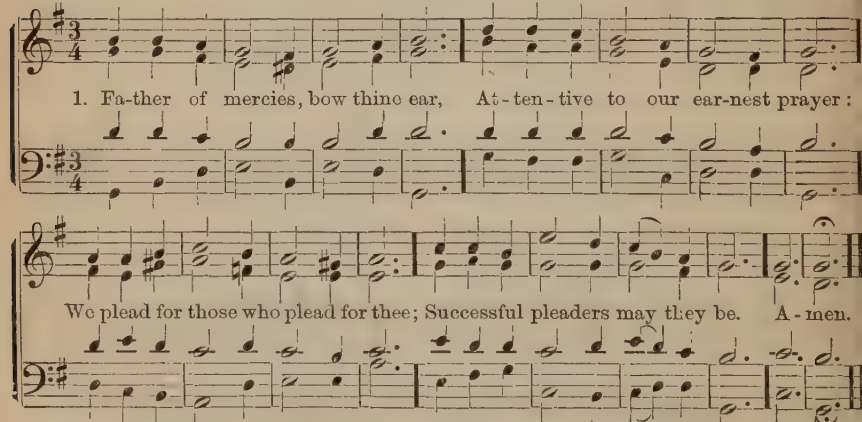
2 Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
Let all thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed thy lambs, and tend thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

271. L. M. GRACE CHURCH.


1. Fa-ther of mercies, bow thine ear, At-ten-tive to our ear-nest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee; Successful pleaders may they be. A-men.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

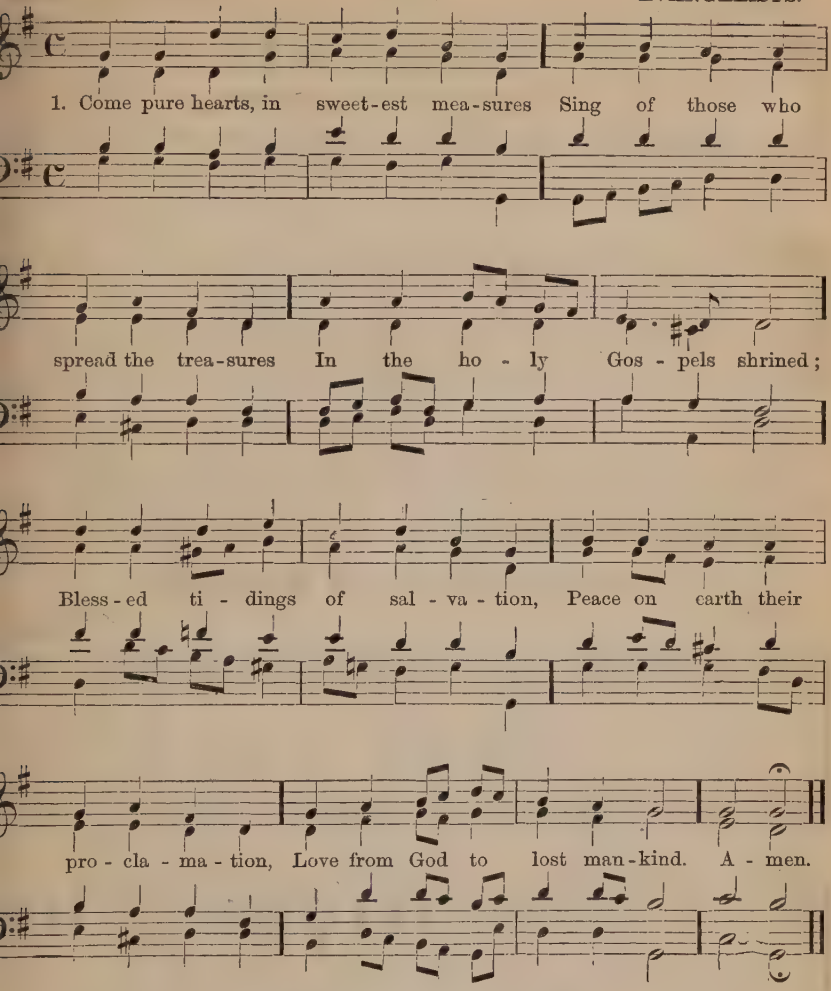
4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressèd souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

Ordination.

272. 8.8.7.8.8.7. EVANGELISTS.

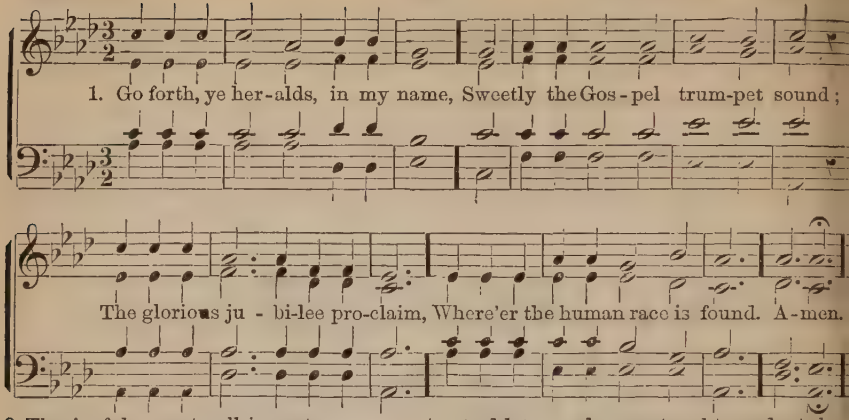

1. Come pure hearts, in sweet-est mea-sures Sing of those who
spread the trea-sures In the ho - ly Gos - pels shrined;
Bless-ed ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their
pro - cla - ma - tion, Love from God to lost man-kind. A - men.

2 See the Rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 O that we, thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore;
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

Ordination.

273. L. M. MISSIONARY CHANT.


1. Go forth, ye her-alds, in my name, Sweetly the Gos-pel trum-pet sound;
The glorious ju - bi-lee pro-claim, Where'er the human race is found. A-men.

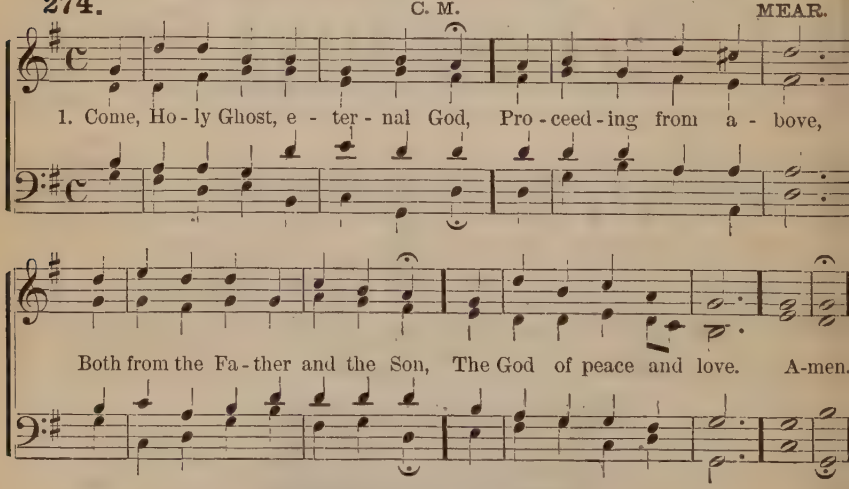
2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give:
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

Consecration of Bishops.

274. C. M. MEAR.



2 Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

3 Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's Church doth stand:
In faithful hearts thou writ'st thy law,
The finger of God's hand.

Consecration of Bishops.

4 According to thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace;
That, through thy help, God's praises may
Resound in every place.

5 O Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down thy heavenly light;
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve God day and night.

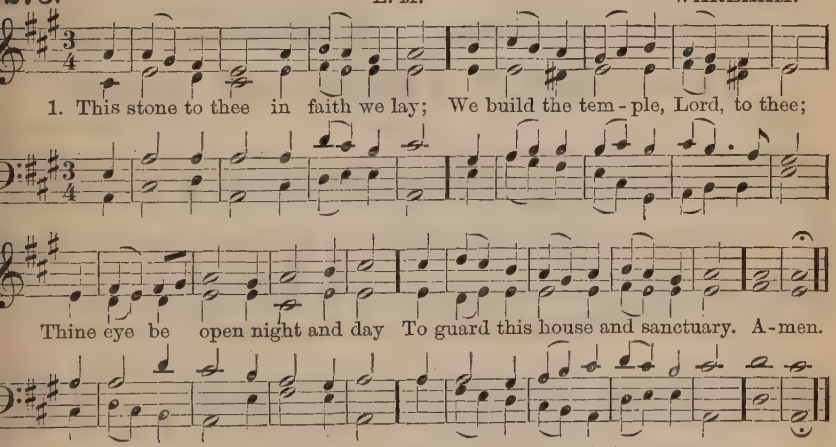
6 Of strife and of dissension
Dissolve, O Lord, the bands,
And knit the knots of peace and love
Throughout all Christian lands.

7 Grant us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might,
That we of his beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight;

8 And that we may with perfect faith
Ever acknowledge thee,
The Spirit of Father and of Son,
One God in Persons Three. Amen.

Laying of a Corner-Stone.

275. L. M. WAREHAM.


1. This stone to thee in faith we lay; We build the tem-ple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day To guard this house and sanctuary. A-men.

Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel o. thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

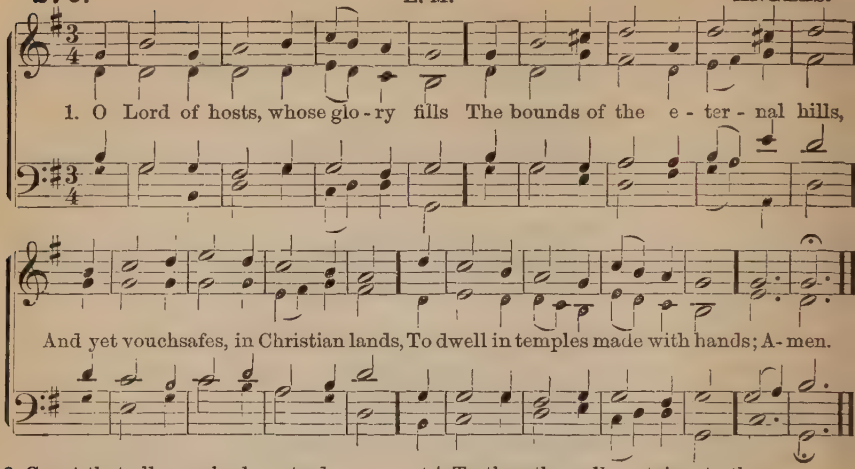
4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing [long.
And heaven with earth the strain pro-

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

Laying of a Corner Stone.

276. L. M. ANGELS.


1. O Lord of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands; A - men.

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

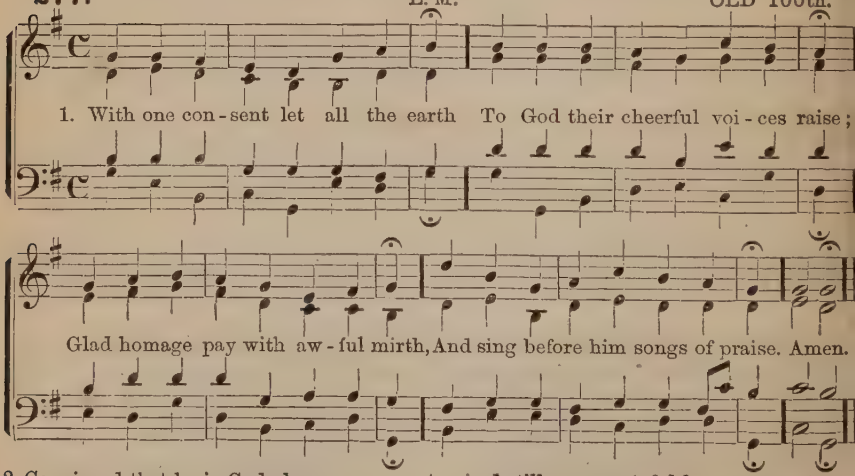
3 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Consecration of Churches and Chapels.

277. L. M. OLD 100th.

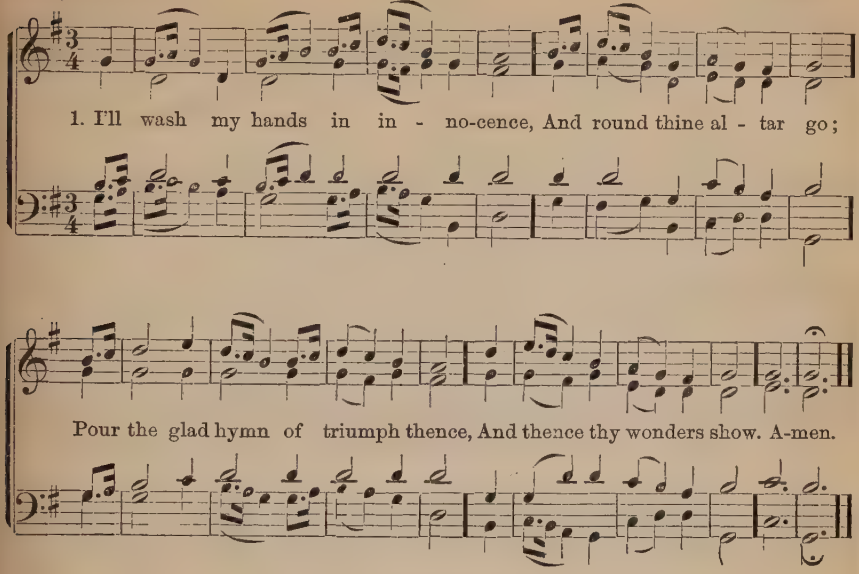

1. With one con - sent let all the earth To God their cheerful voi - ces raise;
Glad homage pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing before him songs of praise. Amen.

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

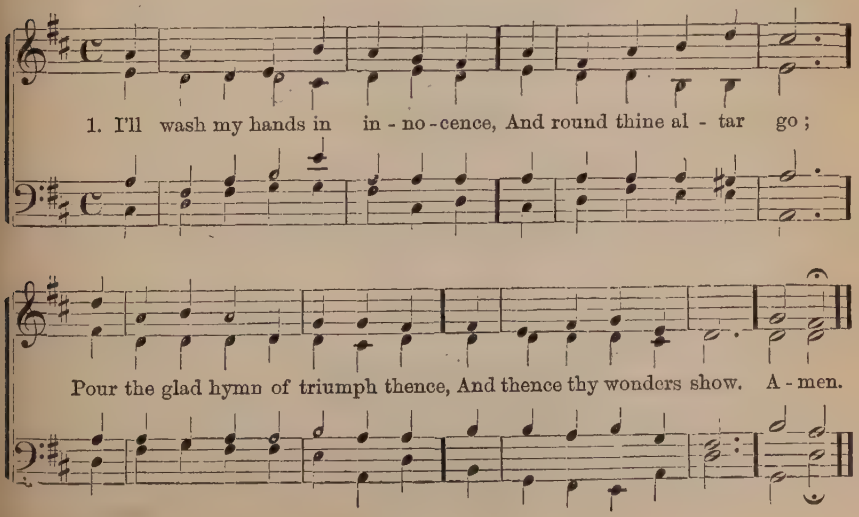
4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

278. First Tune. C. M. OLD ST. MARTINS.

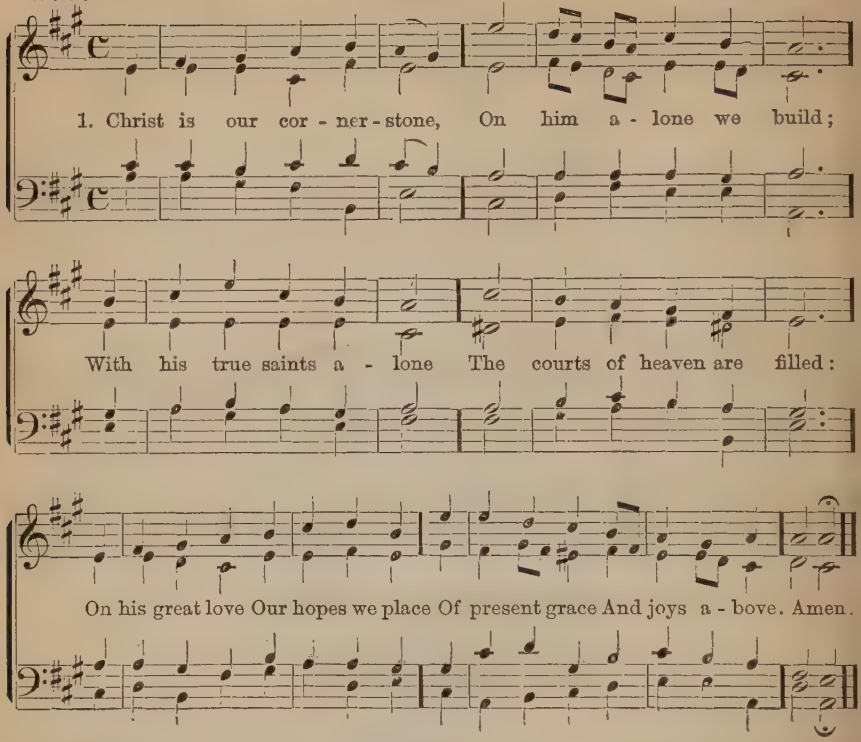

1. I'll wash my hands in in - no-cence, And round thine al - tar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence, And thence thy wonders show. A-men.

2 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thine honour dwells.

278. Second Tune. C. M. ST. FULBERT.


1. I'll wash my hands in in - no-cence, And round thine al - tar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence, And thence thy wonders show. A-men.

279. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. HAREWOOD.

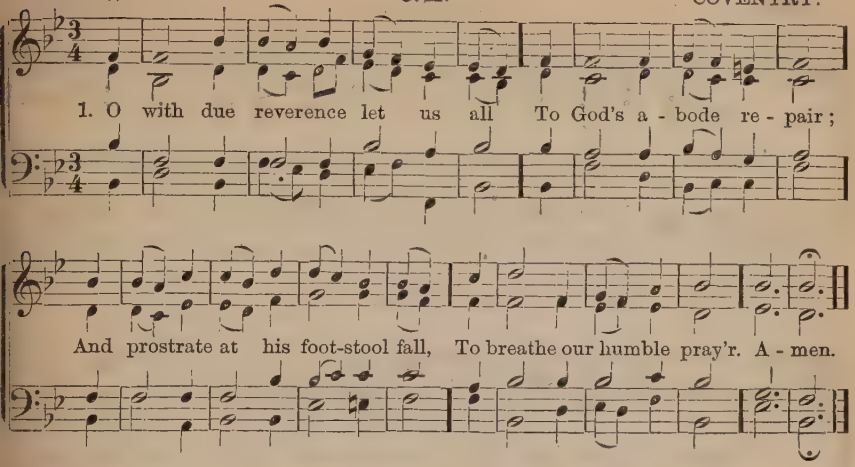

1. Christ is our cor - ner - stone, On him a - lone we build;
With his true saints a - lone The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love Our hopes we place Of present grace And joys a - bove. Amen.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

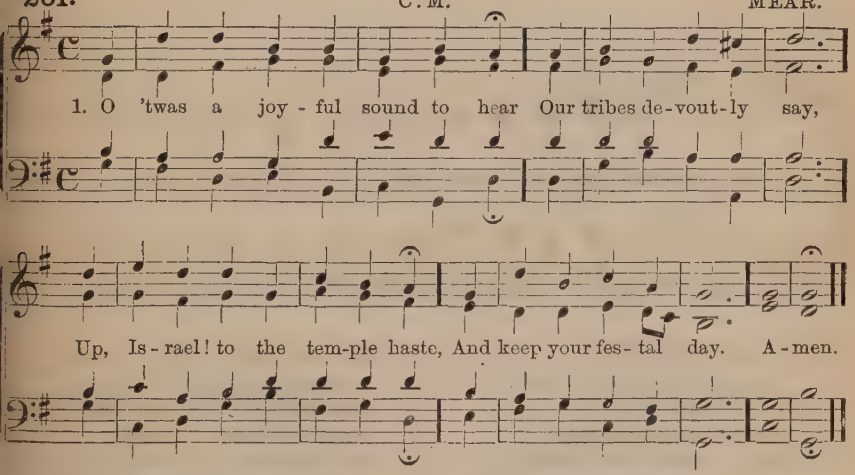
280. C. M. COVENTRY.


1. O with due reverence let us all To God's a - bode re - pair;
And prostrate at his foot-stool fall, To breathe our humble pray'r. A - men.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence bless'd.

3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.

281. C. M. MEAR.



2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

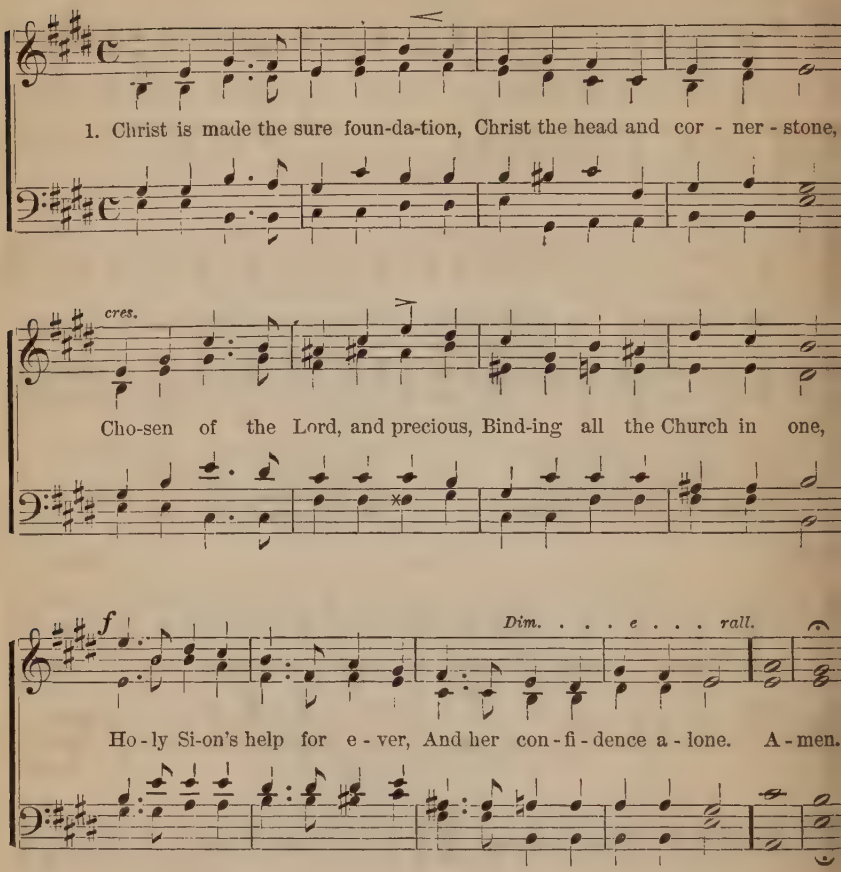
3 O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

282. 8.7.8.7.8.7. TILLEARD.


1. Christ is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor - ner - stone,
cres.
Cho-sen of the Lord, and precious, Bind-ing all the Church in one,
f
Dim. . . . e . . . rall.
Ho - ly Si-on's help for e - ver, And her con - fi - dence a - lone. A - men.

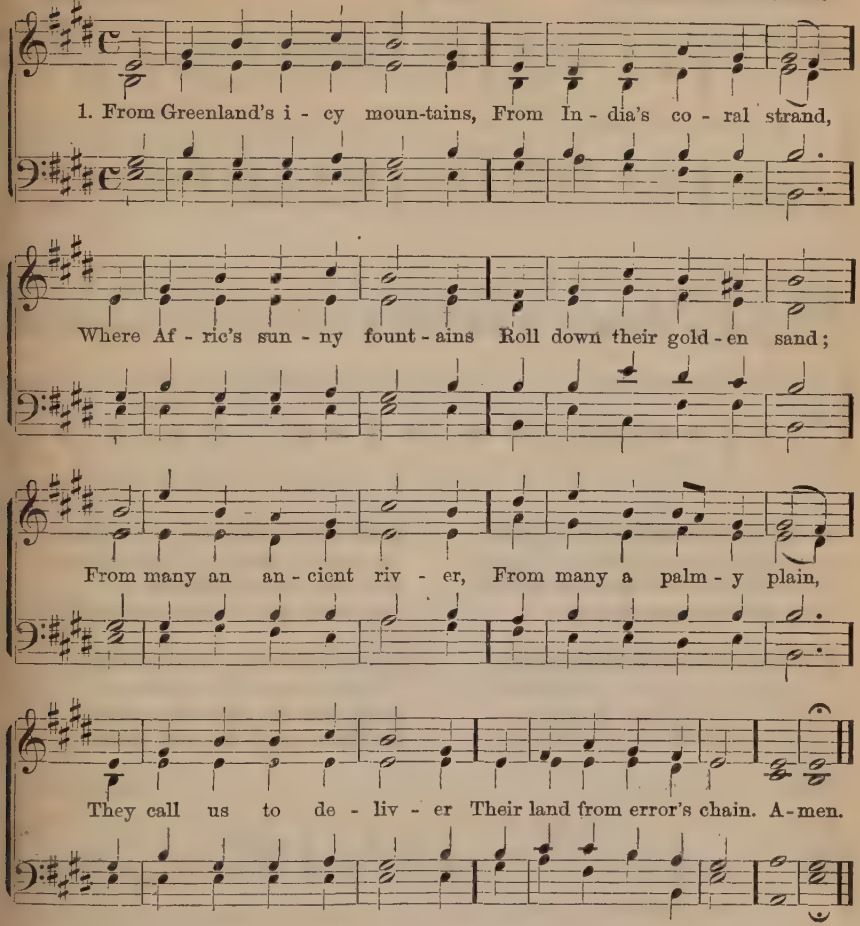
2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call thee
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear thy servants as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run.

283. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. MISSIONARY HYMN.

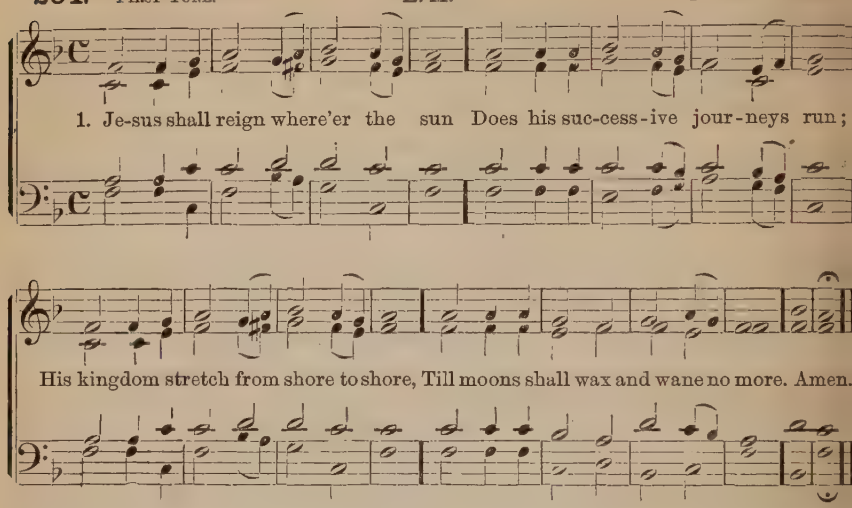

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain. A-men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

284. First Tune. L. M. HAMBURGH.


1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. Amen.

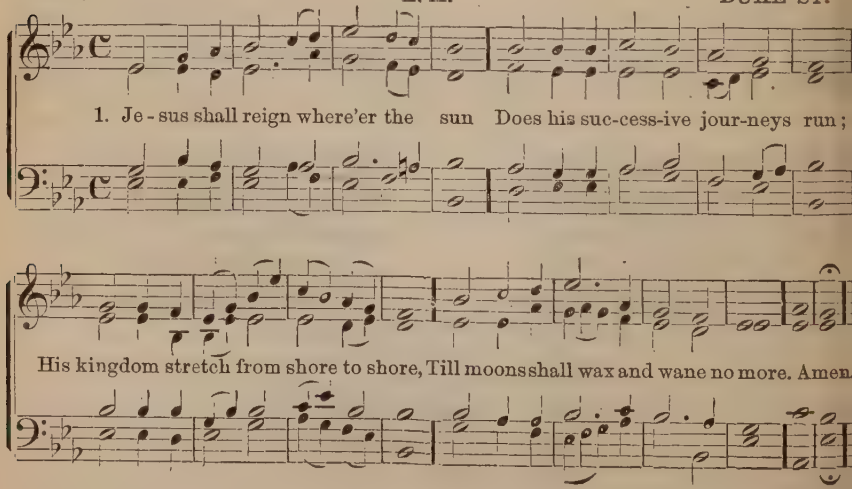
2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

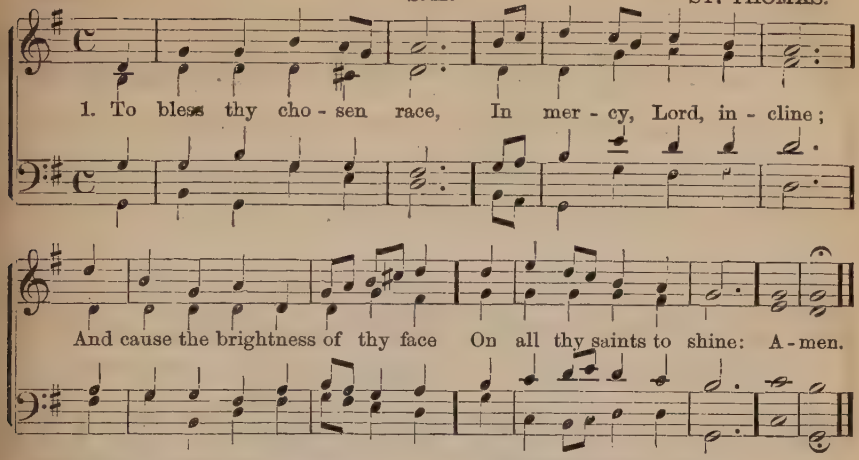
4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

284. Second Tune. L. M. DUKE ST.


1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. Amen.

285. S. M. ST. THOMAS.



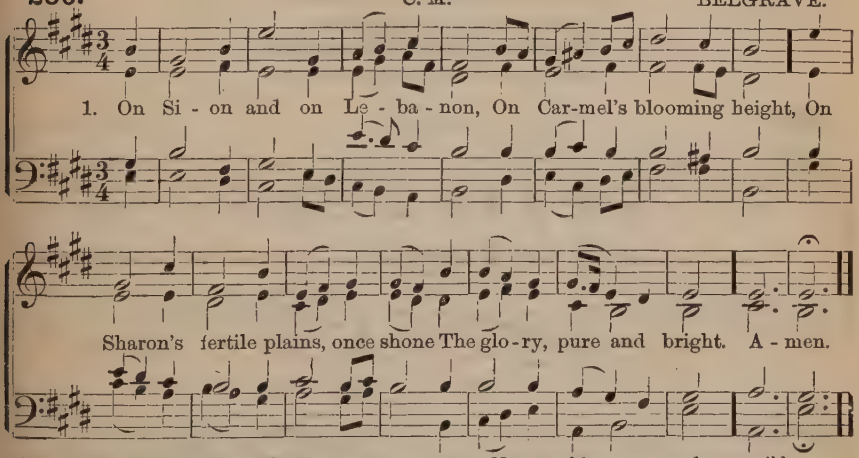
2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

286. C. M. BELGRAVE.



2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

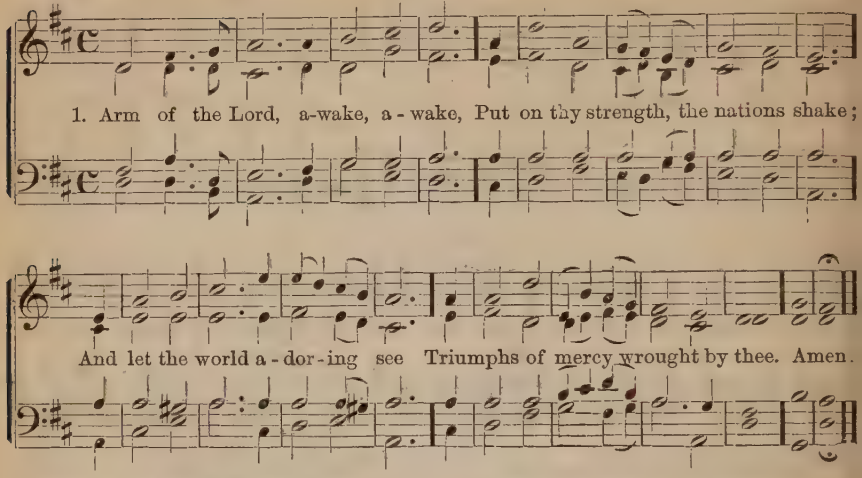
3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom.

4 But ah! our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5 Thou, who didst lighten Sion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide
Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

287. L. M. TRURO.

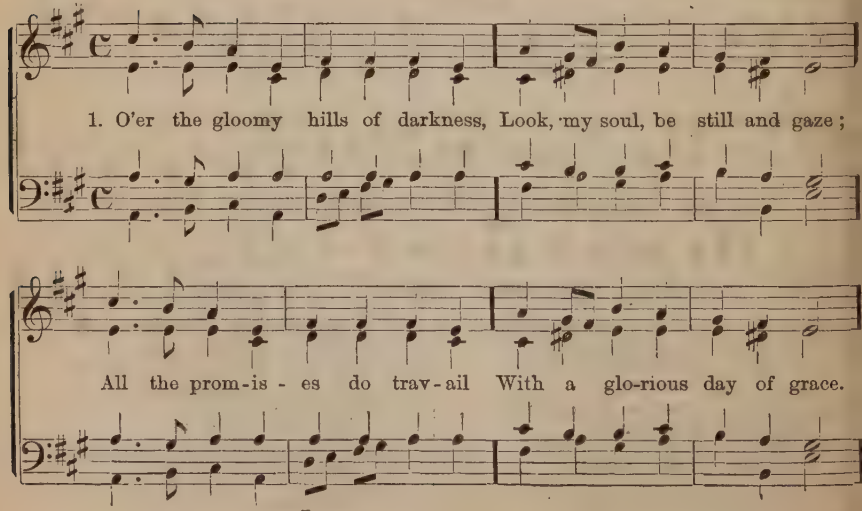

1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake, Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world a-dor-ing see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee. Amen.

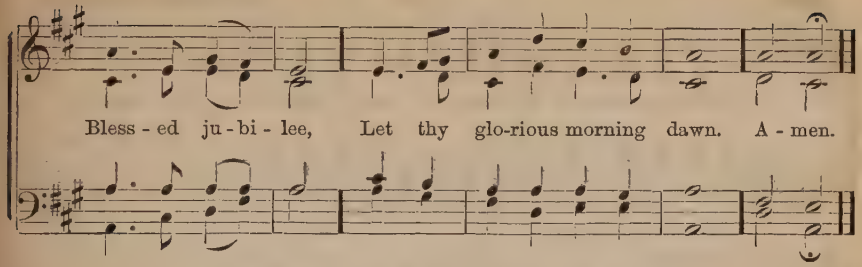
2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

288. 8.7.8.7.4.7. ST. LOUIS.

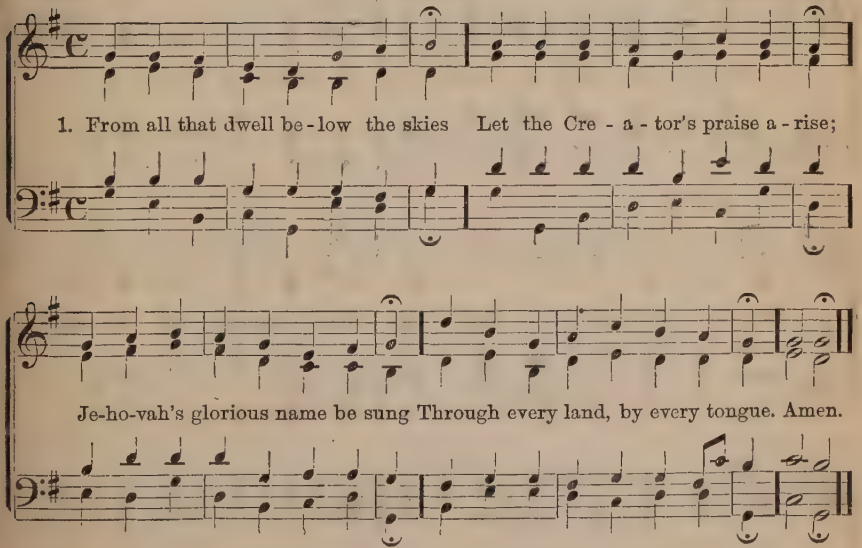




2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night:
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlighten'd world around.

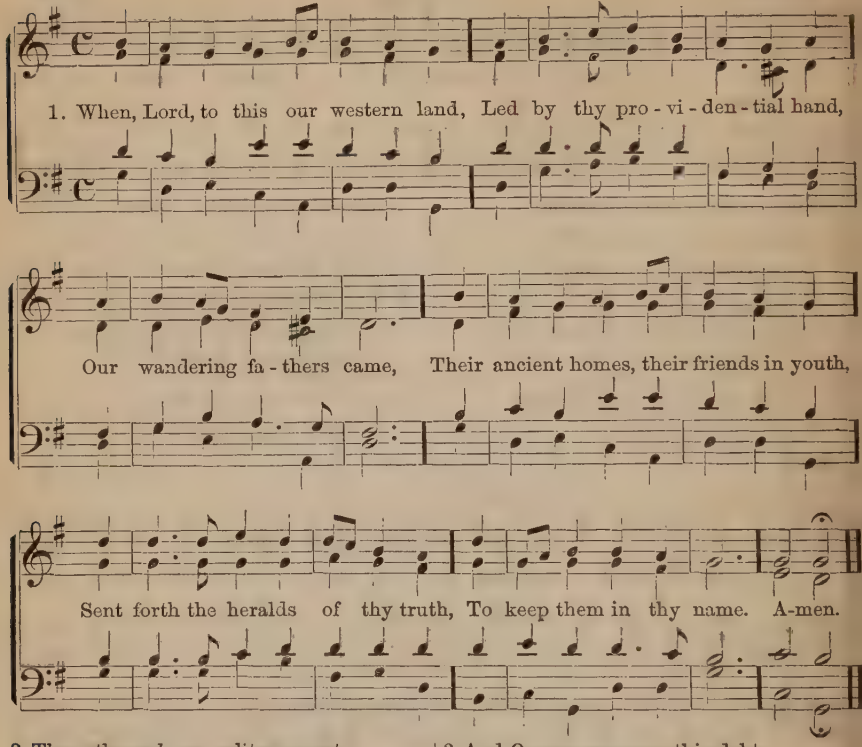
289. L. M. OLD 100th.


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
Je-ho-vah's glorious name be sung Through every land, by every tongue. Amen.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Missions and Charities.

293. 8.8.6.8.8.6. MISSION.

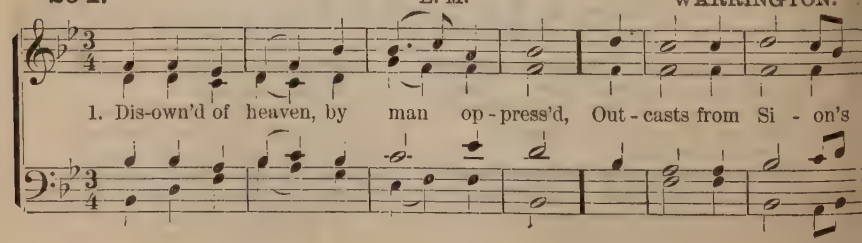

1. When, Lord, to this our western land, Led by thy pro - vi - den - tial hand,
Our wandering fa - thers came, Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth, To keep them in thy name. A-men.

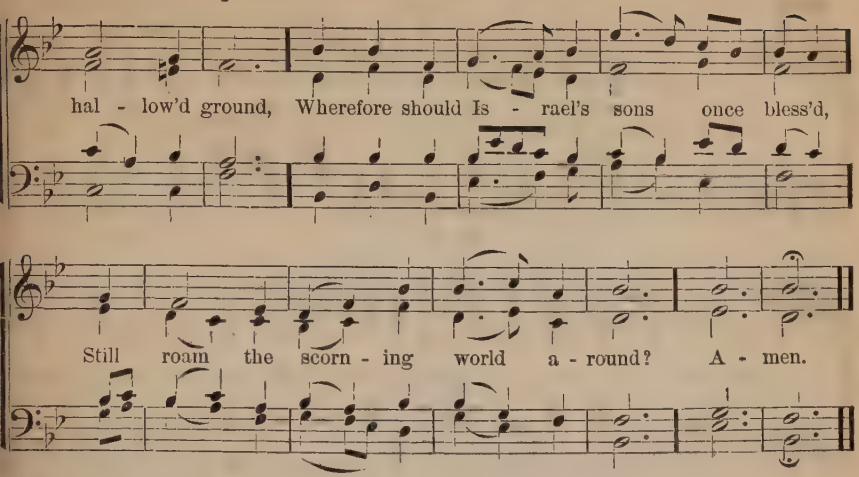
2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land:
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour, we own this debt of love:
O shed thy spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

294. L. M. WARRINGTON.



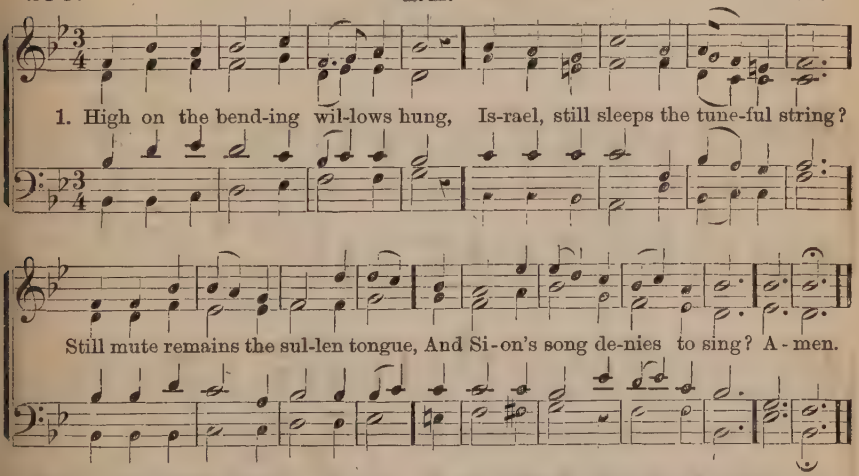


2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace.
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long! [pour.
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

295. L. M. GERMANY.


1. High on the bend-ing wil-lows hung, Is-rael, still sleeps the tune-ful string?
Still mute remains the sul-len tongue, And Si-on's song de-nies to sing? A-men.

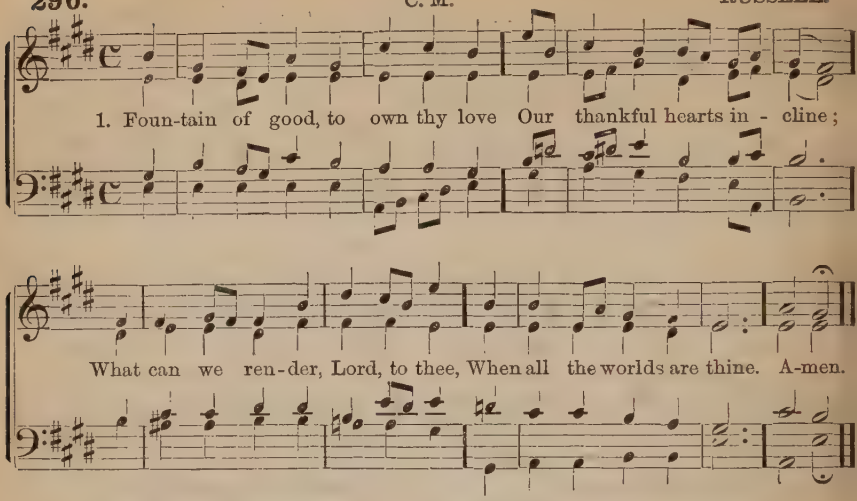
2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing?

296. C. M. RUSSELL.

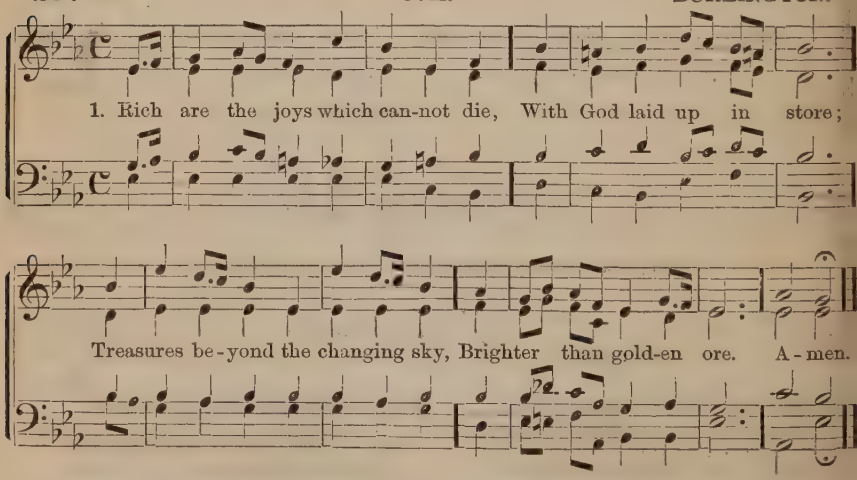

1. Foun-tain of good, to own thy love Our thankful hearts in - cline;
What can we ren-der, Lord, to thee, When all the worlds are thine. A-men.

2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

3 In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed:
And visited, and cheer'd.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see;
For, while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to thee.

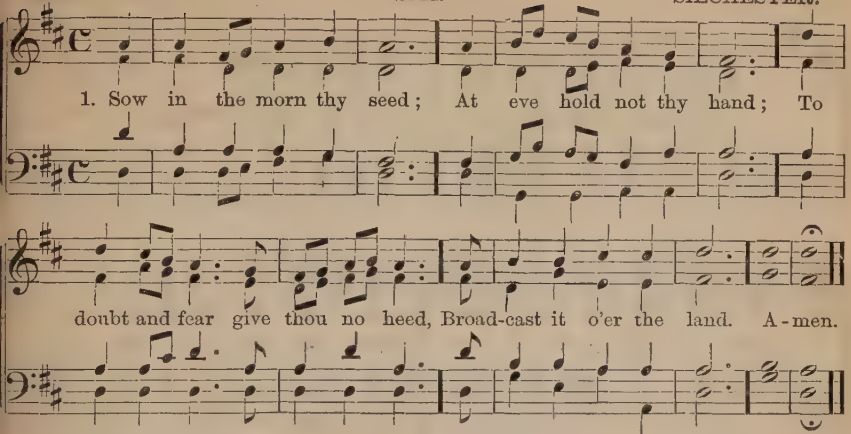
297. C. M. BURLINGTON.


1. Rich are the joys which can-not die, With God laid up in store;
Treasures be-yond the changing sky, Brighter than gold-en ore. A-men.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 All that my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive
Abounding grace repay.

298. S. M. SILCHESTER.

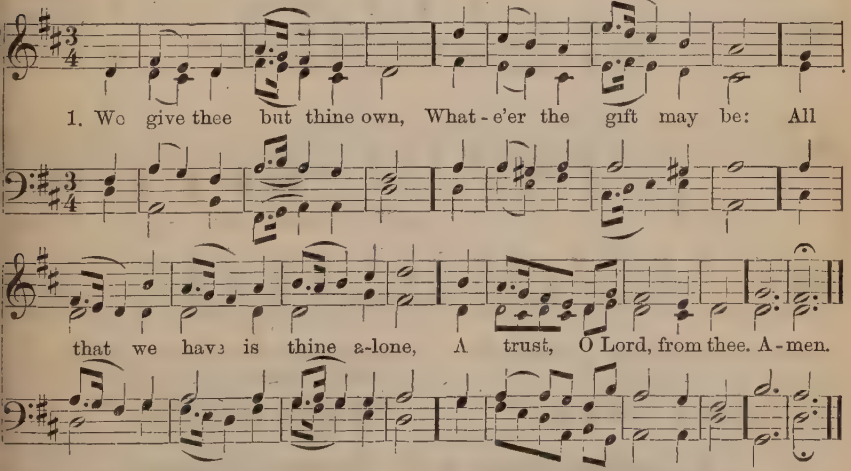


2 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

299. S. M. MOUNT EPHRAIM.



2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

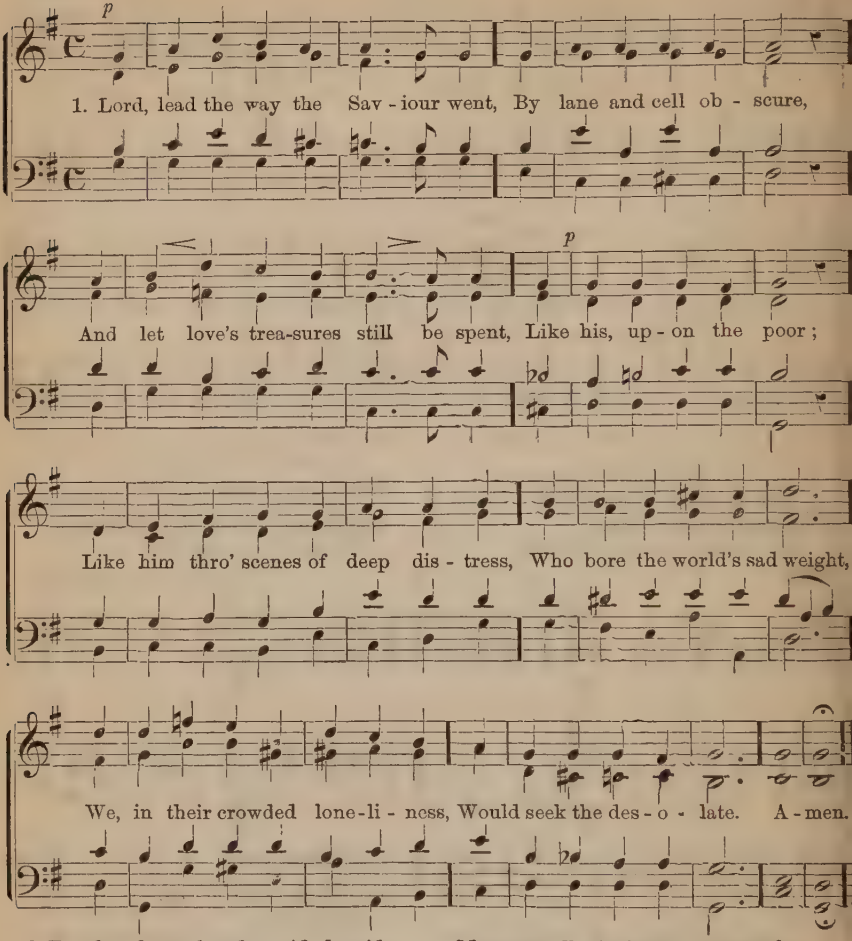
3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

Missions and Charities.

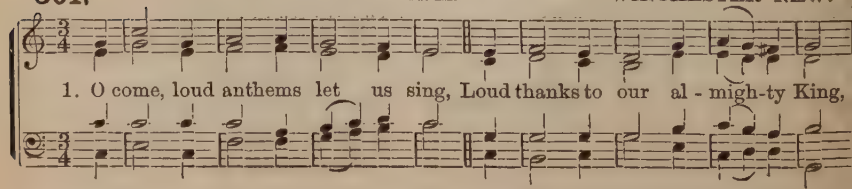
300. D. C. M. ST. LEONARD.

1. Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,
And let love's trea-sures still be spent, Like his, up - on the poor;
Like him thro' scenes of deep dis - tress, Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded lone-li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late. A - men.

2 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

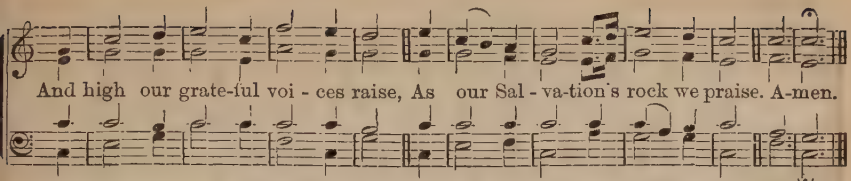
Mean are all offerings we can make,
But thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Thanksgiving and Harvest-Home.

301. L. M. WINCHESTER NEW.



Thanksgiving.

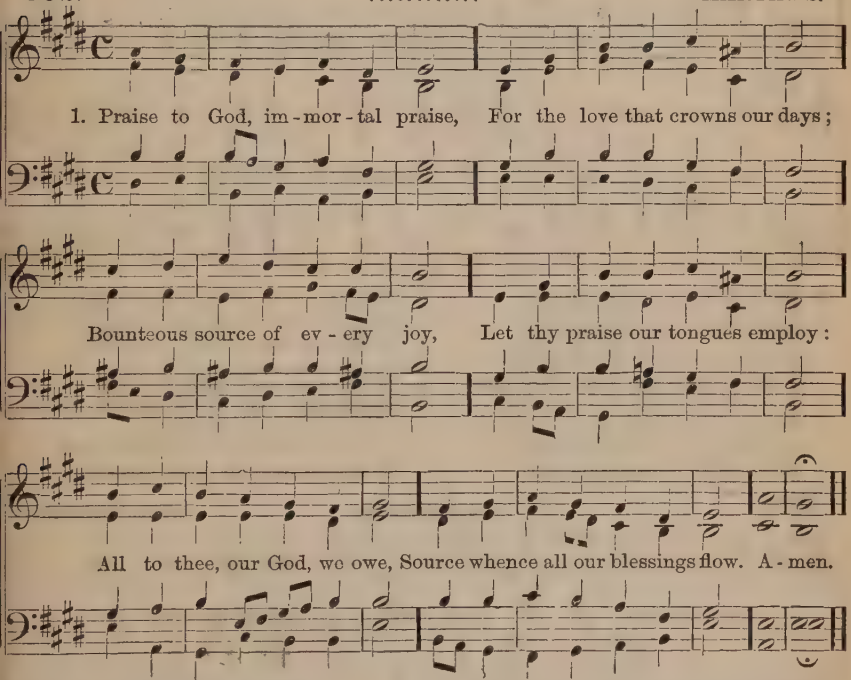


2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.

4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our kne s with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

302. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. MARTINI'S.


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev - ery joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow. A - men.

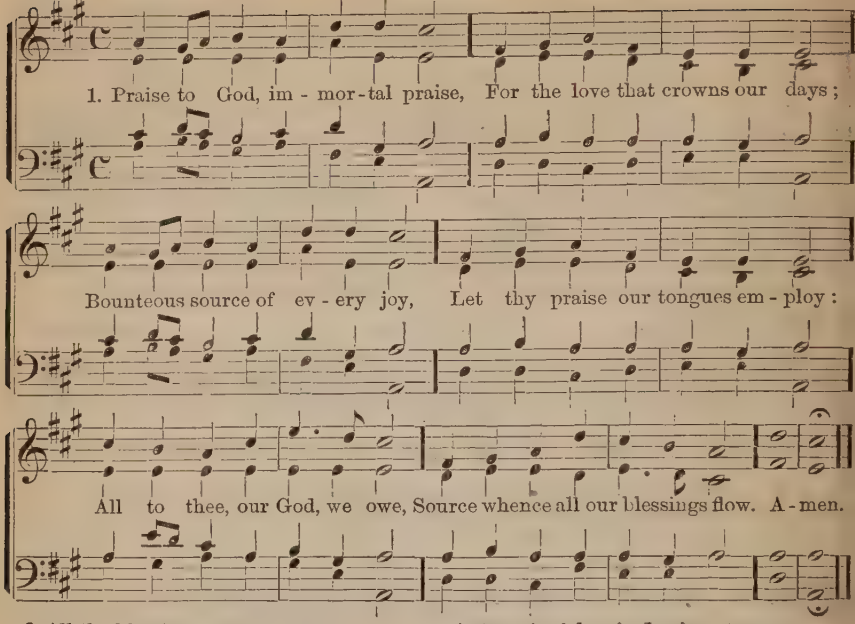
2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Thanksgiving.

302. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. DIX.

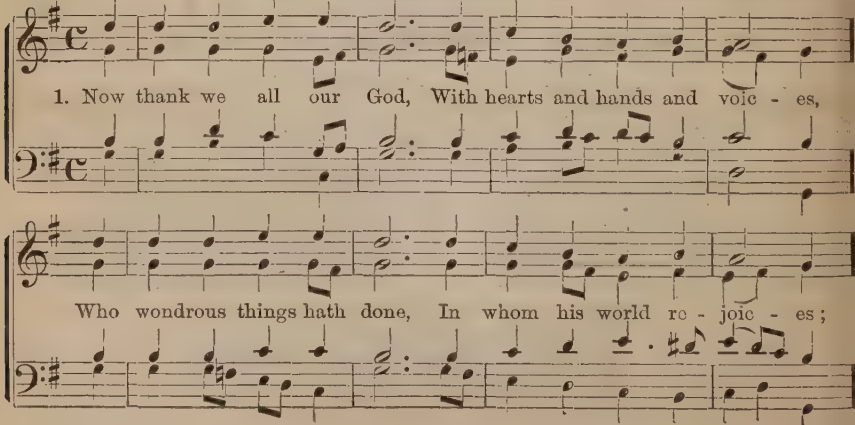

1. Praise to God, im - mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev - ery joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy:
All to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow. A - men.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

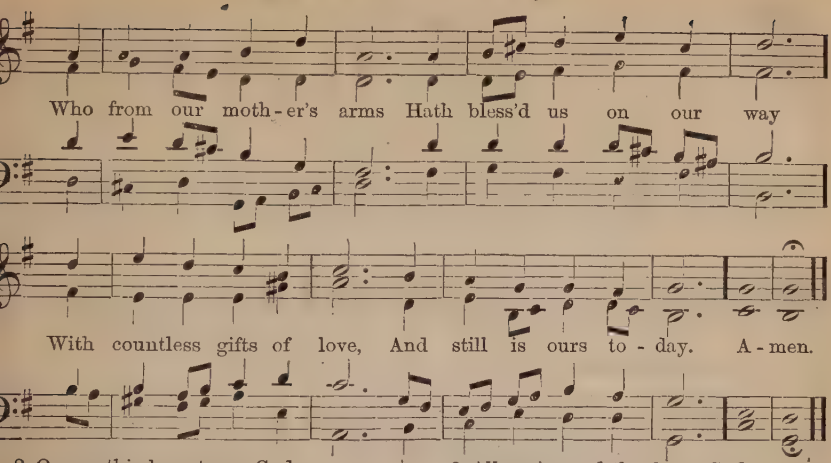
3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

303. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. NUN DANKET.



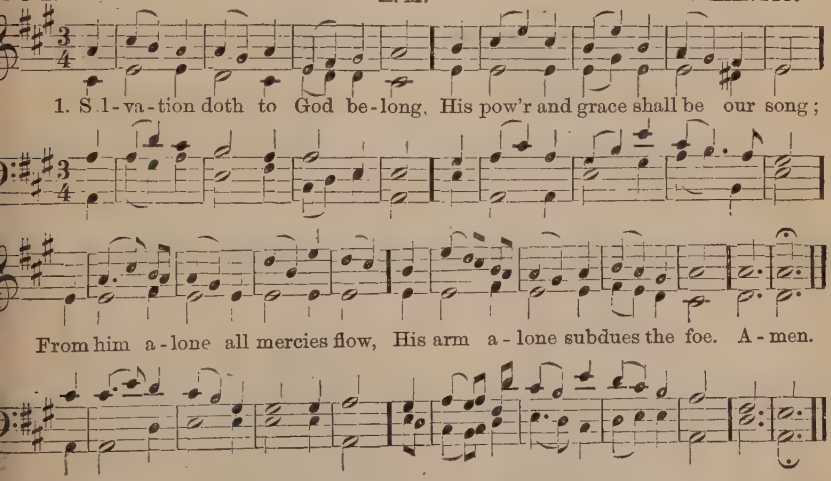
Thanksgiving.



2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

304. L. M. ATLANTIC.

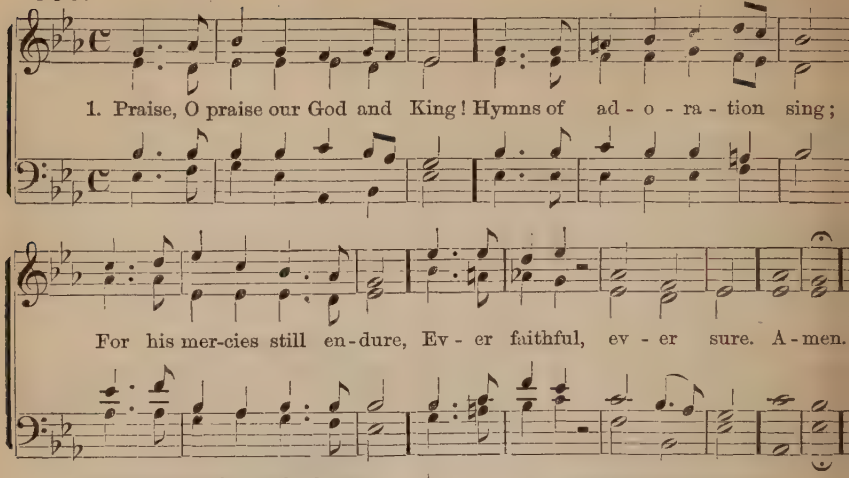

1. Sal-va-tion doth to God be-long, His pow'r and grace shall be our song;
From him a-lone all mercies flow, His arm a-lone subdues the foe. A-men.

Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

Thanksgiving.

305. First Tune. 7.7.7.7. WEST CHESTER.



2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

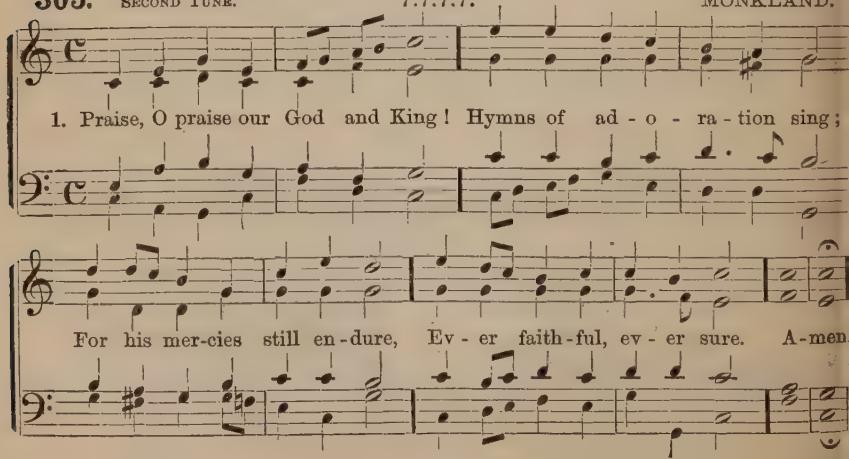
5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise him for our harvest-store
He has fill'd the garner-floor;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

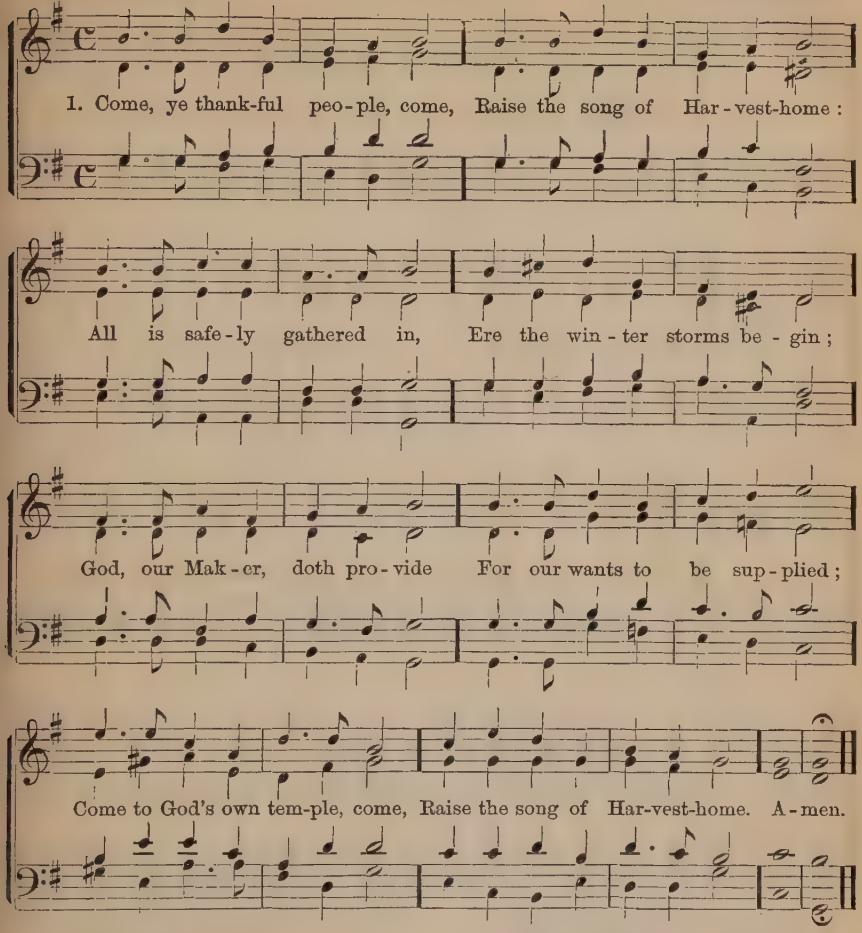
8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

305. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. MONKLAND.



Thanksgiving.

306. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. ST. GEORGE.

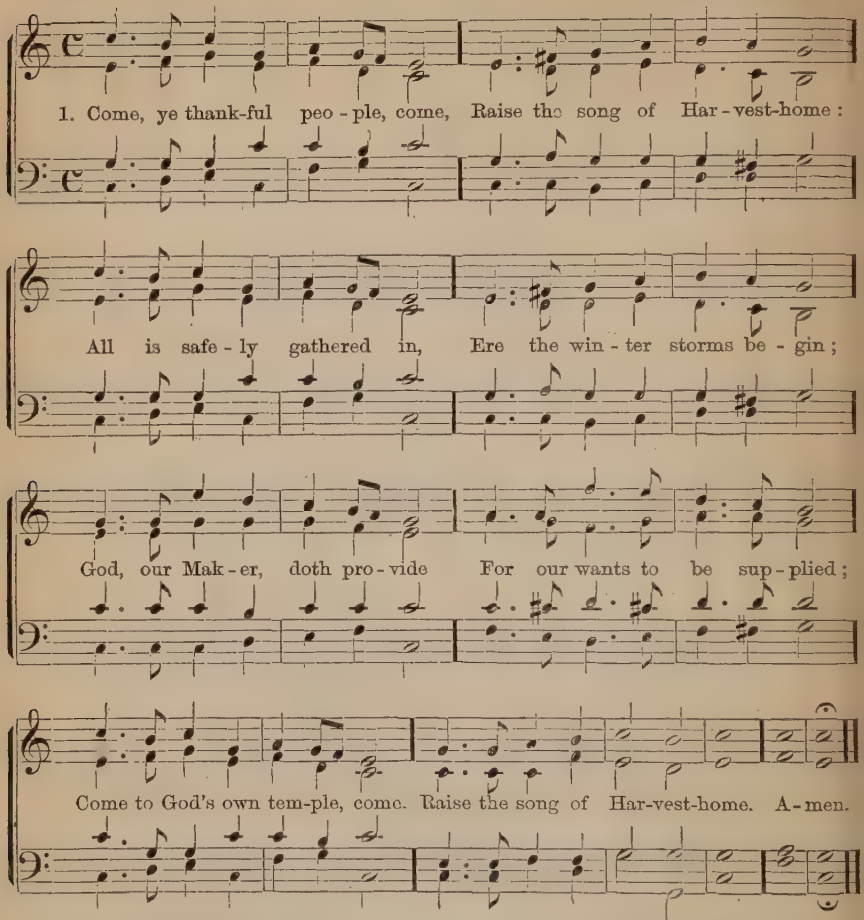

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home:
All is safe-ly gathered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home:
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

Thanksgiving.

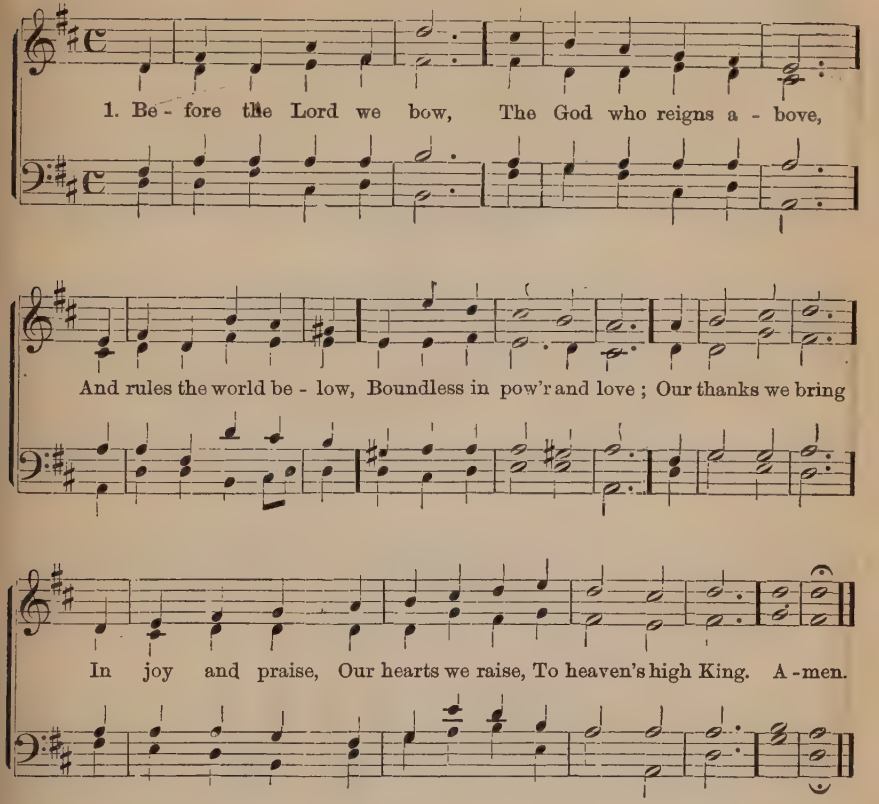
306. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. THANKSGIVING.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home:
All is safe-ly gathered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
Come to God's own tem-ple, come. Raise the song of Har-vest-home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home:
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

307. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. DARWELL.


1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove,
And rules the world be - low, Boundless in pow'r and love; Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise, To heaven's high King. A - men.

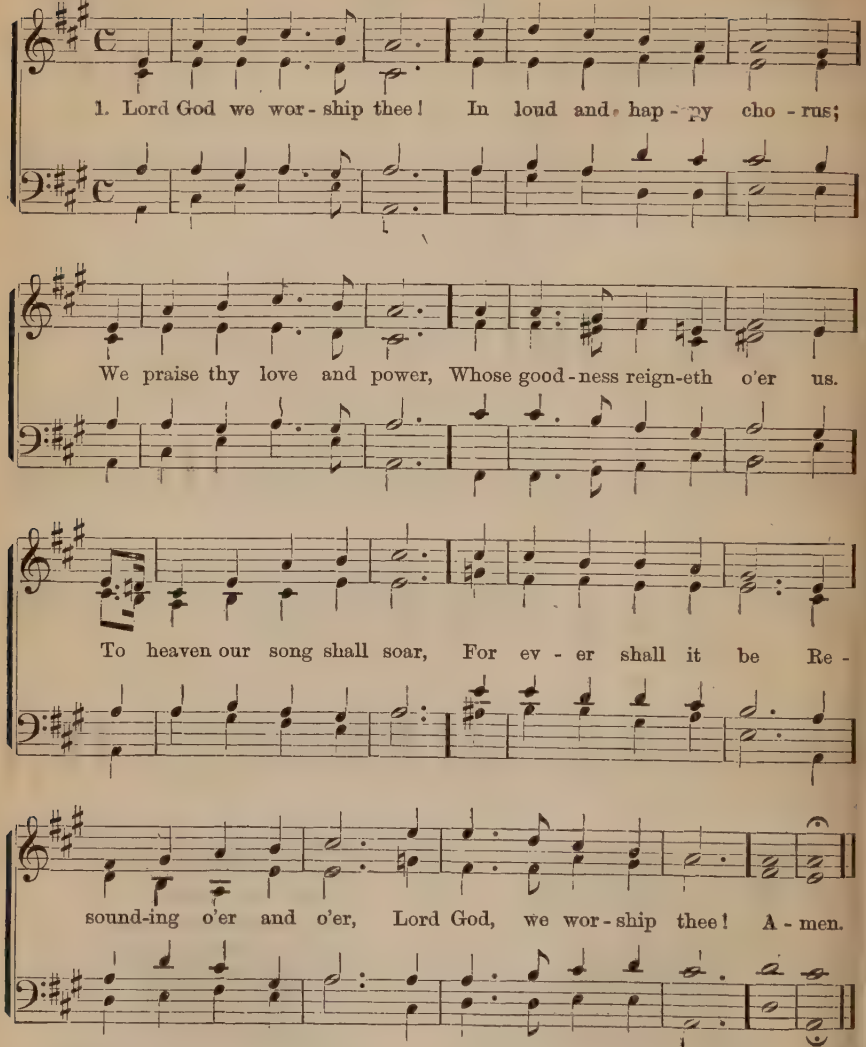
2 The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay—
Gifts of thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone;
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

5 And when in power he comes,
O may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band;
A countless throng
Ever to sing
To heaven's high King
Salvation's song.

308. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. ROSE ST.

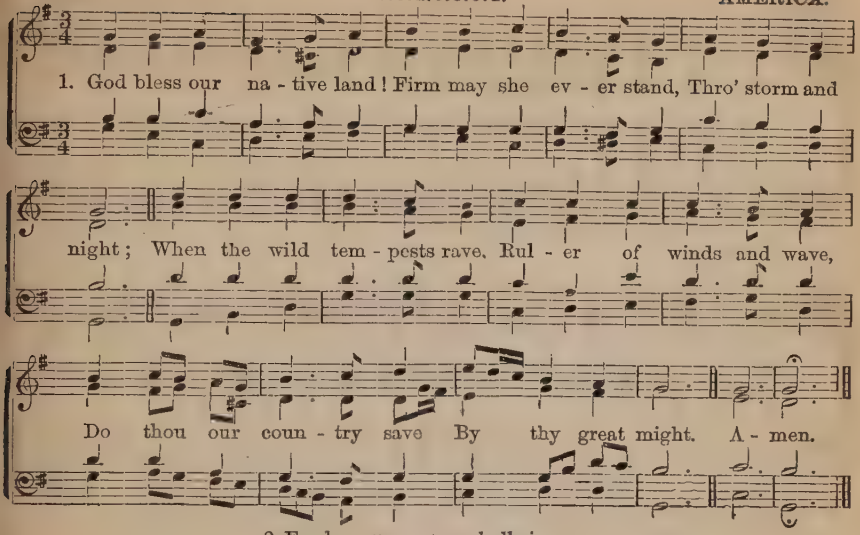

1. Lord God we wor - ship thee! In loud and hap - py cho - rus;
We praise thy love and power, Whose good - ness reign-eth o'er us.
To heaven our song shall soar, For ev - er shall it be Re -
sound-ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor - ship thee! A - men.

2 Lord God, we worship thee!
For thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down thy grace,
And strife and war thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to thee!

3 Lord God, we worship thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still thy anger spares,
And still thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship thee!

National Festivals.

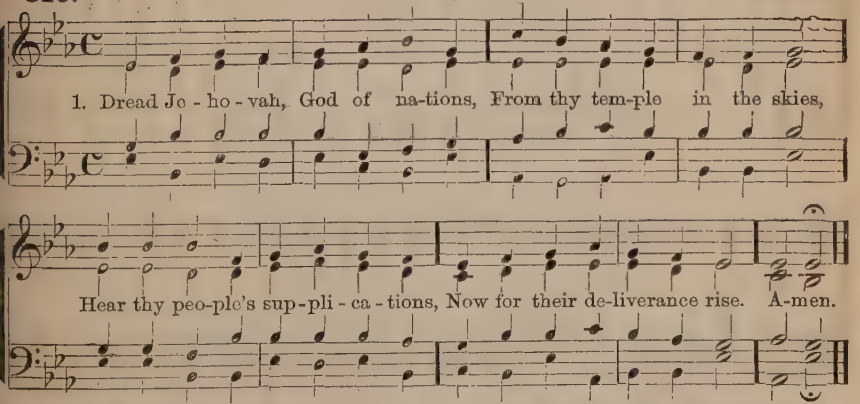
309. 6.6.4.6.6.4. AMERICA.


1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and
night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of winds and wave,
Do thou our coun - try save By thy great might. A - men.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

National Fasts.

310. 8.7.8.7. BATTY.

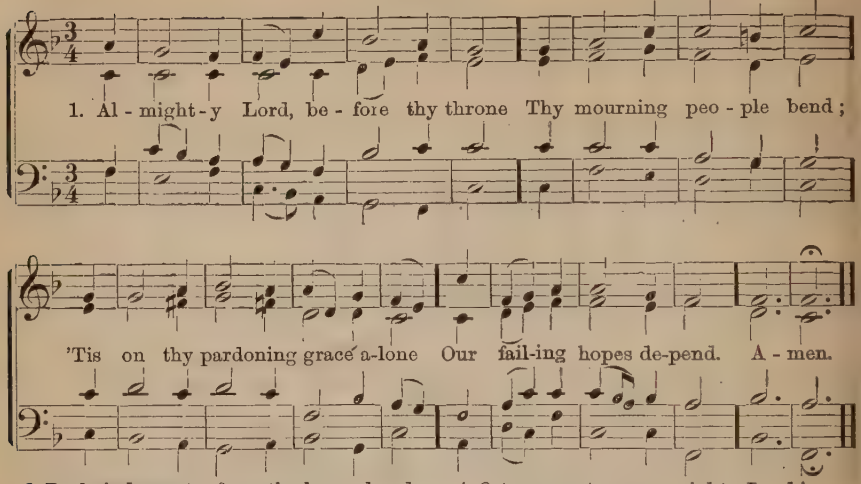

1. Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na-tions, From thy tem-ple in the skies,
Hear thy peo-ple's sup-pli - ca - tions, Now for their de-liverance rise. A-men.

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

311. C. M. NORTHAMPTON.


1. Al - might - y Lord, be - fore thy throne Thy mourning peo - ple bend;
'Tis on thy pardoning grace a-lone Our fail-ing hopes de-pend. A - men.

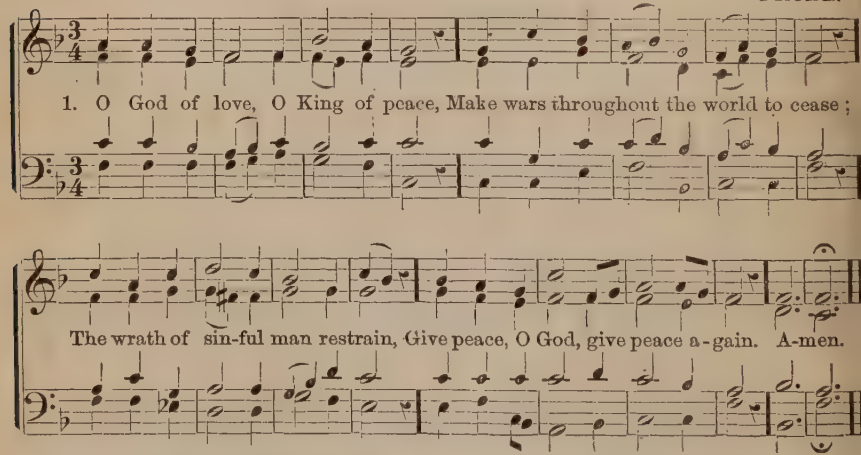
2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

312. L. M. PROAL.

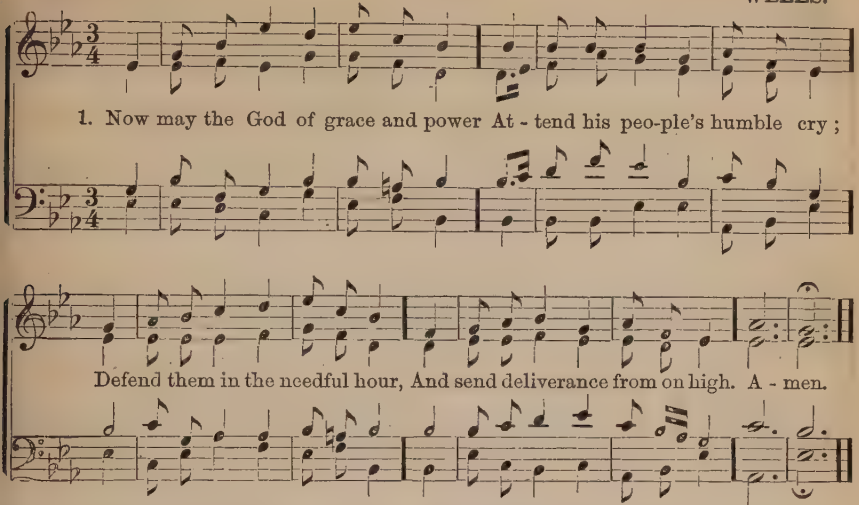

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sin-ful man restrain, Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain. A-men.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

5 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

313. First Tune. L. M. WELLS.

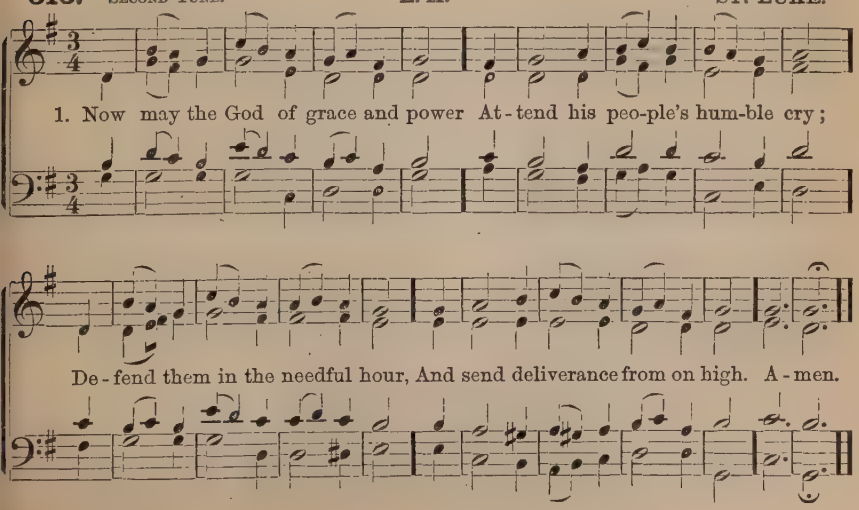

1. Now may the God of grace and power At - tend his peo-ple's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour, And send deliverance from on high. A - men.

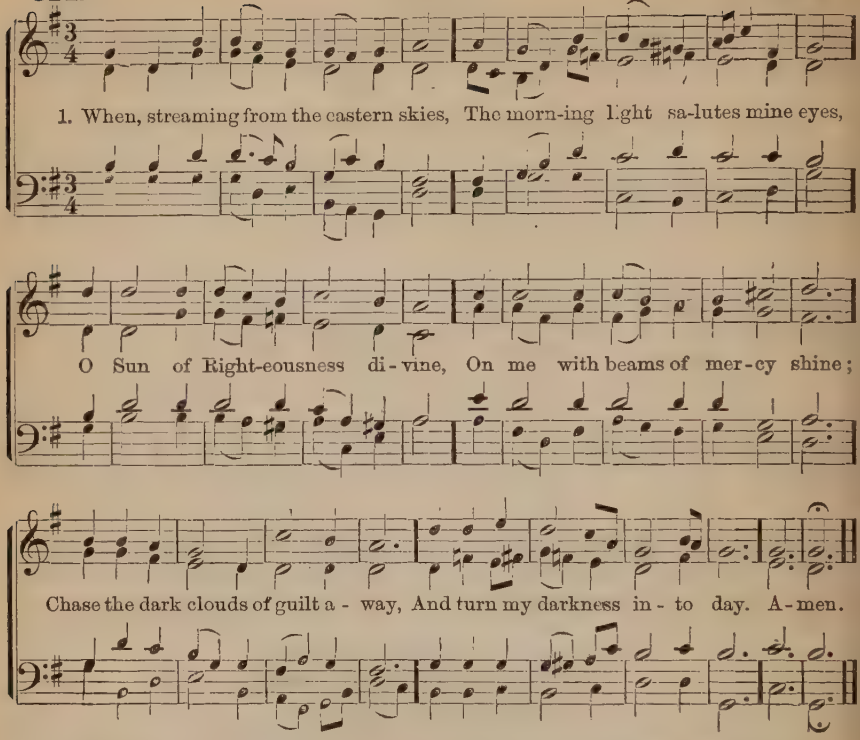
2 In his salvation is our hope:
And in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

313. Second Tune. L. M. ST. LUKE.


1. Now may the God of grace and power At-tend his peo-ple's hum-ble cry;
De-fend them in the needful hour, And send deliverance from on high. A-men.

314. 8.8.8.8.8.8. JACKSON.

1. When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Right-eousness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my darkness in-to day. A-men.

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or langour settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, opprest,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

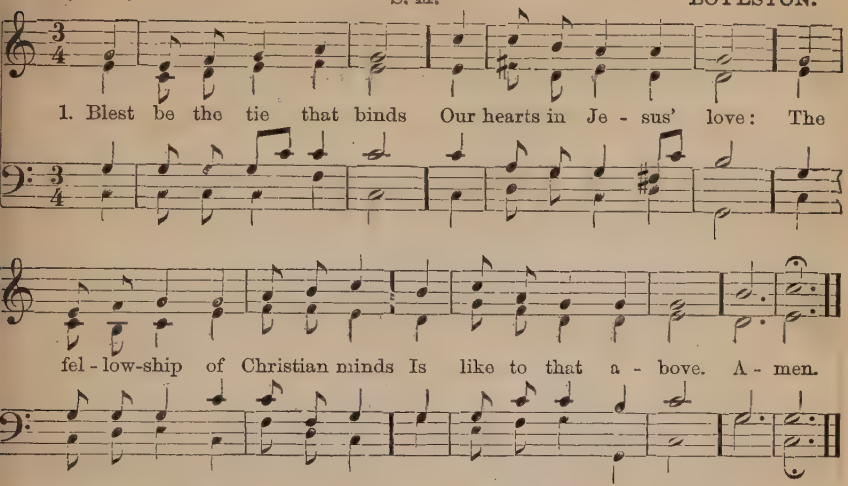
5 Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings on my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

315. S. M. BOYLSTON.



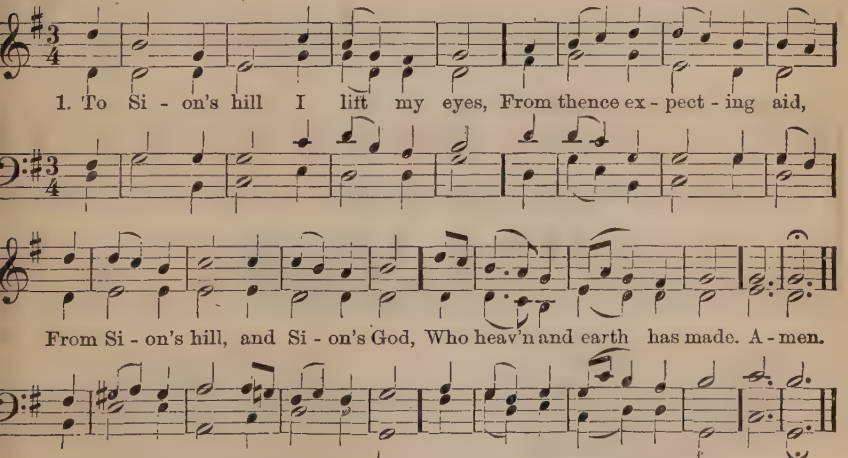
Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

316. C. M. BISHOPSTHORP.

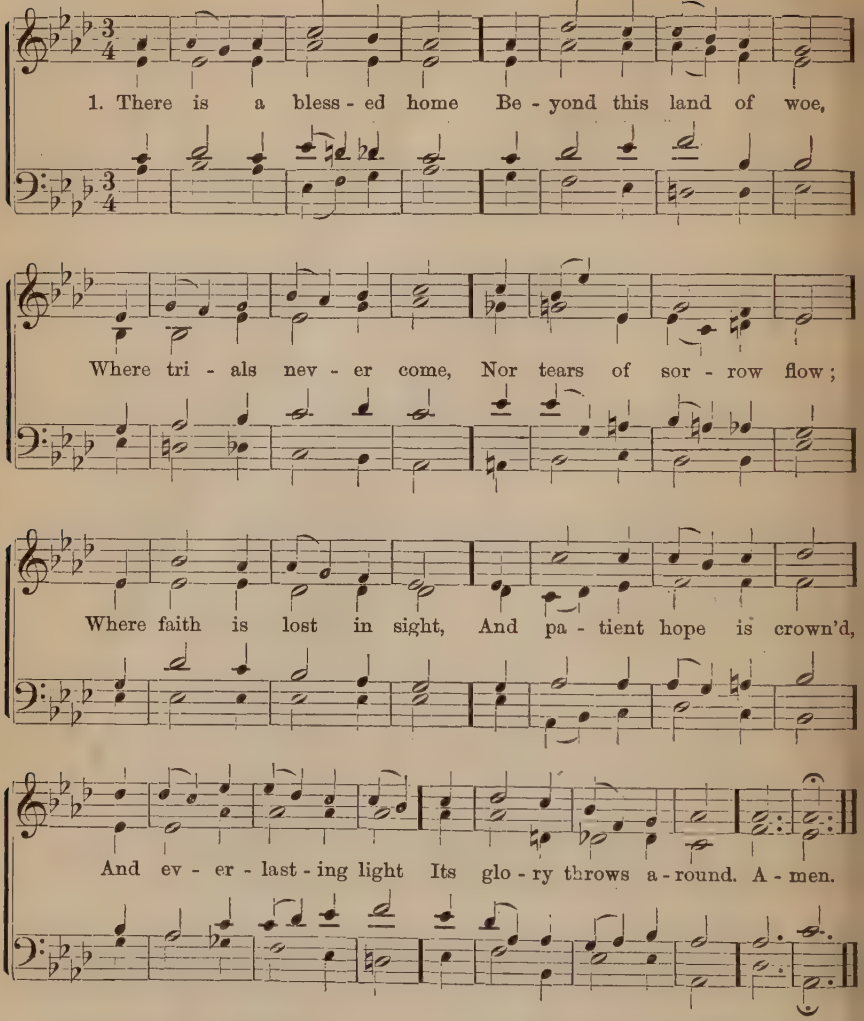


He will not let thy foot he moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favour'd Israel keep.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

317. 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6. PAX.

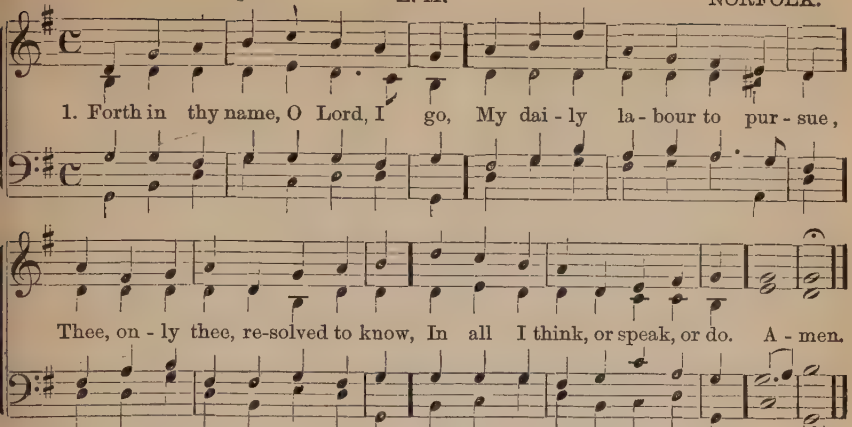

1. There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,
Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,
And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A - men.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

318. L. M. NORFOLK.



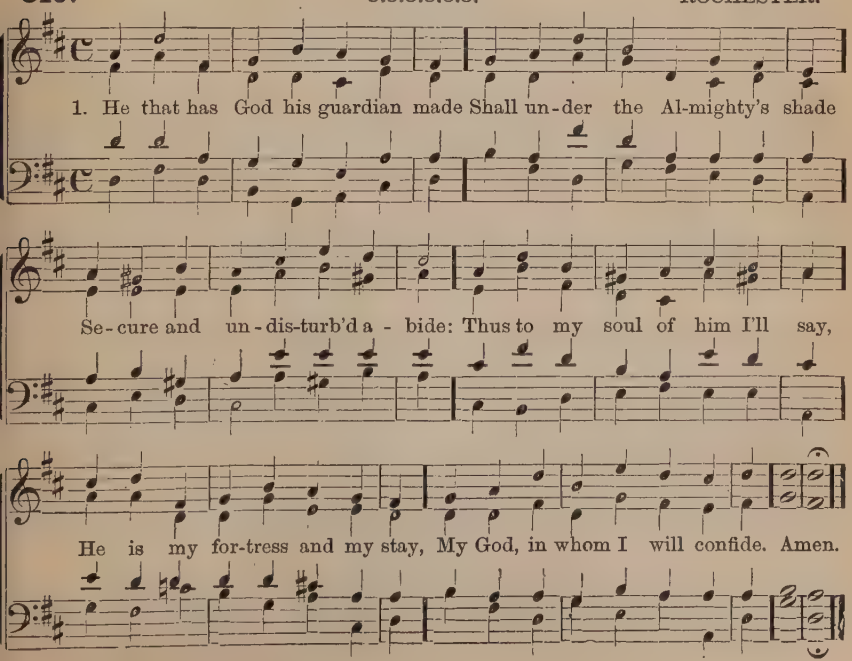
2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

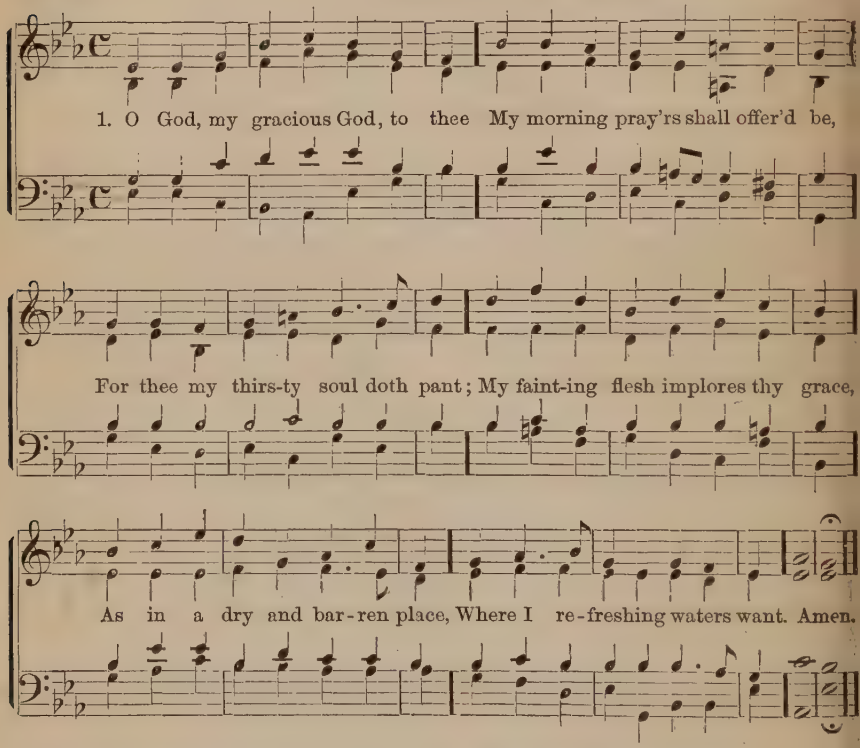
319. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ROCHESTER.


1. He that has God his guardian made Shall un - der the Al-mighty's shade
Se - cure and un - dis-turb'd a - bide: Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my for-tress and my stay, My God, in whom I will confide. Amen.

2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
Thy refuge, even God most high;
Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
Nor to thy heaven-protected home
Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

320. 8.8.8.8.8.8. CHRIST CHURCH (Ouseley).

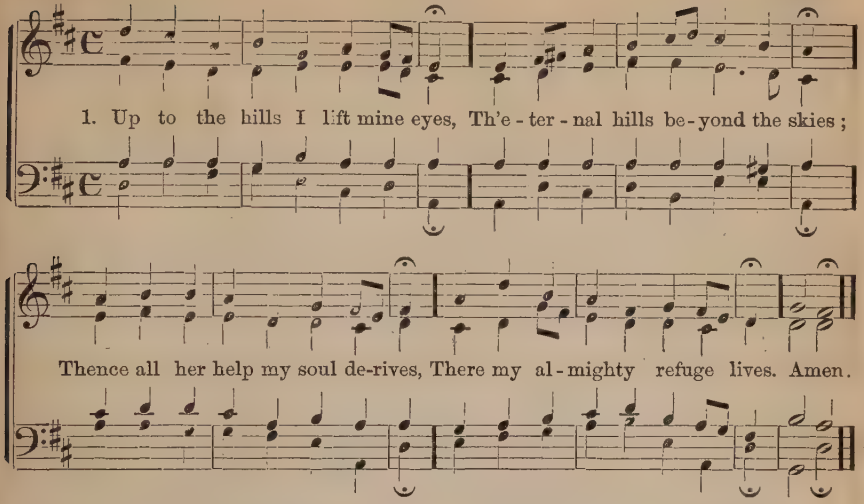

1. O God, my gracious God, to thee My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be,
For thee my thirs-ty soul doth pant; My faint-ing flesh implores thy grace,
As in a dry and bar-ren place, Where I re-freshing waters want. Amen.

2 O to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays;
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name:
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night,
Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

321. L. M. ST. GABRIEL.

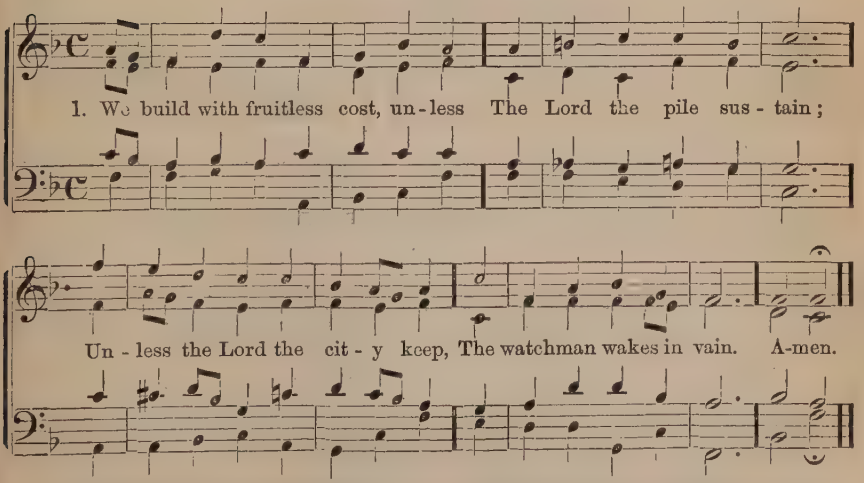

1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th'e - ter - nal hills be - yond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul de-rives, There my al - mighty refuge lives. Amen.

2 He lives—the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

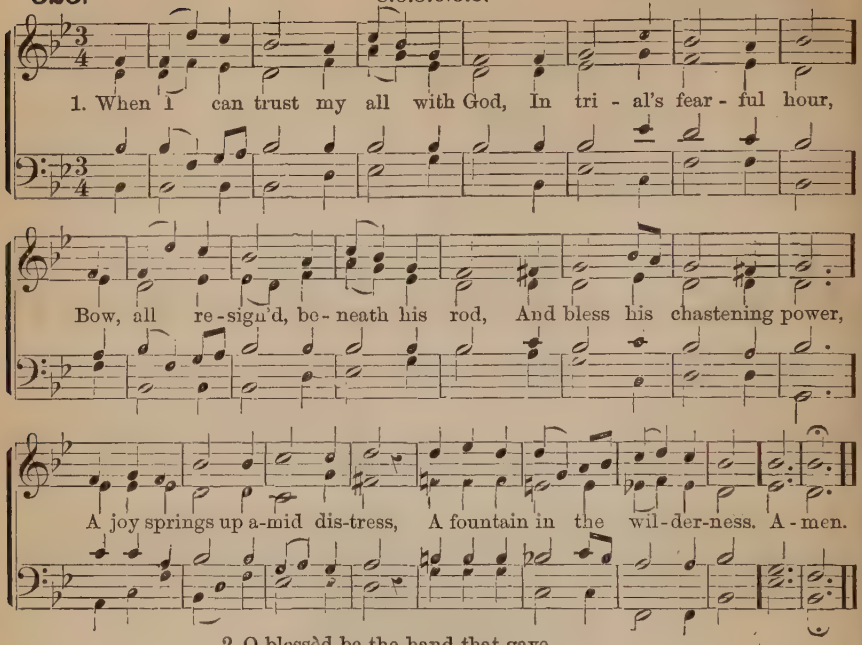
322. C. M. HOLY INNOCENTS.


1. We build with fruitless cost, un - less The Lord the pile sus - tain;
Un - less the Lord the cit - y keep, The watchman wakes in vain. A-men.

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

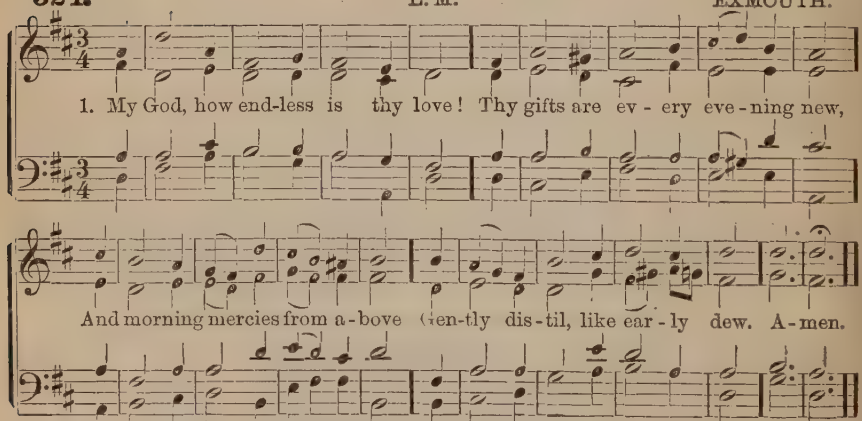
3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with sweet repose.

323. 8.6.8.6.8.8. RESIGNATION.


1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour,
Bow, all re-sign'd, be-neath his rod, And bless his chastening power,
A joy springs up a-mid dis-tress, A fountain in the wil-der-ness. A-men.

2 O blessèd be the hand that gave,
Still blessèd when it takes;
Blessèd be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

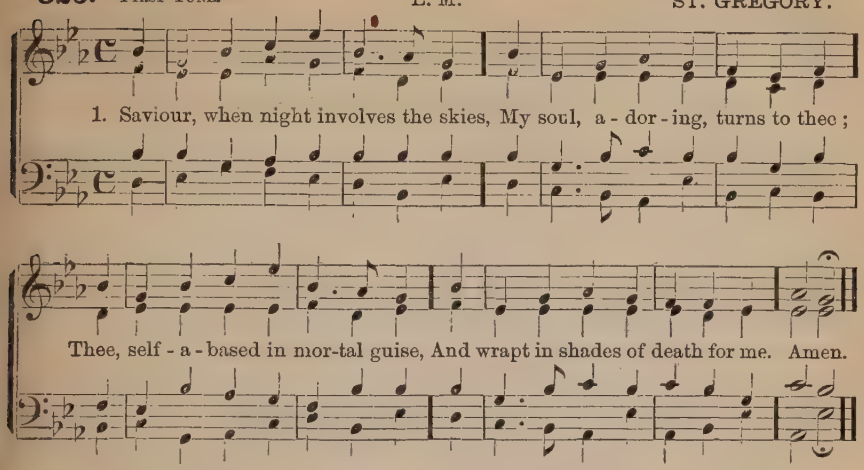
324. L. M. EXMOUTH.


1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve-ning new,
And morning mercies from a-bove gen-tly dis-til, like ear - ly dew. A-men.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

325. First Tune. L. M. ST. GREGORY.

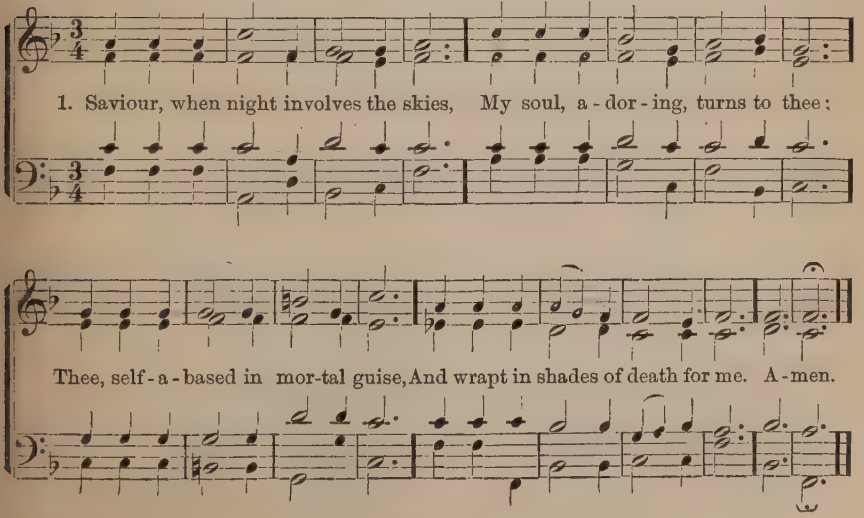

1. Saviour, when night involves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing, turns to thee;
Thee, self - a - based in mor-tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. Amen.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

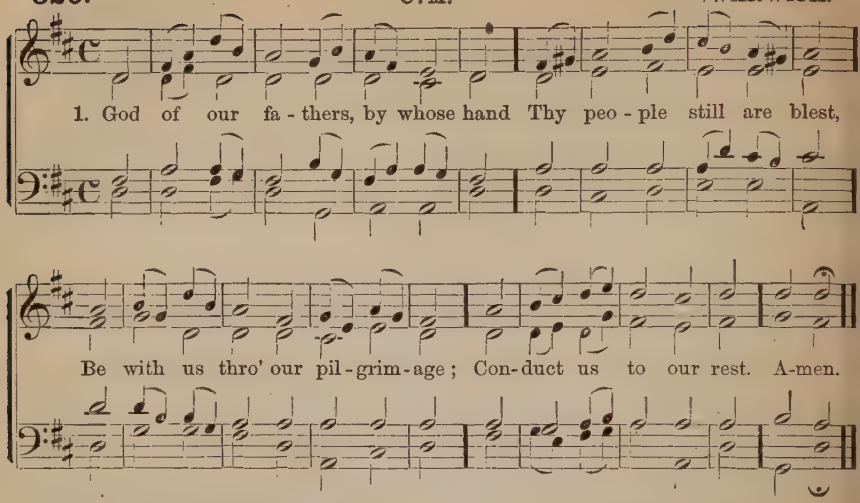
3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

325. Second Tune. L. M. QUEBEC.


1. Saviour, when night involves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing, turns to thee;
Thee, self - a - based in mor-tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. A - men.

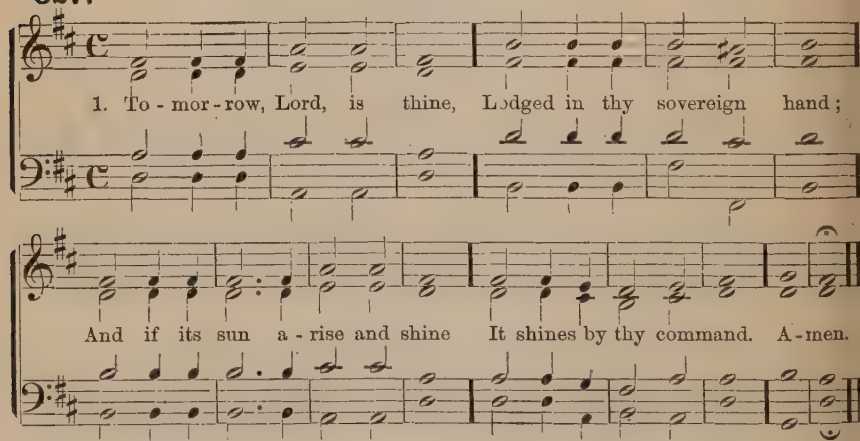
326. C.M. WARWICK.



2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

327. S.M. SHAWMUT.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

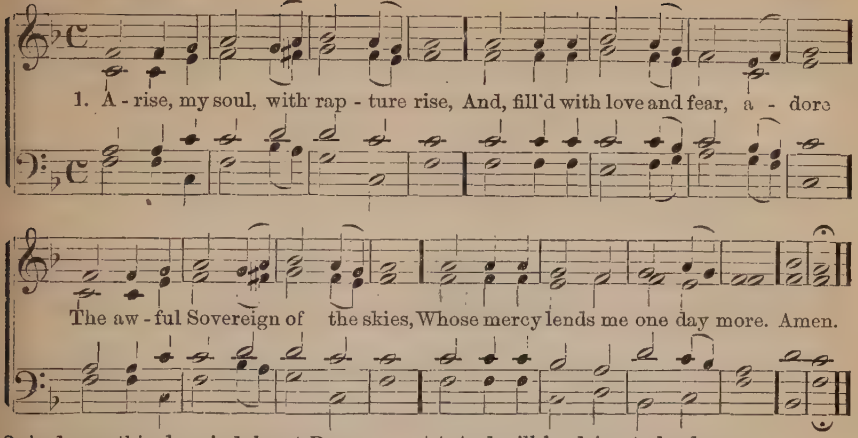
3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

Morning.

328. First Tune. L. M. HAMBURGH.


1. A - rise, my soul, with rap - ture rise, And, fill'd with love and fear, a - dore
The aw - ful Sovereign of the skies, Whose mercy lends me one day more. Amen.

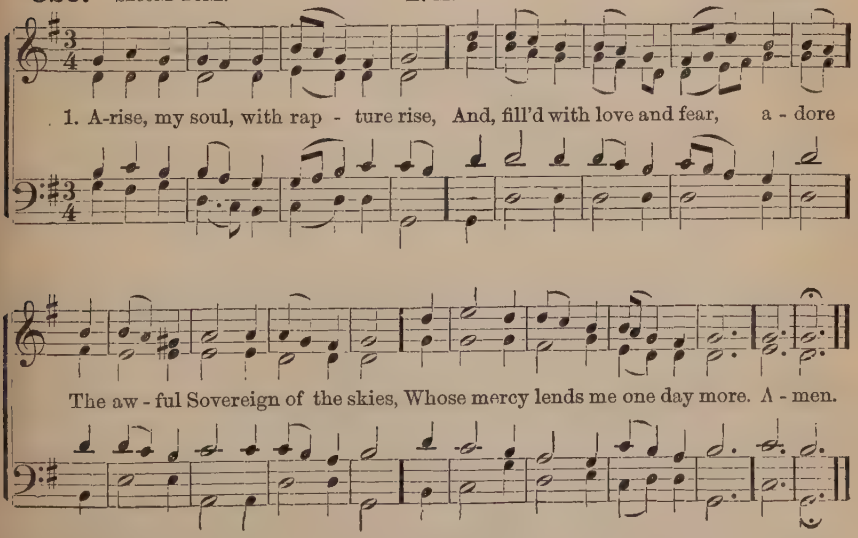
2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.

3 But can it be? That power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise.

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor sinful mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

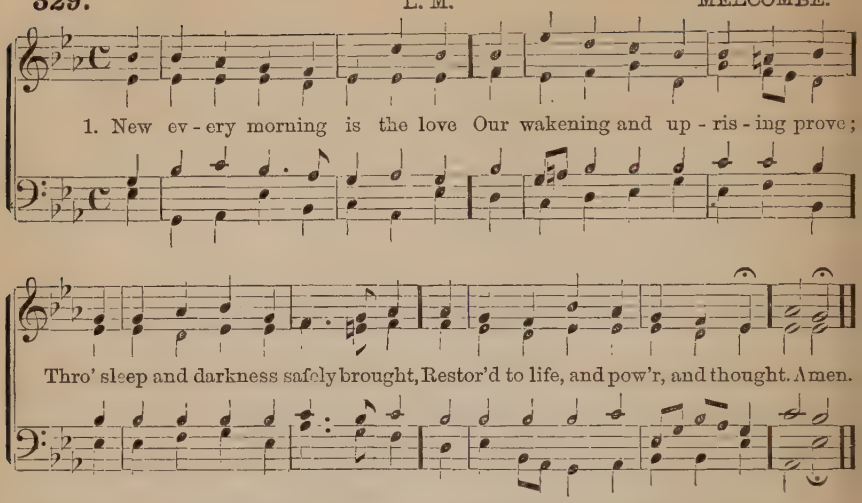
5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

328. Second Tune. L. M. WHITELAND.


1. A-rise, my soul, with rap - ture rise, And, fill'd with love and fear, a - dore
The aw - ful Sovereign of the skies, Whose mercy lends me one day more. A - men.

Morning.

329. L. M. MELCOMBE.


1. New ev - ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought. Amen.

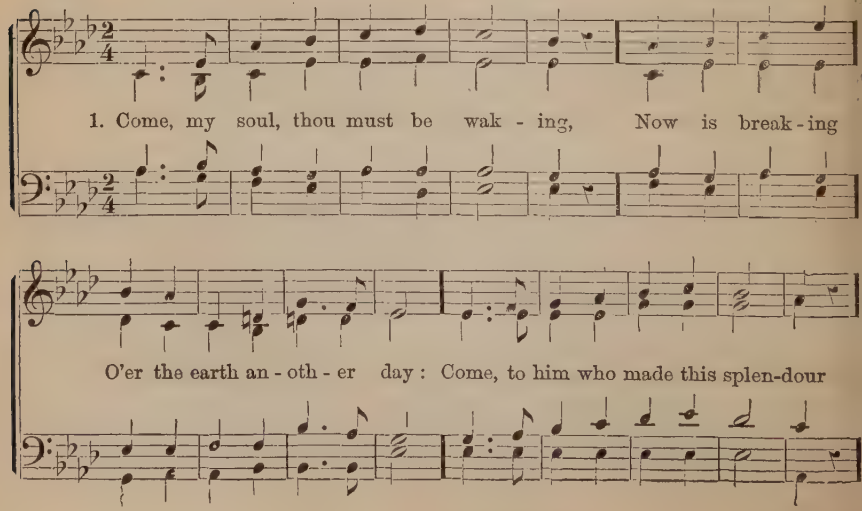
2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

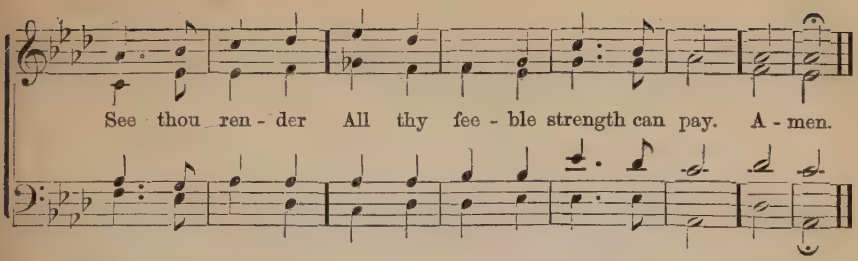
4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves: a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

330. 8.4.7.8.4.7. COURTLAND.



Morning.



2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended?
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

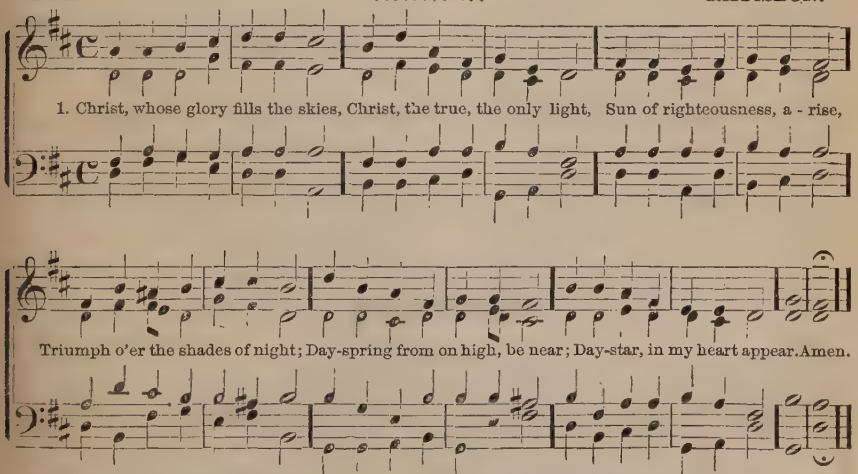
4 Think that he thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

7 Glory, honour, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run.

331. 7.7.7.7.7.7. RATISBON.

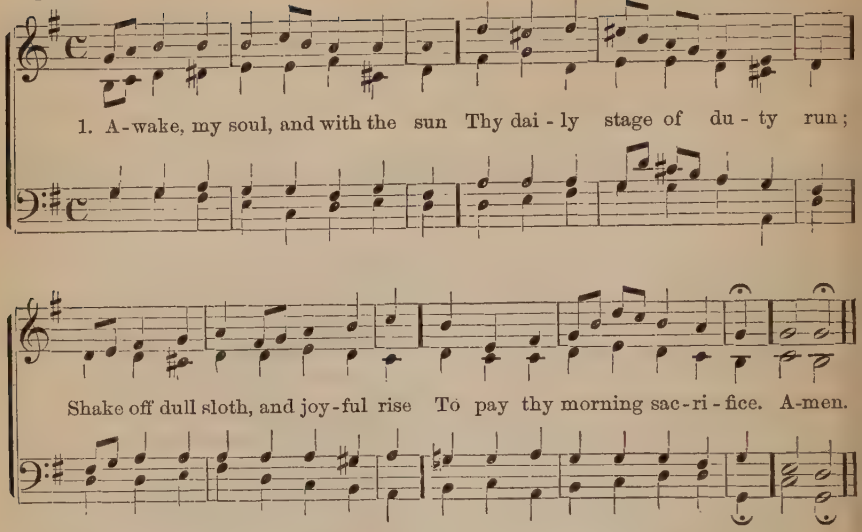

1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light, Sun of righteousness, a - rise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart appear. Amen.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Morning.

332. L. M. MORNING HYMN.


1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morning sac-ri-fice. A-men.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
"Glory to thee, eternal King."

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

6 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

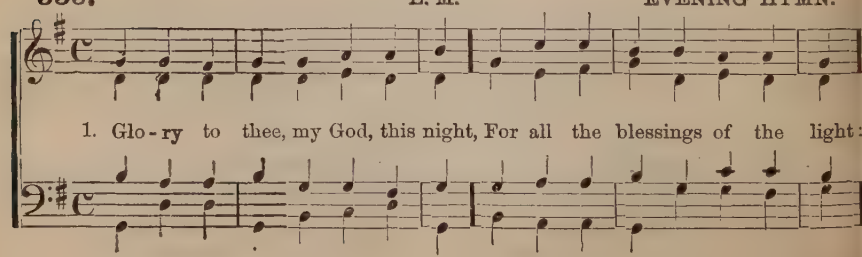
7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

8 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

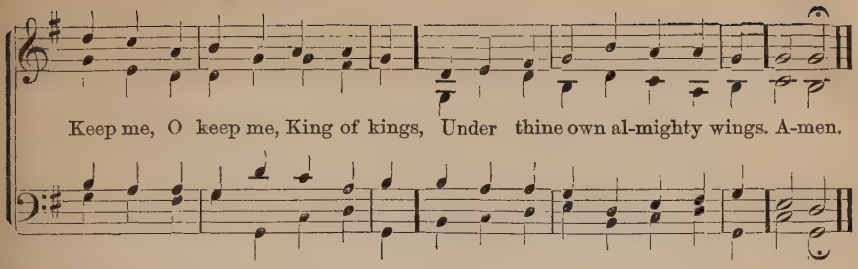
9 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Evening.

333. L. M. EVENING HYMN.



Evening.



2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

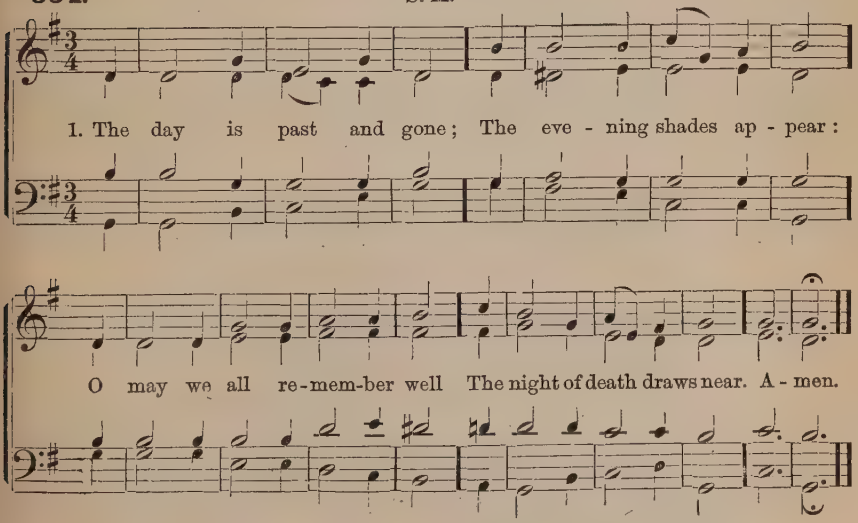
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

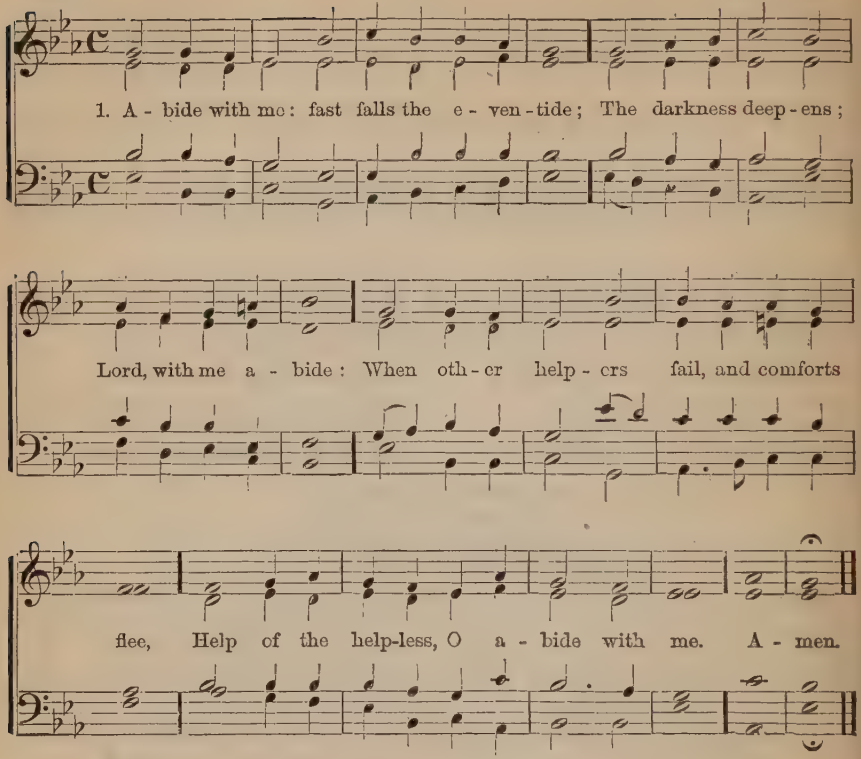
334. S. M. MARSHALL.



2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

Evening.

335. 10.10.10.10. EVENTIDE.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens;
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts
flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

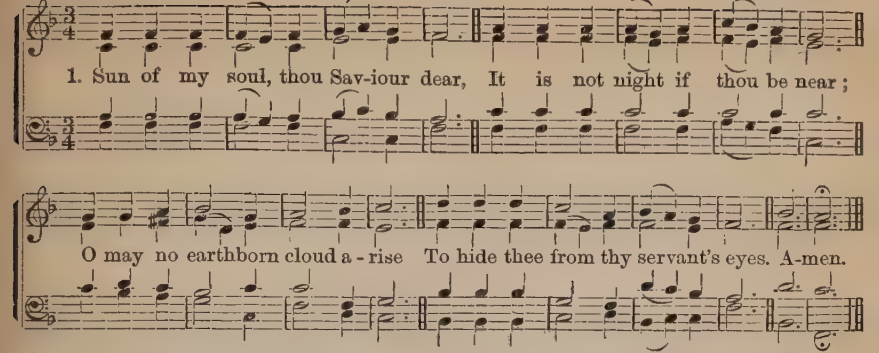
4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Evening.

336.

L. M. HURSLEY.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earthborn cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes. A-men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

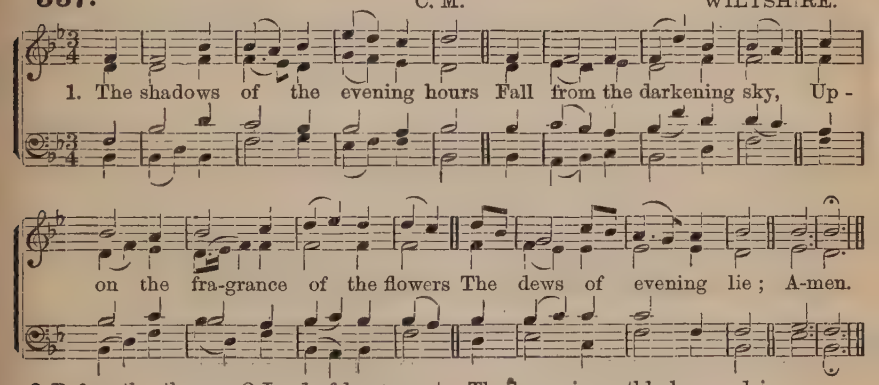
4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

337.

C. M. WILTSHIRE.


1. The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the darkening sky, Up-
on the fra-grance of the flowers The dews of evening lie; A-men.

2 Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

3 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;

4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;

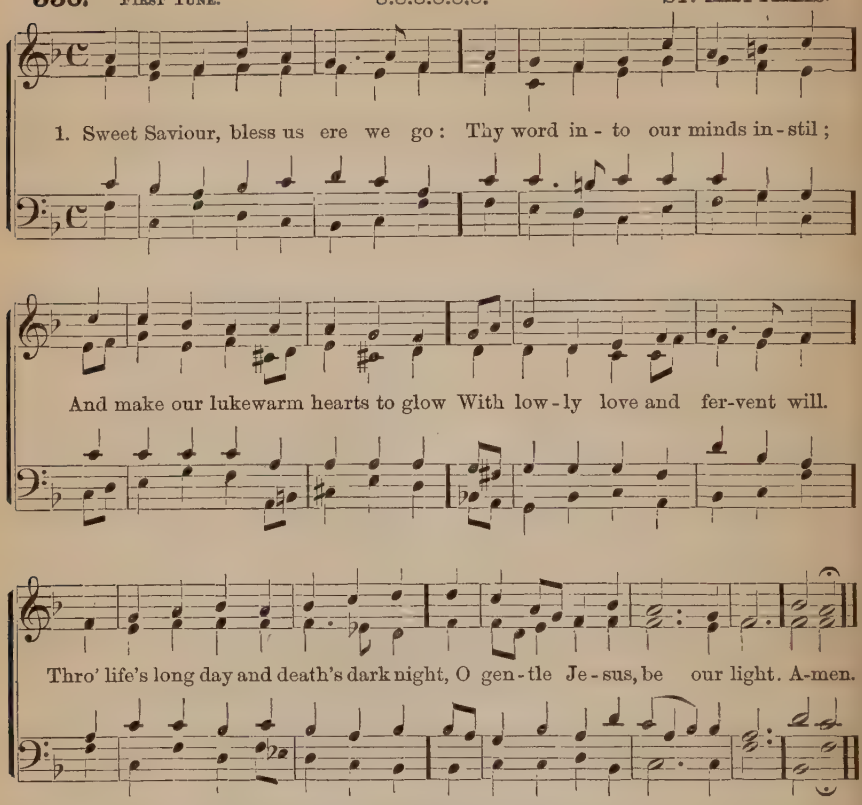
6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

Evening.

338. First Tune. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ST. MATTHIAS.


1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer-vent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A-men.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

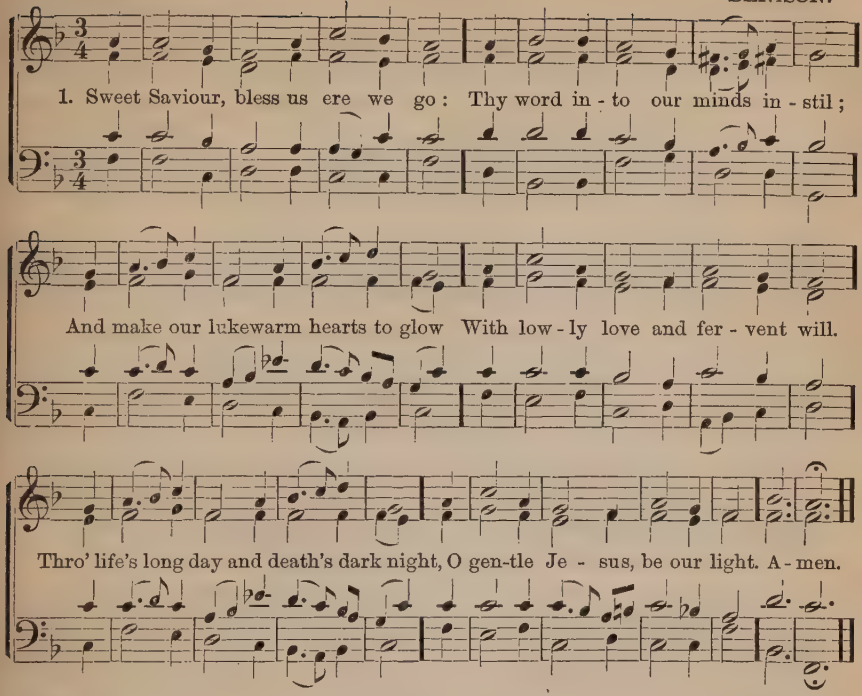
4 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toil'd;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

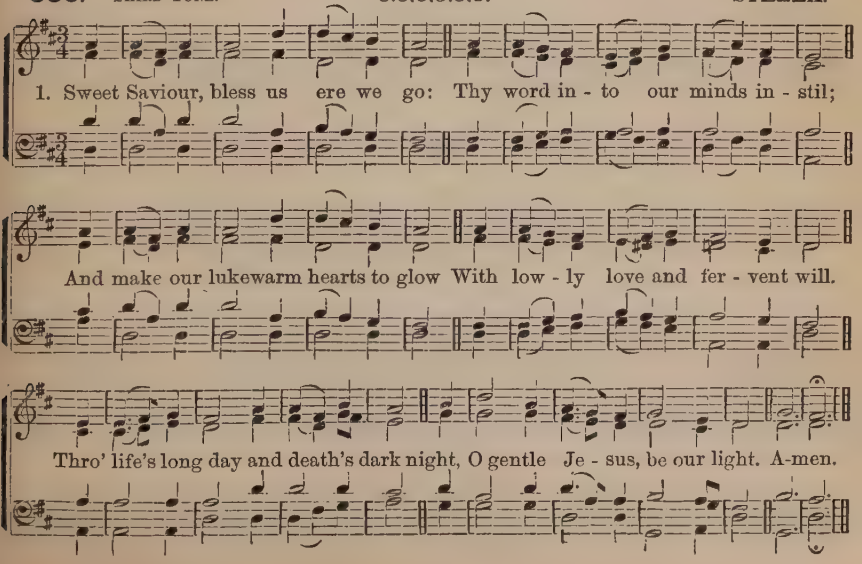
6 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Evening.

338. SECOND TUNE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. BENISON.

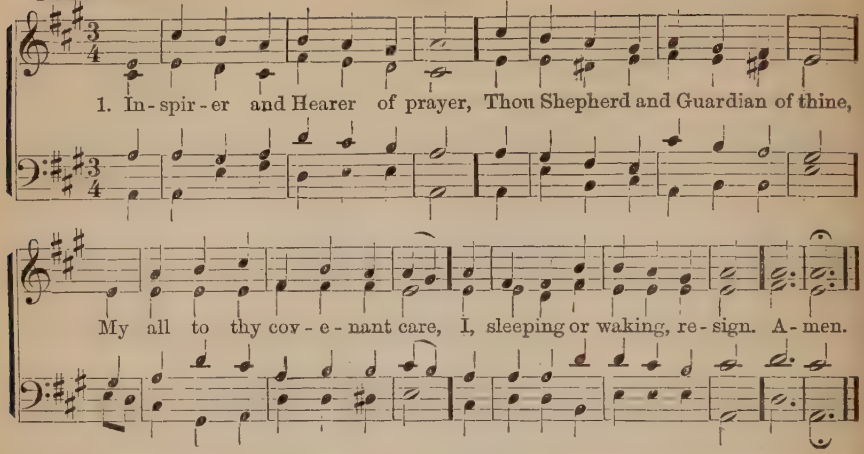

1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je - sus, be our light. A - men.

338. THIRD TUNE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. STELLA.


1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Je - sus, be our light. A-men.

Evening.

339. First Tune. 8.8.8.8. DEVOTION.


1. In-spir-er and Hearer of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy cov-e-nant care, I, sleeping or waking, re-sign. A-men.

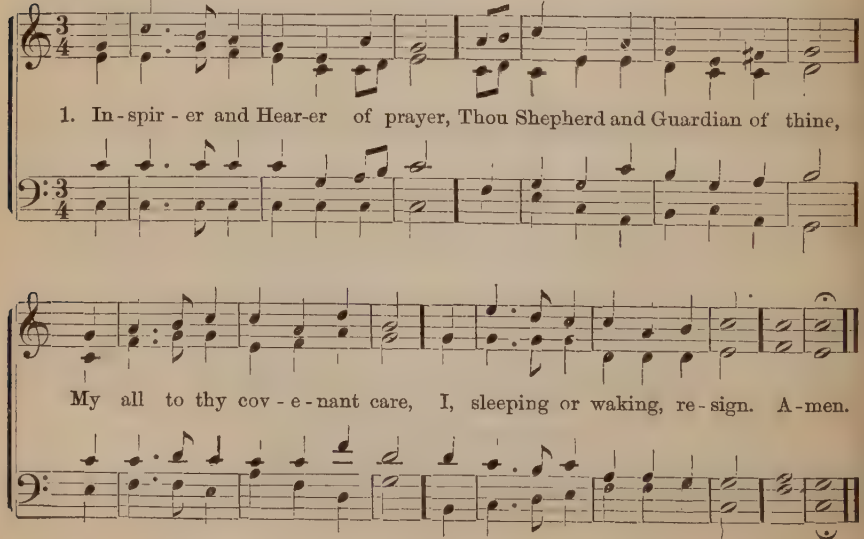
2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee

3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

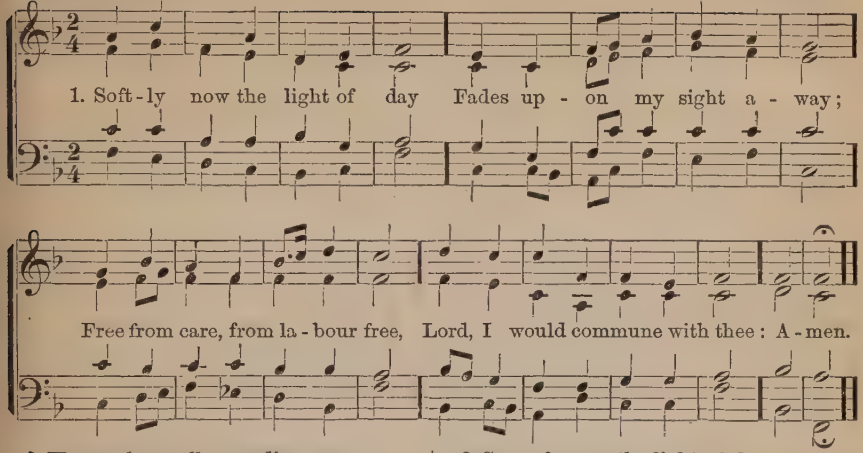
5 All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

339. Second Tune. 8.8.8.8. TABOR.


1. In-spir-er and Hear-er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy cov-e-nant care, I, sleeping or waking, re-sign. A-men.

Evening.

340. First Tune. 7.7.7.7. VESPERS.

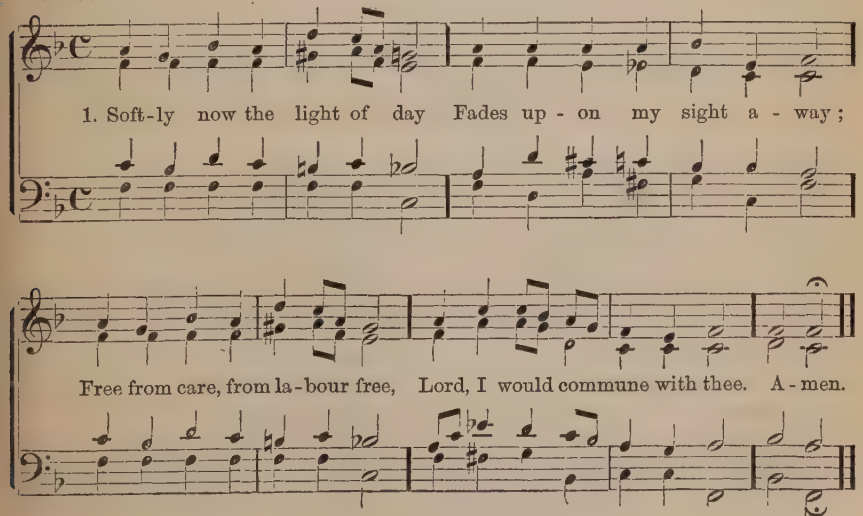


2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

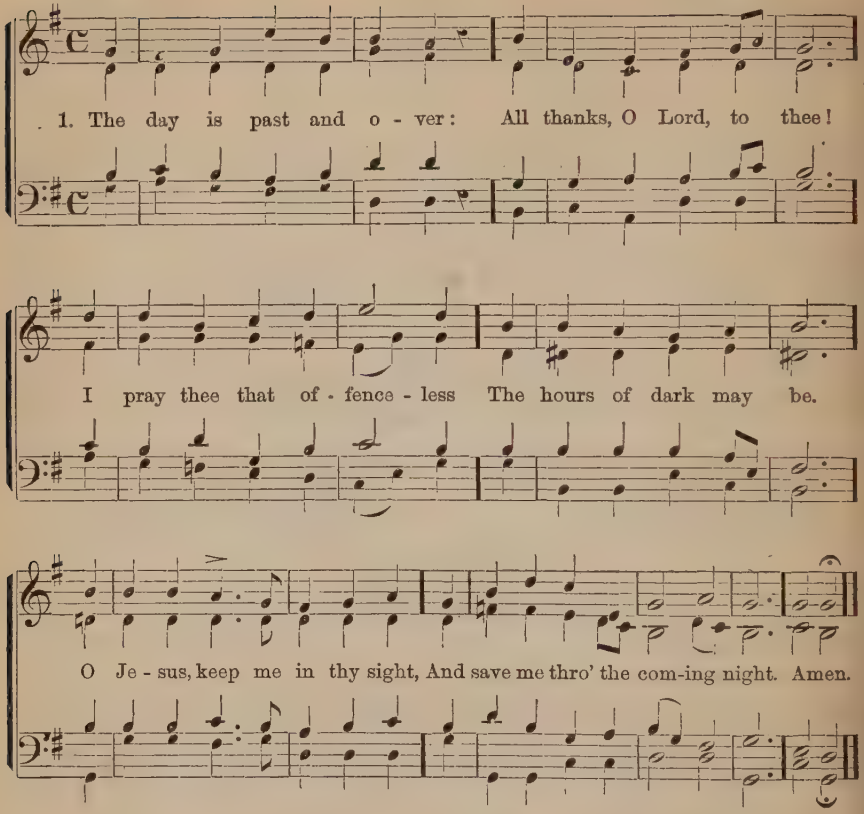
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

340. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. WEBER.



Evening.

341. 7.6.7.6.8.8. ST. ANATOLIUS.

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
I pray thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
O Je - sus, keep me in thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night. Amen.

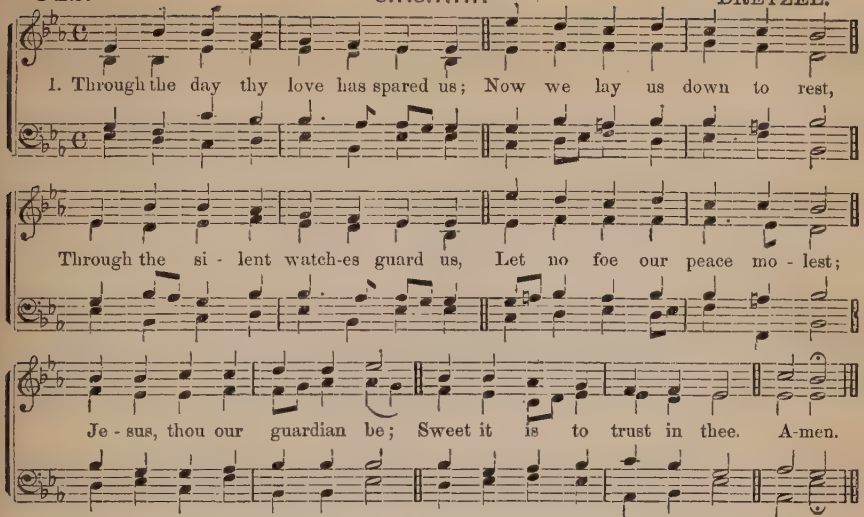
2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to thee;
And call on thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"Against him I have now prevailed:
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

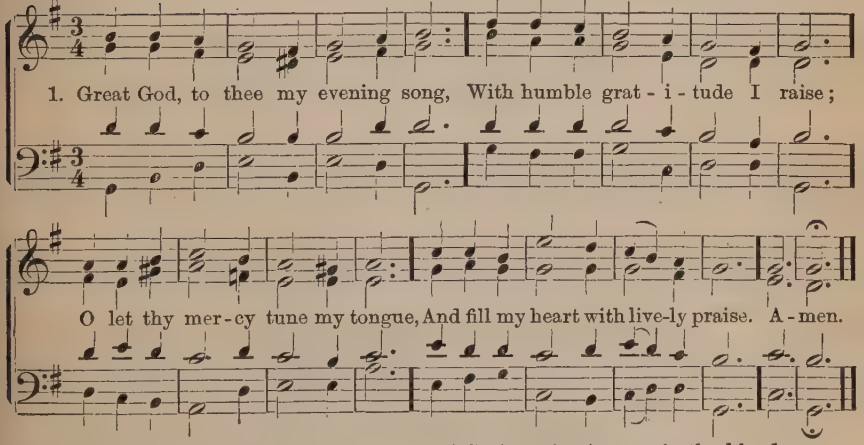
5 Be thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

342. 8.7.8.7.7.7. DRETZEL.


1. Through the day thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Je - sus, thou our guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in thee. A-men.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

343. L. M. GRACE CHURCH.


1. Great God, to thee my evening song, With humble grat - i - tude I raise;
O let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A - men.

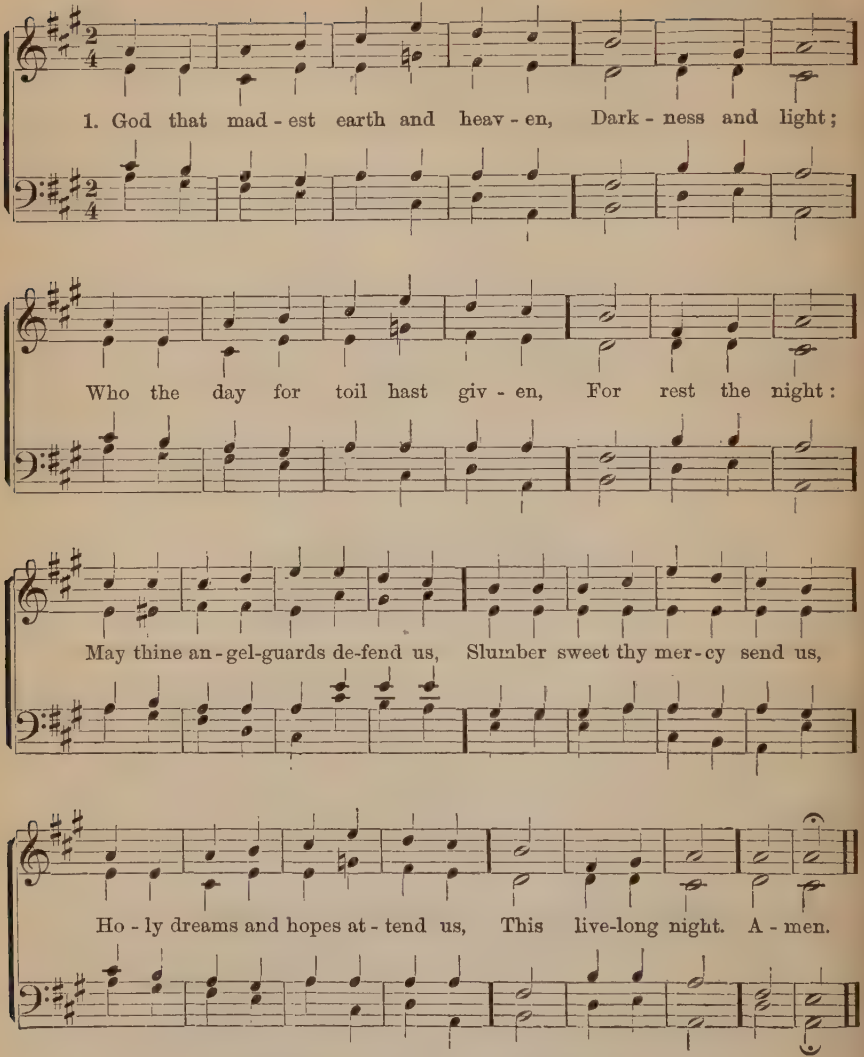
2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

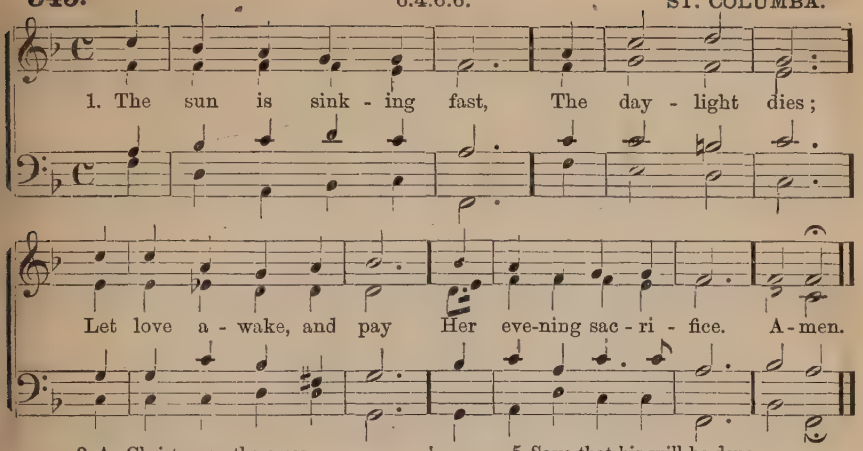
Evening.

344. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. SOUTHGATE.

1. God that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night:
May thine an - gel-guards de-fend us, Slumber sweet thy mer - cy send us,
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live-long night. A - men.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

Evening.

345. 6.4.6.6. ST. COLUMBA.



2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

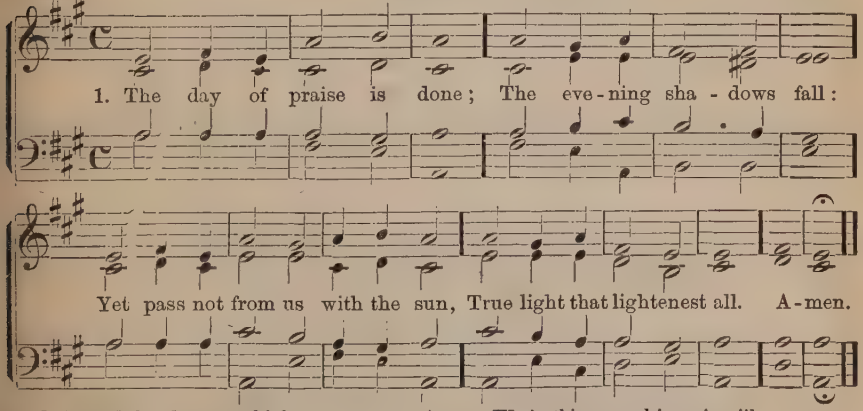
4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but he,
In all his power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine.

346. S. M. OLMUTZ.



2 Around thy throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless songs to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh! the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

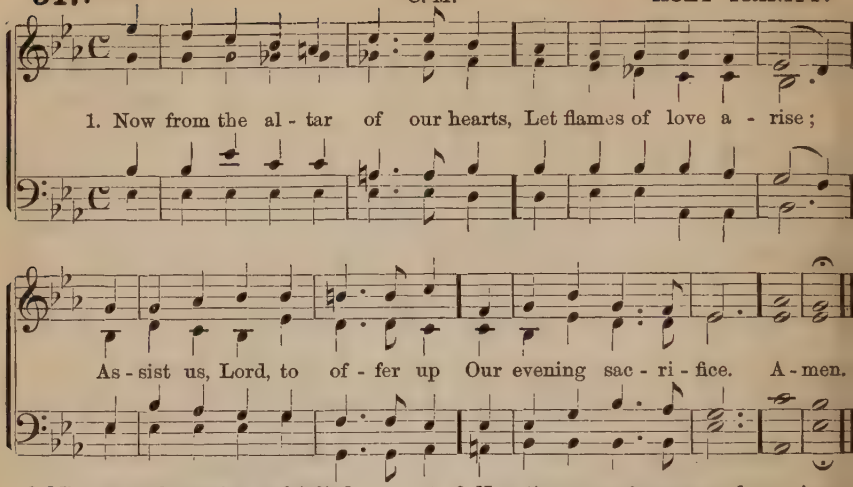
4 Yet, Lord, to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy name.

6 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Evening.

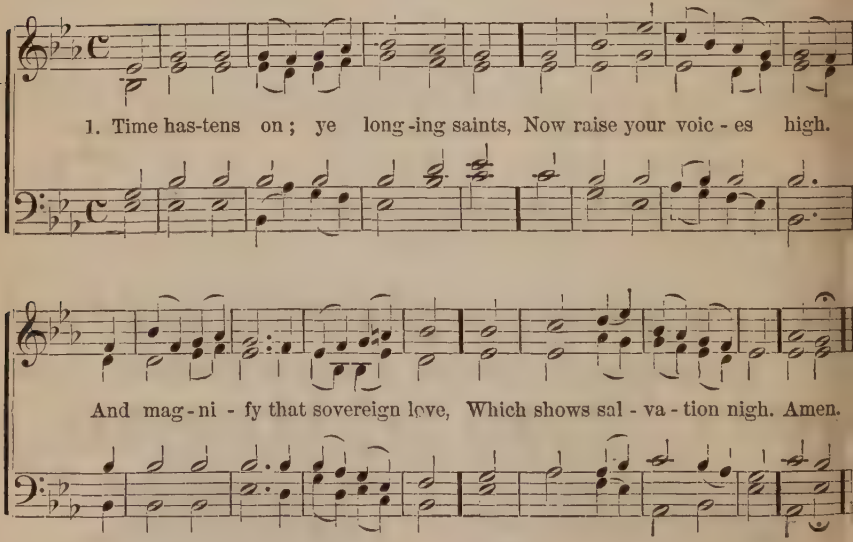
347. C. M. HOLY TRINITY.



2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

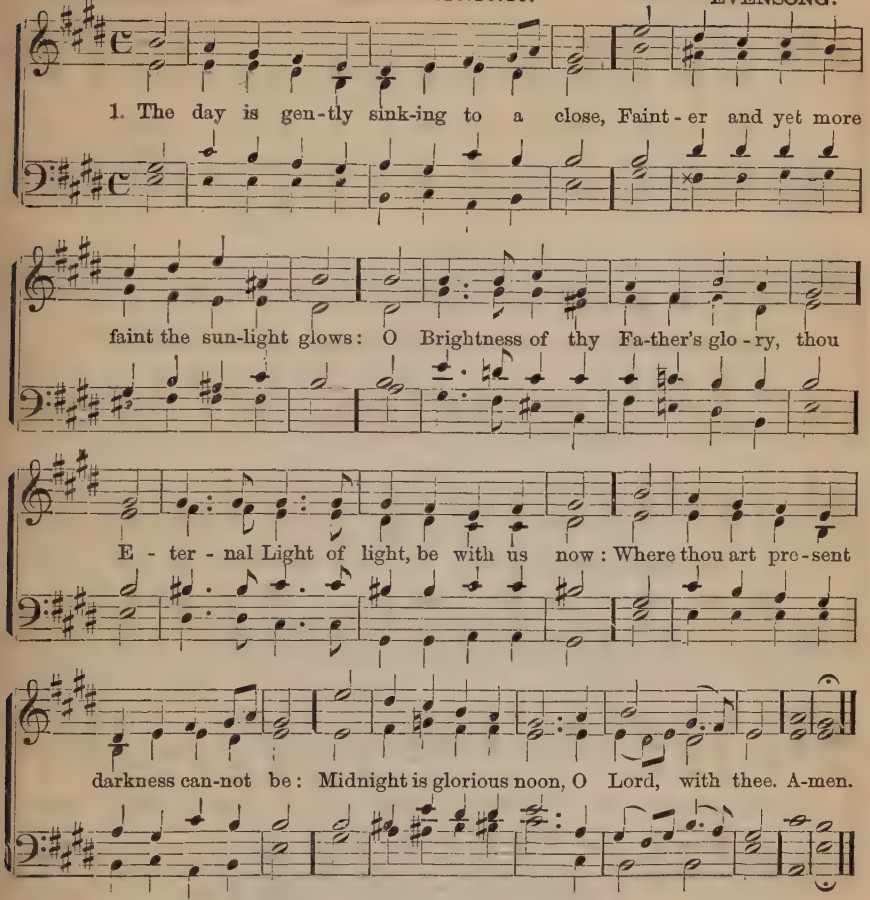
348. C. M. BELLFIELD.


1. Time has-tens on; ye long-ing saints, Now raise your voic - es high.
And mag-ni - fy that sovereign love, Which shows sal - va - tion nigh. Amen.

2 As time departs salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

Evening.

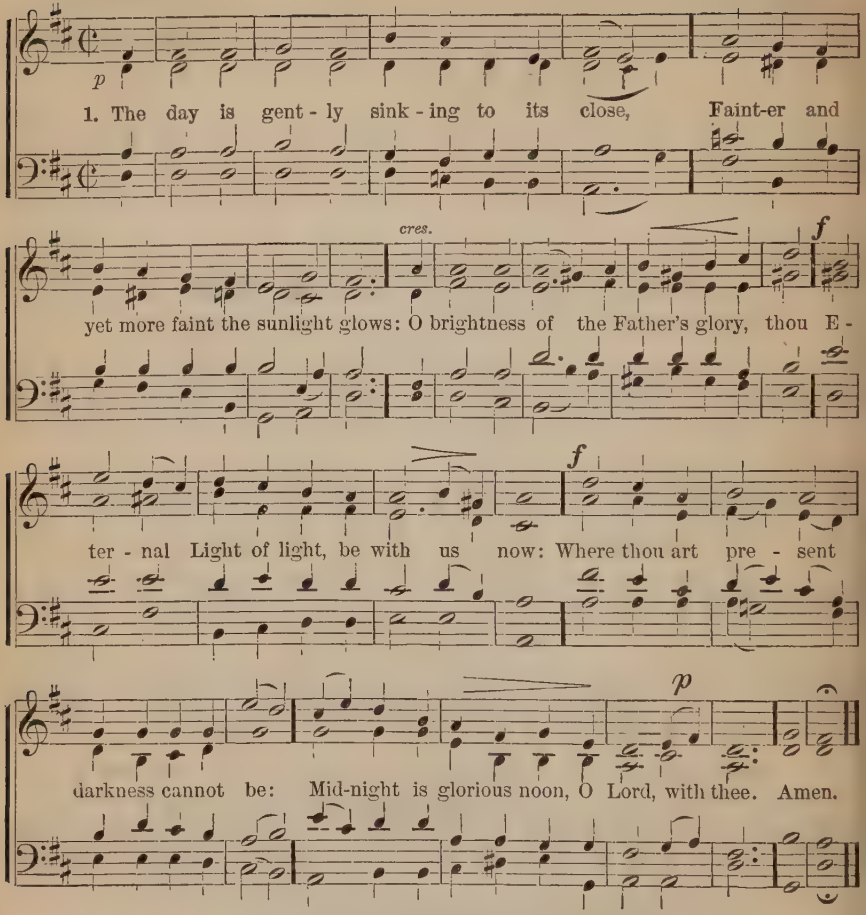
349. First Tune. 10.10.10.10.10.10. EVENSONG.

1. The day is gen-tly sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more
faint the sun-light glows: O Brightness of thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, thou
E-ter-nal Light of light, be with us now: Where thou art pre-sent
darkness can-not be: Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee. A-men.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awaken'd by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Evening.

349. SECOND TUNE. 10.10.10.10.10.10. EVENING.

1. The day is gent - ly sink - ing to its close, Faint-er and
cres.
f
yet more faint the sunlight glows: O brightness of the Father's glory, thou E -
f
ter - nal Light of light, be with us now: Where thou art pre - sent
p
darkness cannot be: Mid-night is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee. Amen.

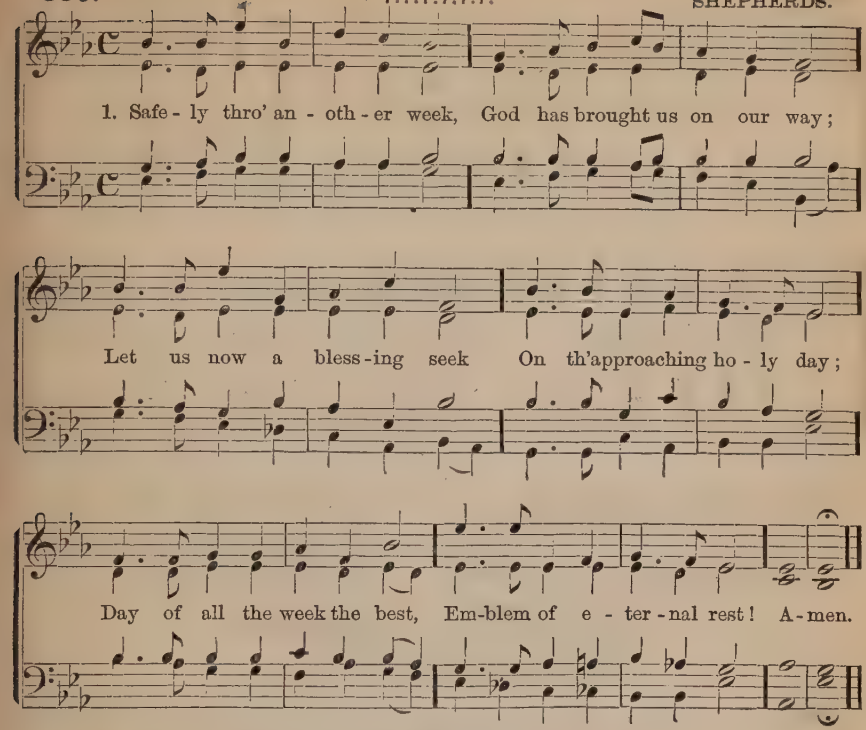
2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awaken'd by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Saturday Evening.

350. 7.7.7.7.7.7. SHEPHERDS.


1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless - ing seek On th'approaching ho - ly day;
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest! A - men.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
And repaying love with sin.

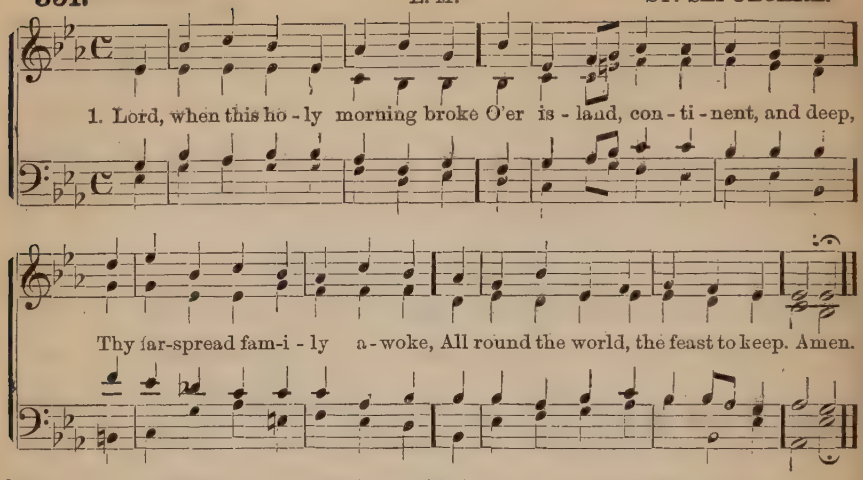
3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconcilèd face,
Drive away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints
Such the days of rest we love,
Till we join the Church above.

Evening.

351. L. M. ST. SEPULCHRE.

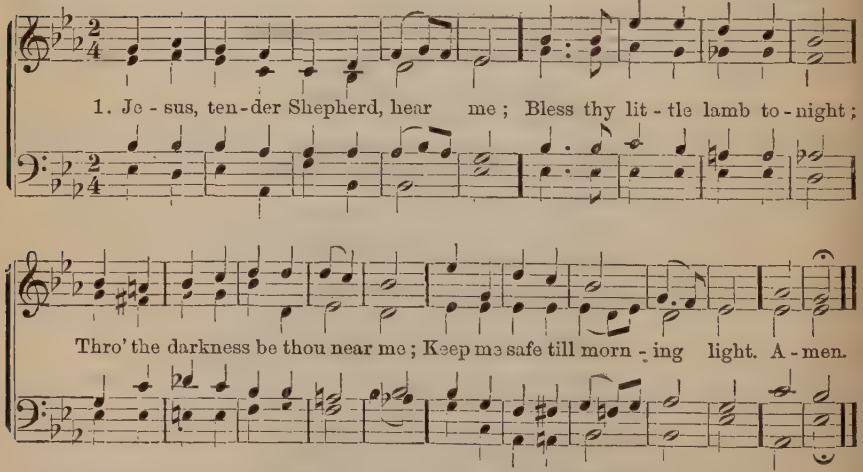

1. Lord, when this ho - ly morning broke O'er is - land, con - ti - nent, and deep,
Thy far-spread fam-i - ly a - woke, All round the world, the feast to keep. Amen.

2 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade,
And stars came forth, were heard their songs.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts in trouble thou wast nigh,
Nor one hath sought thy face in vain.

4 The poor in spirit thou hast fed,
Thy chastened ones have kissed the rod,
The mourner thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

352. 8.7.8.7. PEACE.

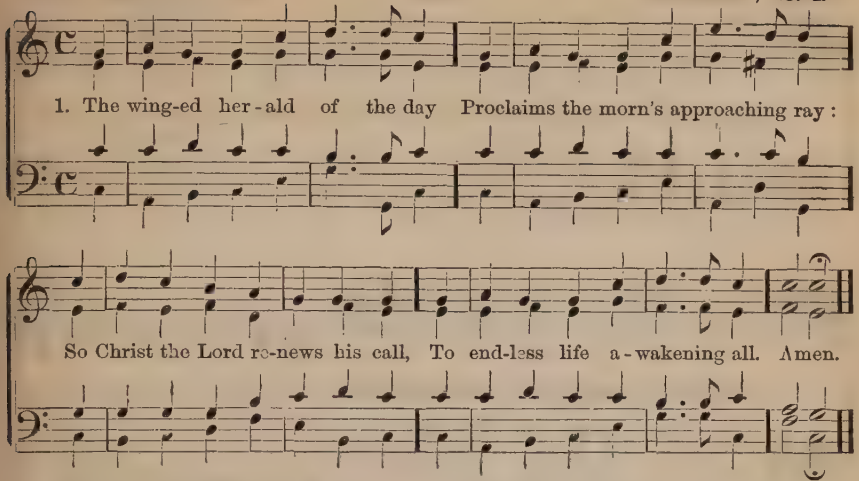

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Thro' the darkness be thou near me; Keep me safe till morn - ing light. A - men.

2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

The Seven Hours.

353. BEFORE DAWN. L. M. REDHEAD, No. 4.

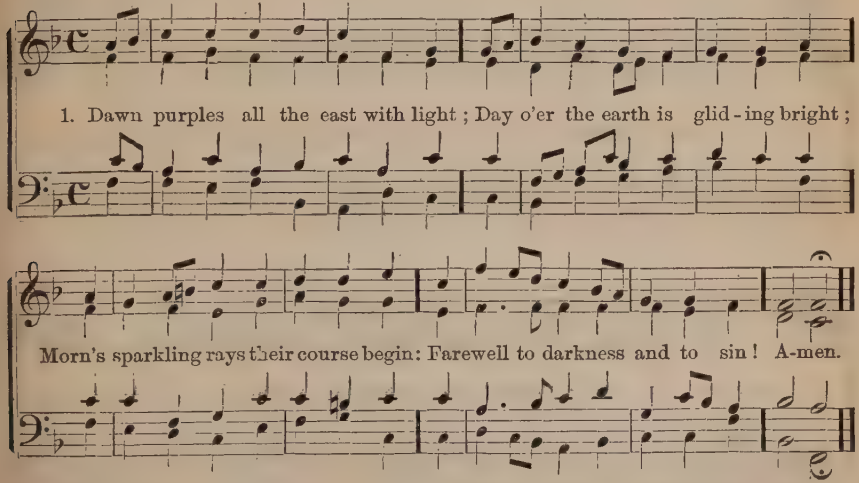

1. The wing-ed her-ald of the day Proclaims the morn's approaching ray :
So Christ the Lord re-news his call, To end-less life a-wakening all. Amen.

2 "Take up thy bed," to each he cries,
Who sick, or wrapp'd in slumber, lies :
"Be chaste, and, living soberly,
Watch ye, for I the Lord am nigh."

3 With earnest cry, with tearful care,
Call we the Lord to hear our prayer ;
While supplication, pure and deep,
Forbids each chastened heart to sleep.

4 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son ;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

354. FIRST HOUR. L. M. ANTIPHON.


1. Dawn purples all the east with light ; Day o'er the earth is glid-ing bright ;
Morn's sparkling rays their course begin: Farewell to darkness and to sin ! A-men.

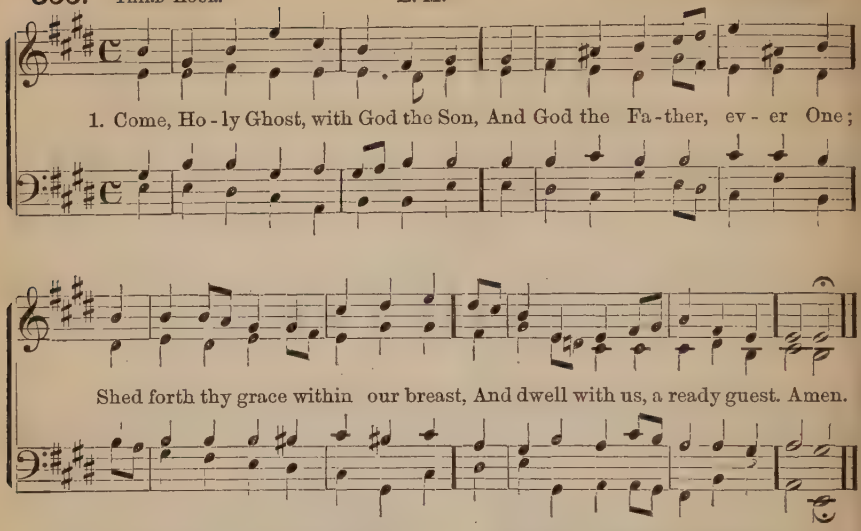
2 Each evil dream of night, depart,
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart!
Let every ill that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught!

3 So that last morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessèd light for us shall glow,
Who chant the song we learnt below.

4 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

The Seven Hours.

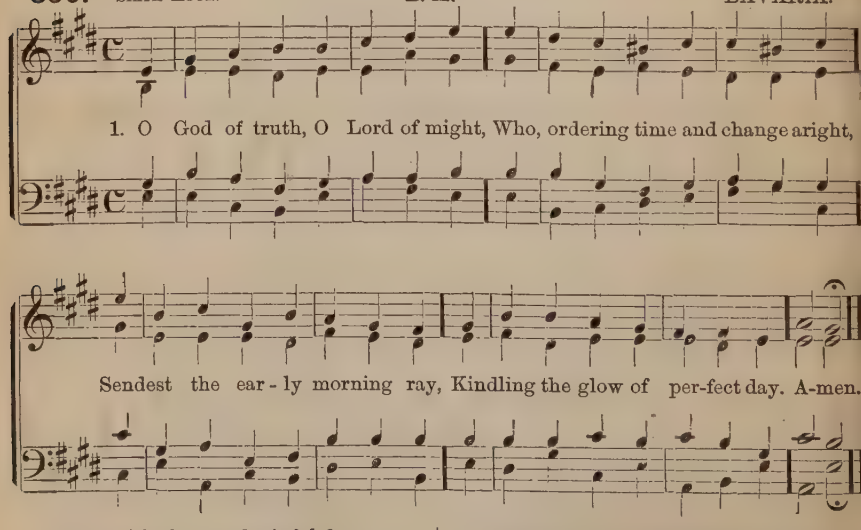
355. THIRD HOUR. L. M. ST. BERNARD.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, with God the Son, And God the Fa - ther, ev - er One;
Shed forth thy grace within our breast, And dwell with us, a ready guest. Amen.

2 By every power, by heart and tongue,
By act and deed, thy praise be sung;
Inflame with perfect love each sense,
That others' souls may kindle thence.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

356. SIXTH HOUR. L. M. BAVARIA.

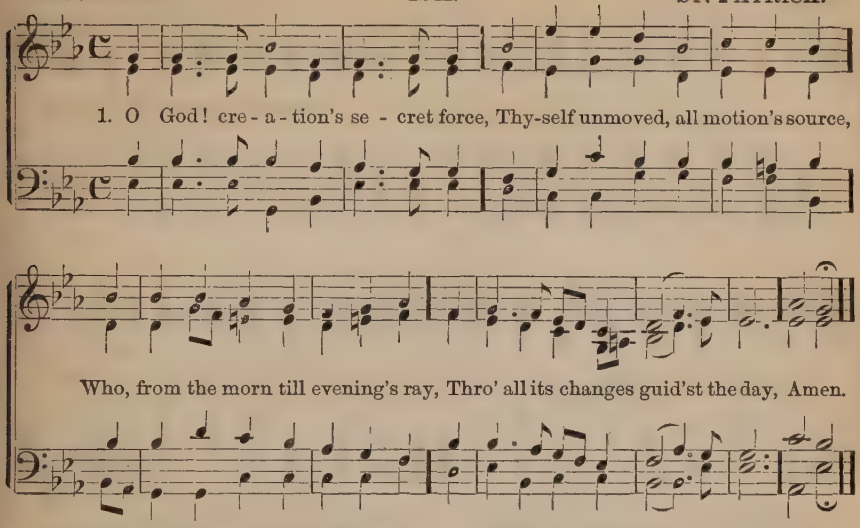

1. O God of truth, O Lord of might, Who, ordering time and change aright,
Sendest the ear - ly morning ray, Kindling the glow of per-fect day. A-men.

2 Extinguish thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire:
And, keeping all the body whole,
Shed forth thy peace upon the soul.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

The Seven Hours.

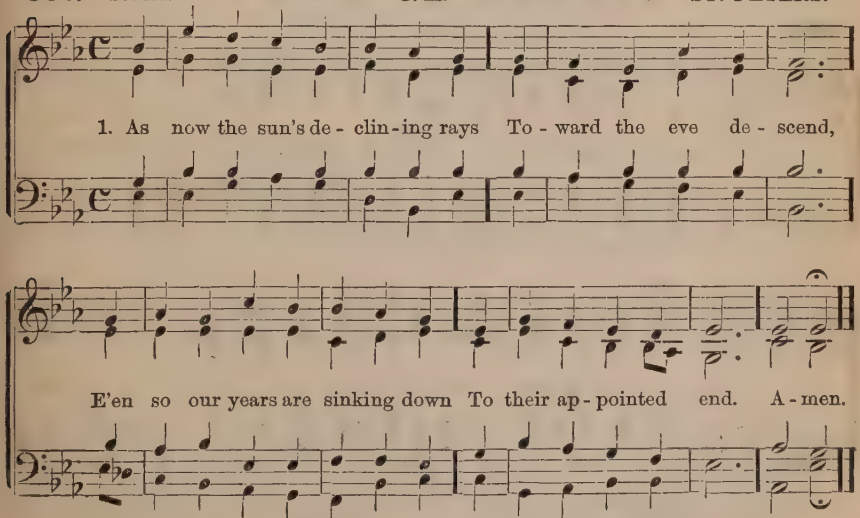
357. NINTH HOUR. L. M. ST. PATRICK.


1. O God! cre - a - tion's se - cret force, Thy-self unmoved, all motion's source,
Who, from the morn till evening's ray, Thro' all its changes guid'st the day, Amen.

2 Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attained,
Eternal glory may be gained.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

358. SUNSET. C. M. ST. PETERS.

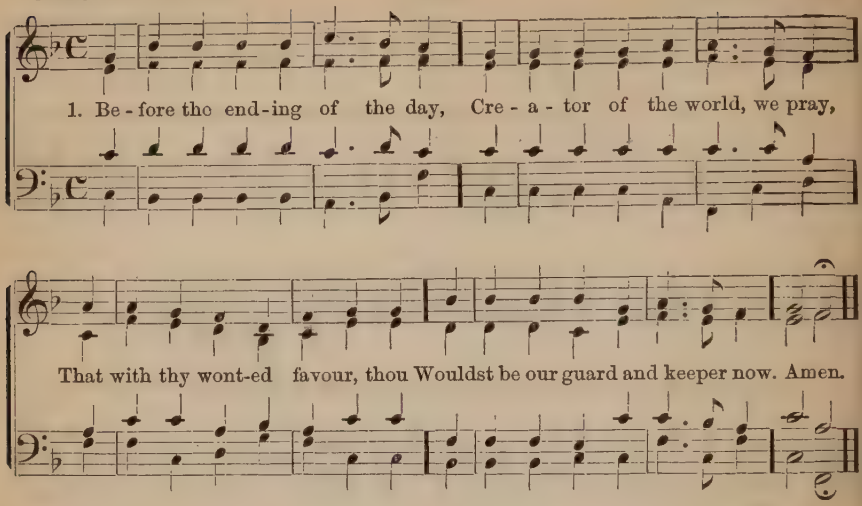


2 Lord, on the cross thine arms were
To draw thy people nigh; [stretch'd,
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.

The Seven Hours.

359. NIGHT WATCH. L. M. TE LUCIS.

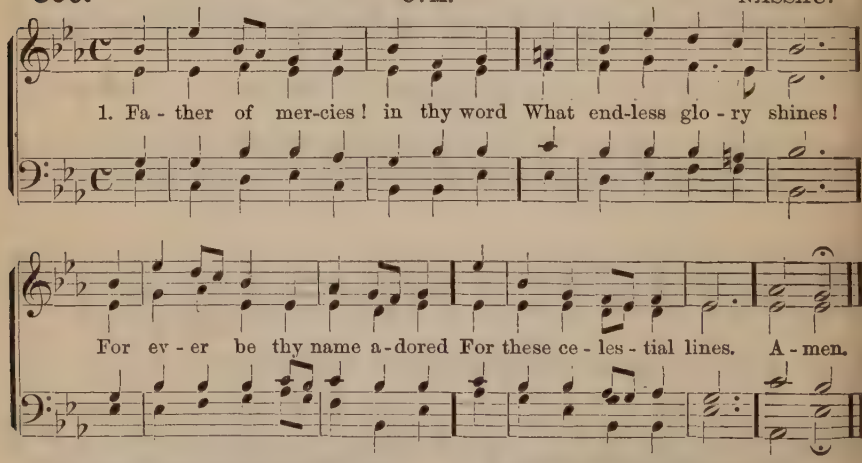

1. Be - fore the end-ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world, we pray,
That with thy wont-ed favour, thou Wouldst be our guard and keeper now. Amen.

2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

The Holy Scriptures.

360. C. M. NASSAU.

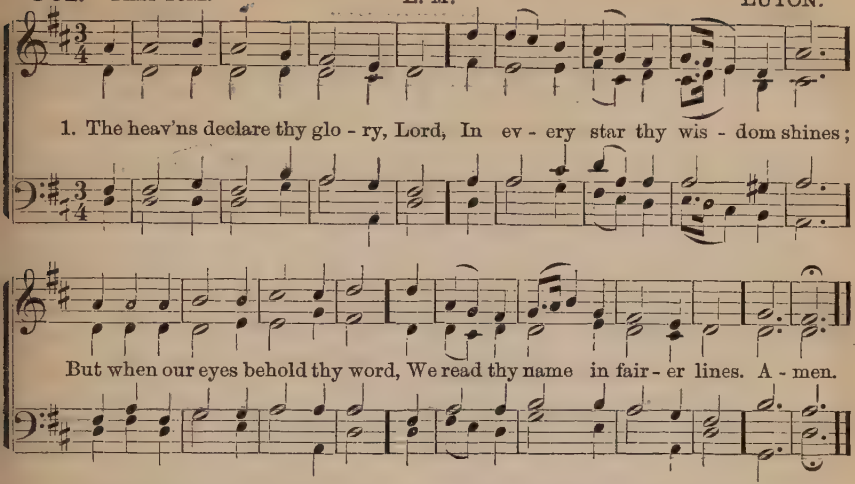


2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

361. First Tune. L. M. LUTON.


1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines. A - men.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

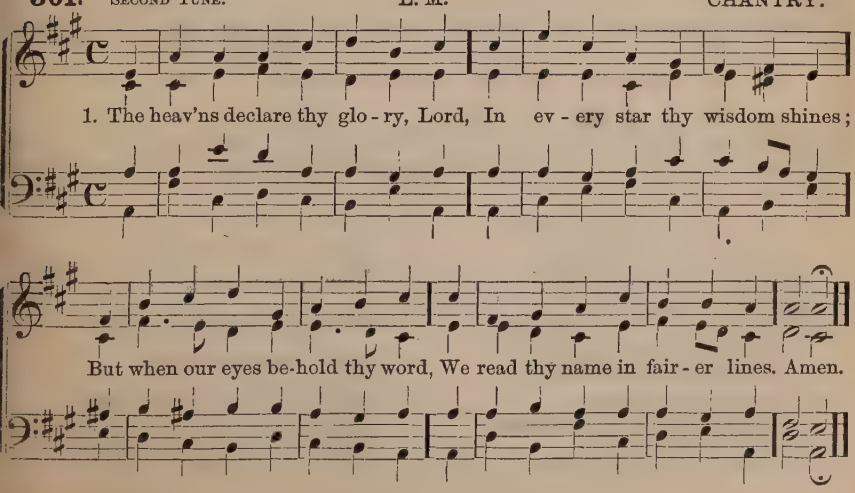
3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor will thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

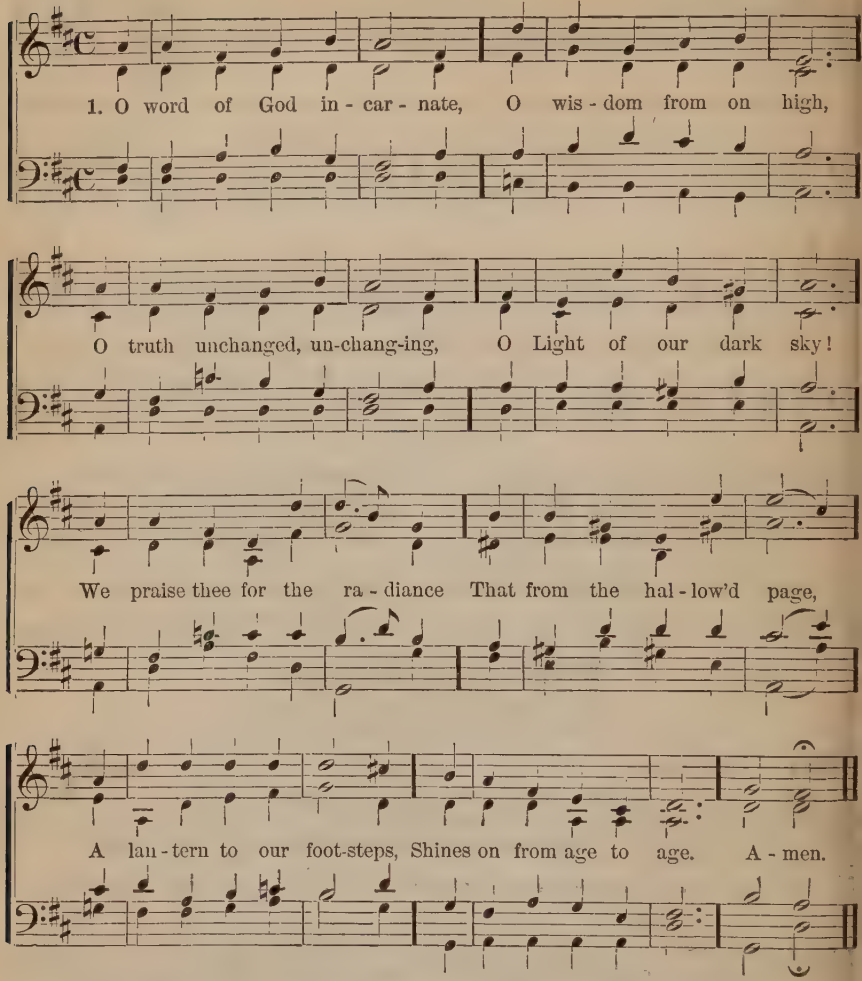
5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

361. Second Tune. L. M. CHANTRY.


1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines. Amen.

362. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. LANCASHIRE.

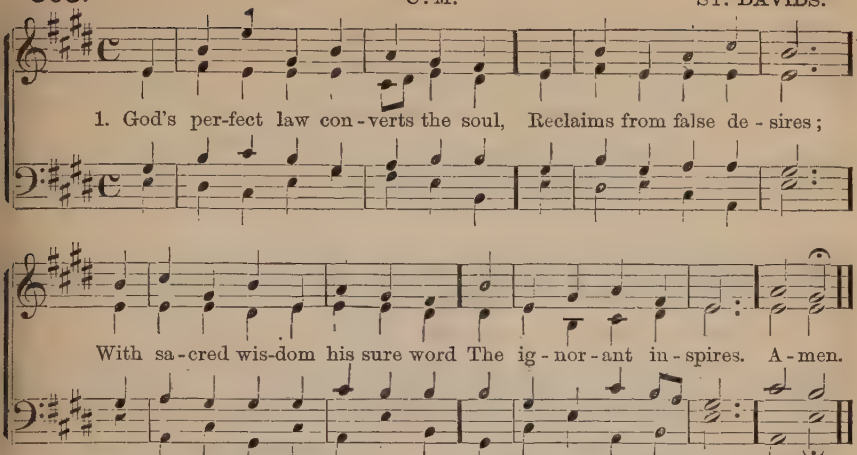

1. O word of God in - car - nate, O wis - dom from on high,
O truth unchanged, un-chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky!
We praise thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,
A lan - tern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide O, Christ, to thee.

4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

363. C. M. ST. DAVIDS.


1. God's per-fect law con-verts the soul, Reclaims from false de-sires;
With sa-cred wis-dom his sure word The ig-nor-ant in-spires. A-men.

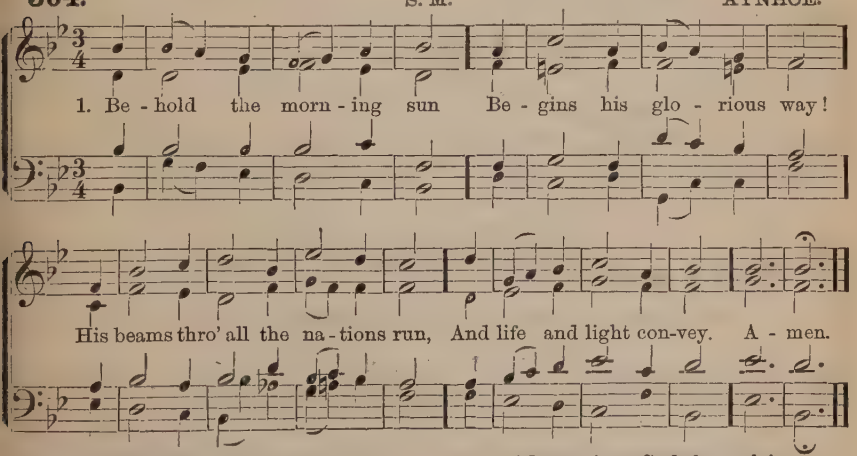
2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warning give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

364. S. M. AYNHOE.

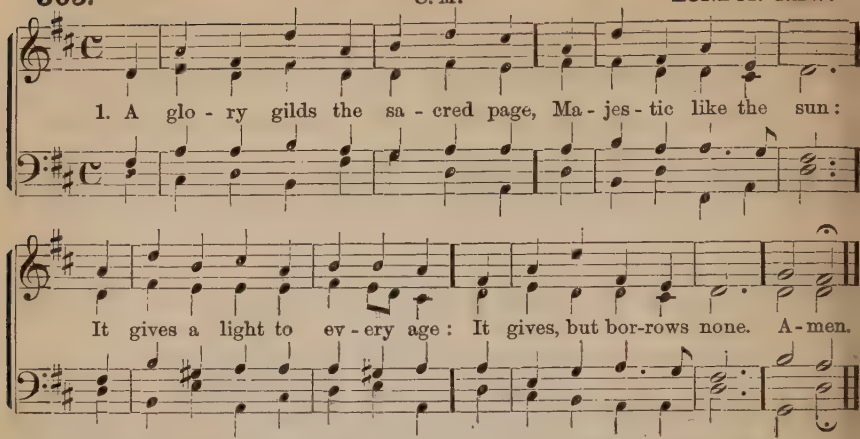


2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

4 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

365. C. M. LONDON NEW.

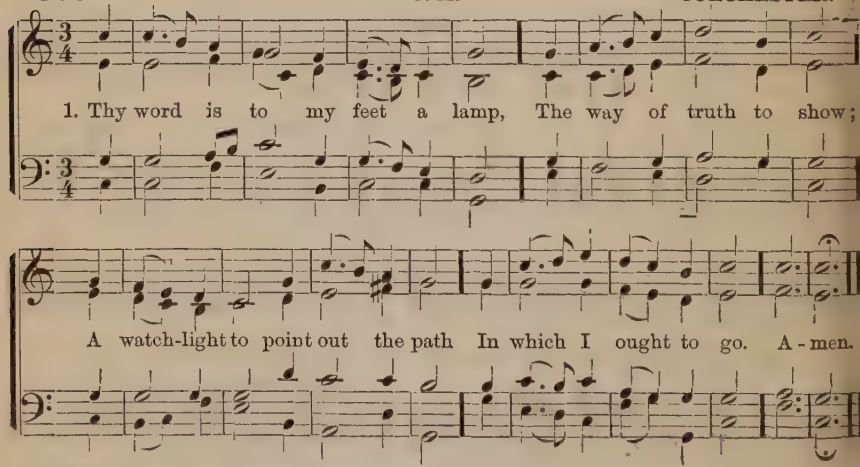


2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

366. C. M. COLCHESTER.



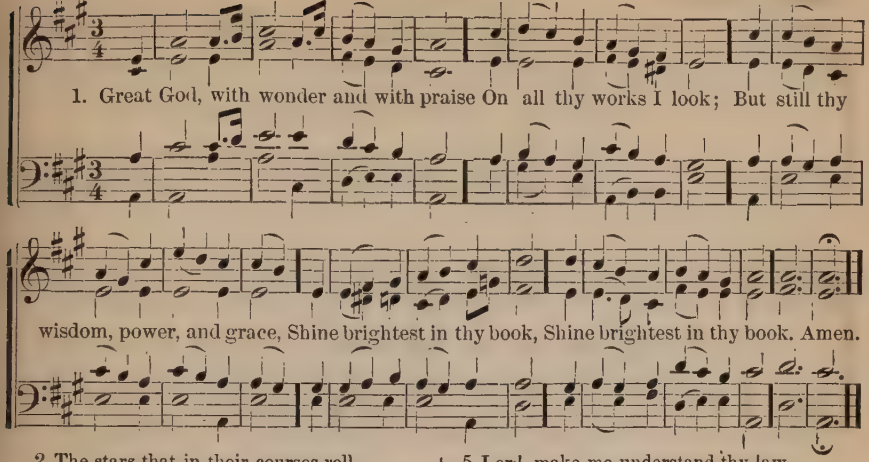
2 I've vow'd—and from my covenant, Lord,
Will never start aside—
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thine upright way.

367. C. M. SWANWICK.


1. Great God, with wonder and with praise On all thy works I look; But still thy
wisdom, power, and grace, Shine brightest in thy book, Shine brightest in thy book. Amen.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

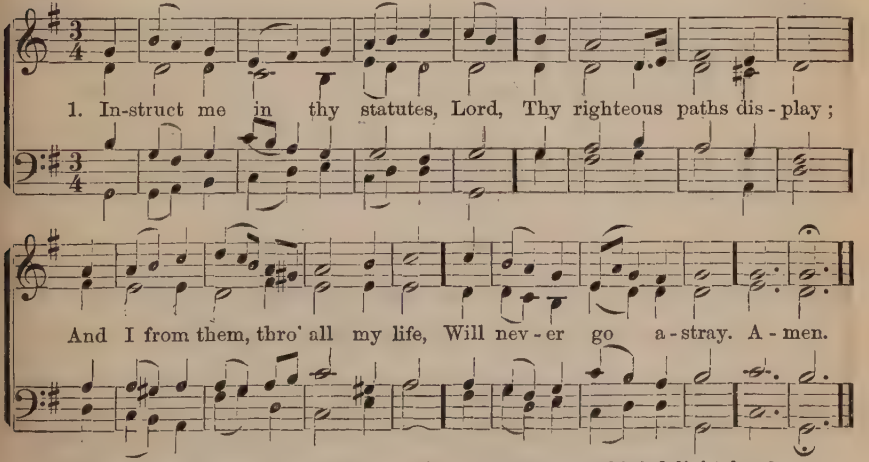
4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

368. C. M. ASYLUM.



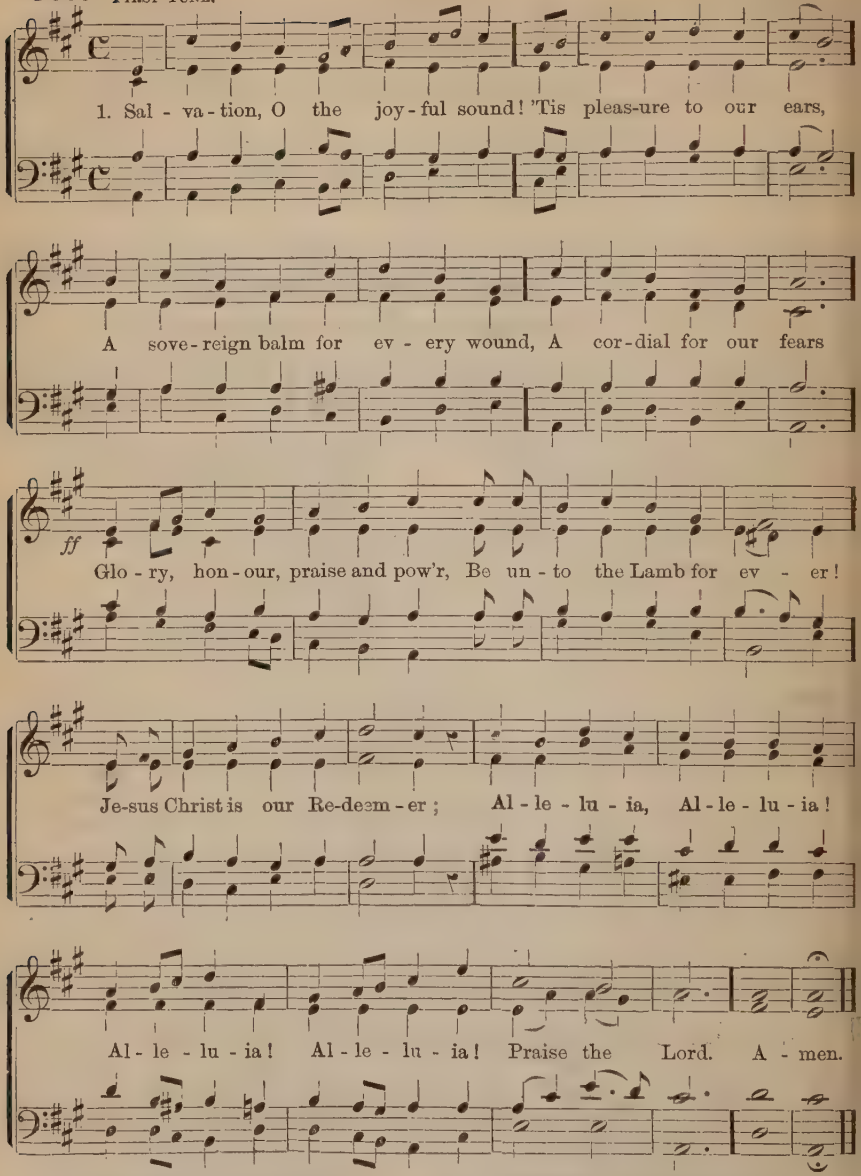
2 If thou true wisdom from above
Will graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

Redemption.

369. First Tune. C. M. with Chorus. SALVATION.


1. Sal - va - tion, O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears,
A sove - reign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears
ff
Glo - ry, hon - our, praise and pow'r, Be un - to the Lamb for ev - er!
Je-sus Christ is our Re-deem - er; Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord. A - men.

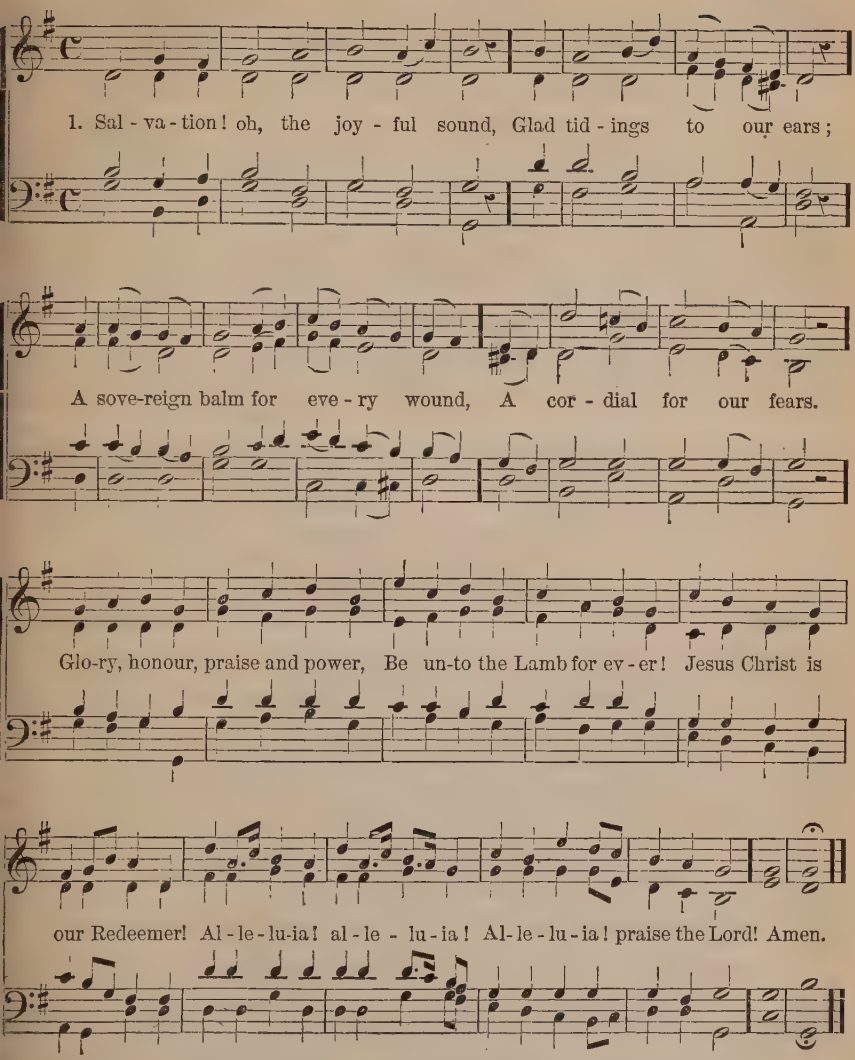
2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.—Glory, etc.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.—Glory, etc.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.—Glory, etc.

Redemption.

369. SECOND TUNE. C. M. with Chorus. ASHLEY.


1. Sal - va - tion! oh, the joy - ful sound, Glad tid - ings to our ears;
A sove-reign balm for eve - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
Glo-ry, honour, praise and power, Be un-to the Lamb for ev - er! Jesus Christ is
our Redeemer! Al - le - lu-ia! al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! praise the Lord! Amen.

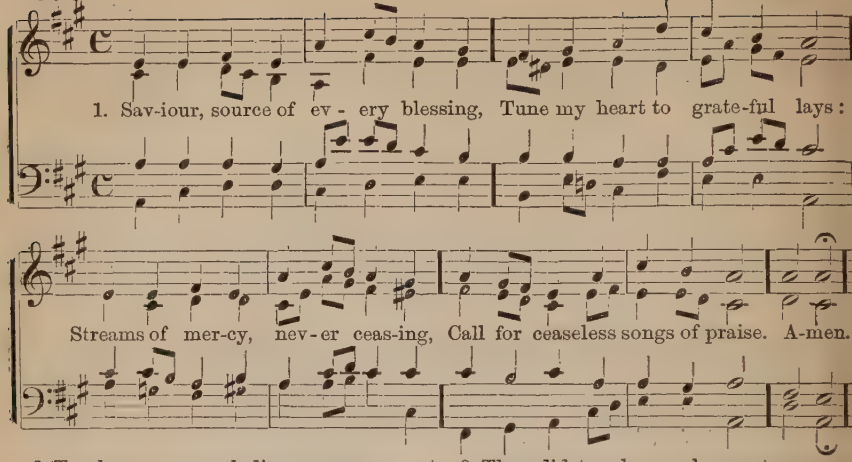
2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, etc.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, etc.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.
Glory, honour, etc.

Redemption.

370. 8.7.8.7. TRUST.

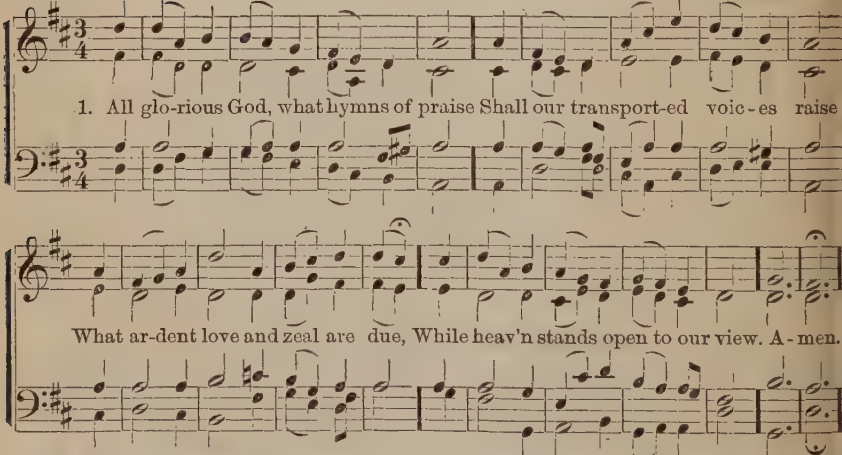

1. Sav-iour, source of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise. A-men.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

371. L. M. MONTGOMERY.


1. All glo-rious God, what hymns of praise Shall our transport-ed voic-es raise
What ar-dent love and zeal are due, While heav'n stands open to our view. A-men.

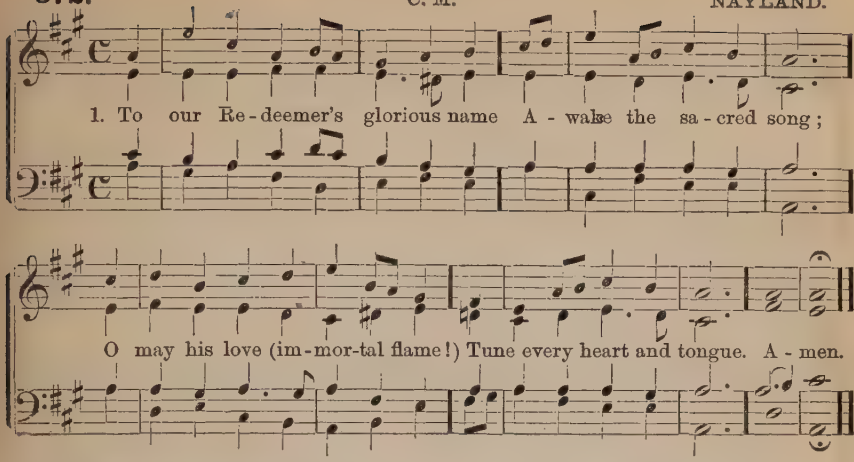
2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe:
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light:
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To soul impoverish'd and undone!

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait
To share their holy, happy state.

Redemption.

372. C. M. NAYLAND.



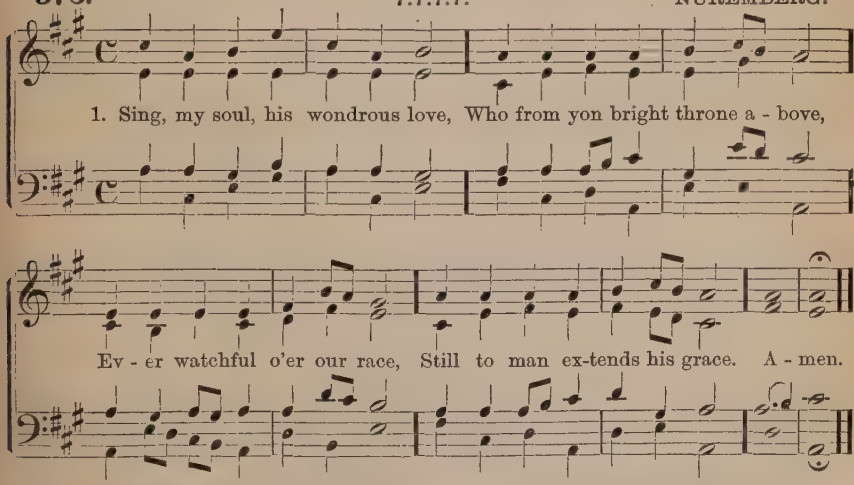
2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

373. 7.7.7.7. NUREMBERG.


1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who from yon bright throne a-bove,
Ev-er watchful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends his grace. A-men.

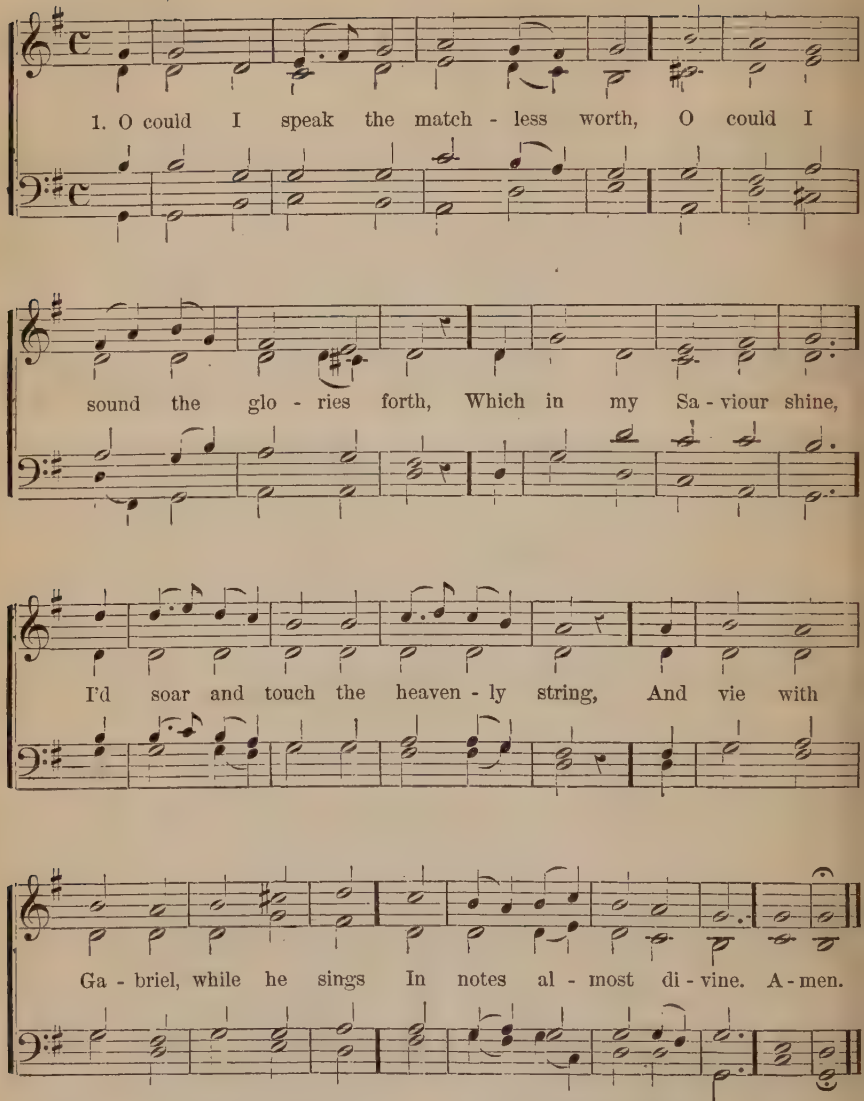
2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

Redemption.

374. 8.8.6.8.8.6. HARWOOD.

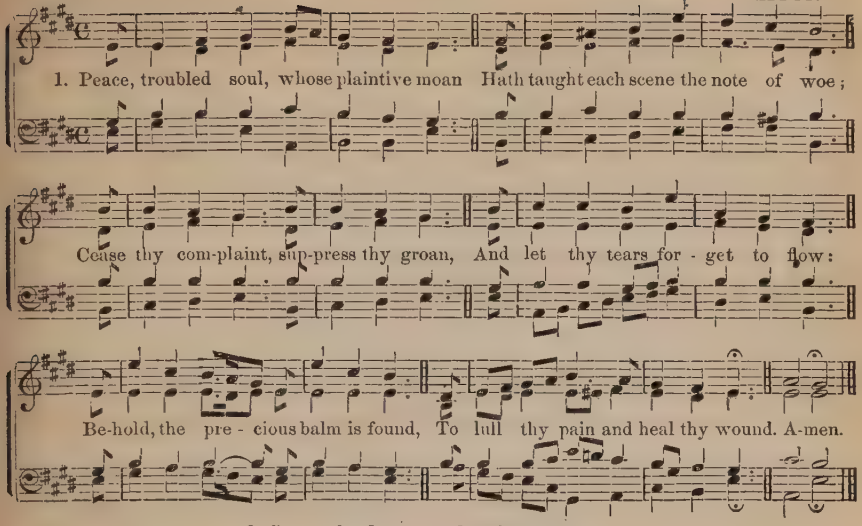

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I
sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - viour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heaven - ly string, And vie with
Ga - briel, while he sings In notes al - most di - vine. A - men.

2 I'll sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 O the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

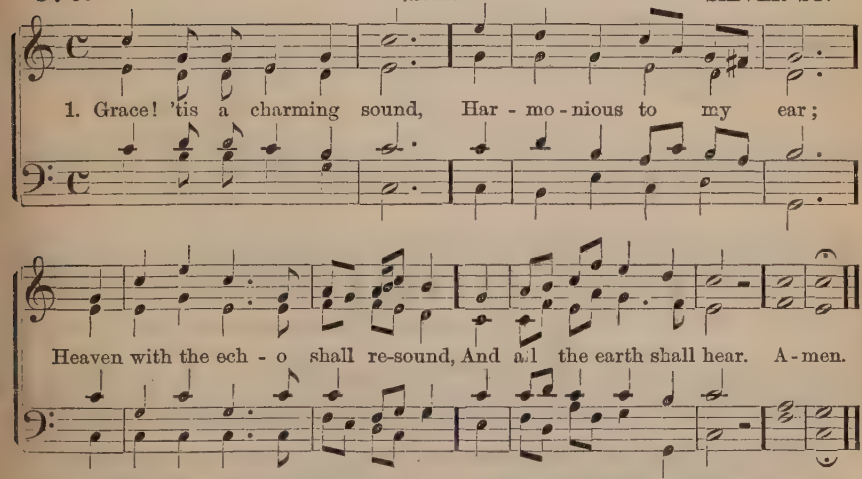
Redemption.

375. 8.8.8.8.8.8. EATON.


1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught each scene the note of woe;
Cease thy com-plaint, sup-press thy groan, And let thy tears for - get to flow:
Be-hold, the pre - cious balm is found, To lull thy pain and heal thy wound. A-men.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppr st,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word;
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

376. S. M. SILVER ST.



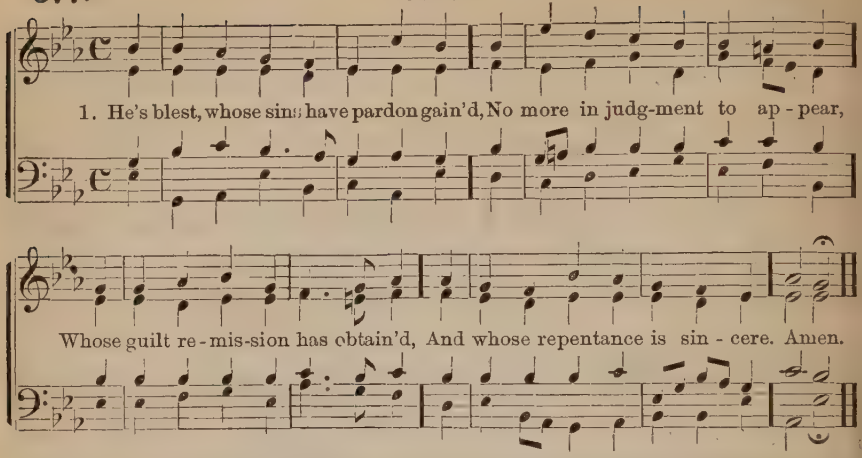
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Redemption.

377. L. M. MELCOMBE.

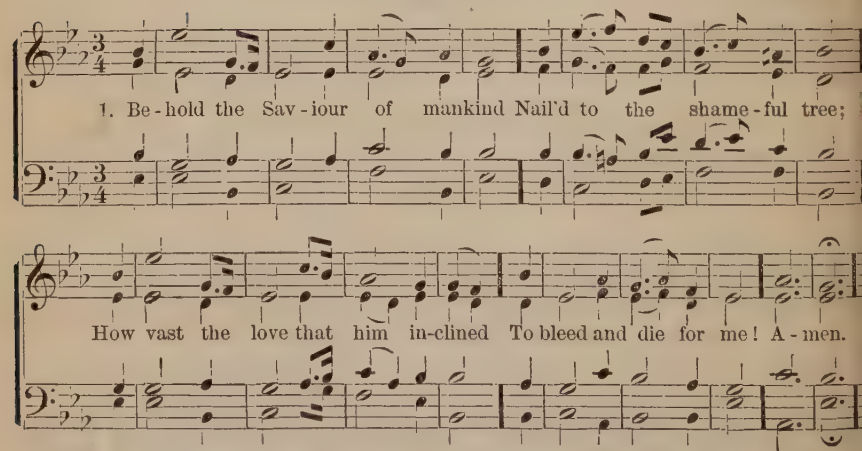

1. He's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd, No more in judg-ment to ap-pear,
Whose guilt re-mis-sion has obtain'd, And whose repentance is sin-cere. Amen.

2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

378. C. M. MESSIAH.



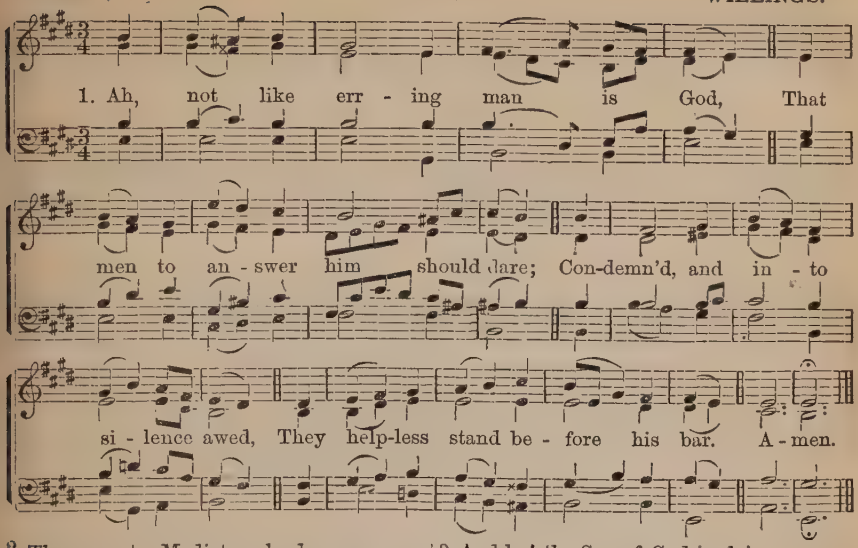
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

Redemption.

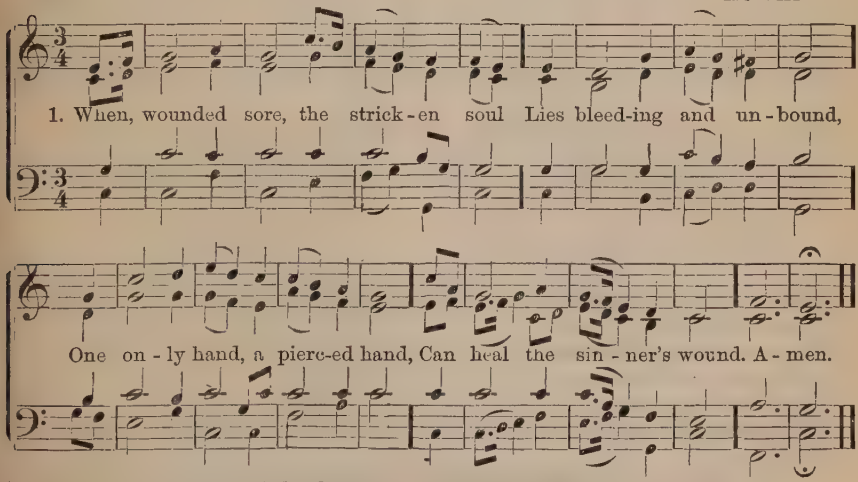
379. L. M. WILLINGS.


1. Ah, not like err - ing man is God, That
men to an - swer him should dare; Con-demn'd, and in - to
si - lence awed, They help-less stand be - fore his bar. A - men.

2 There must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

3 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd;
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found.

380. C. M. HOWARD.


1. When, wounded sore, the strick - en soul Lies bleed-ing and un - bound,
One on - ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can heal the sin - ner's wound. A - men.

2 When sorrow swells the laden heart,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

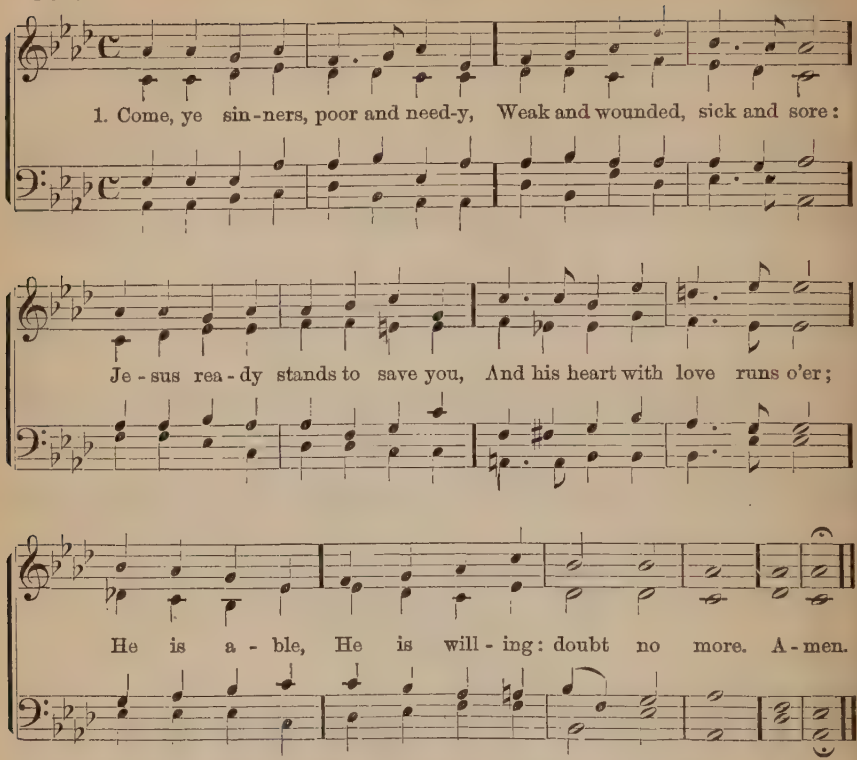
3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal than cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

Redemption.

381. 8.7.8.7.4.7. ST. RAPHAEL.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Je-sus rea-dy stands to save you, And his heart with love runs o'er;
He is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more. A-men.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

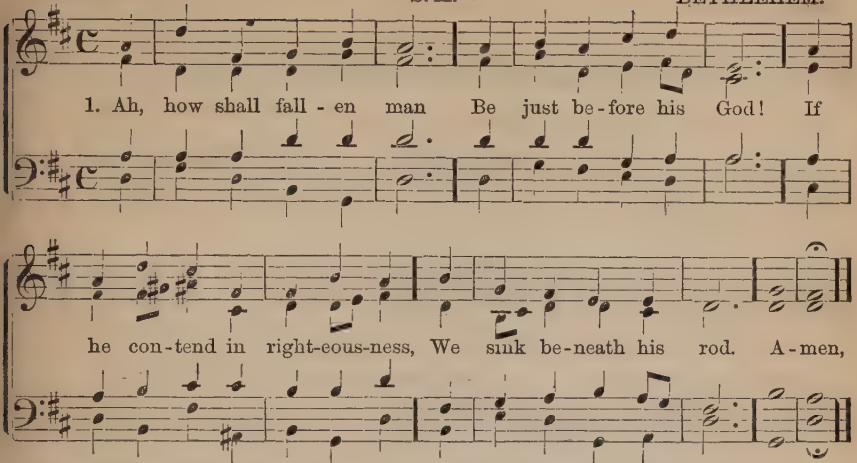
4 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful courts of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Alleluia!
Sinners here may sing the same.

Redemption.

382. S. M. BETHLEHEM.



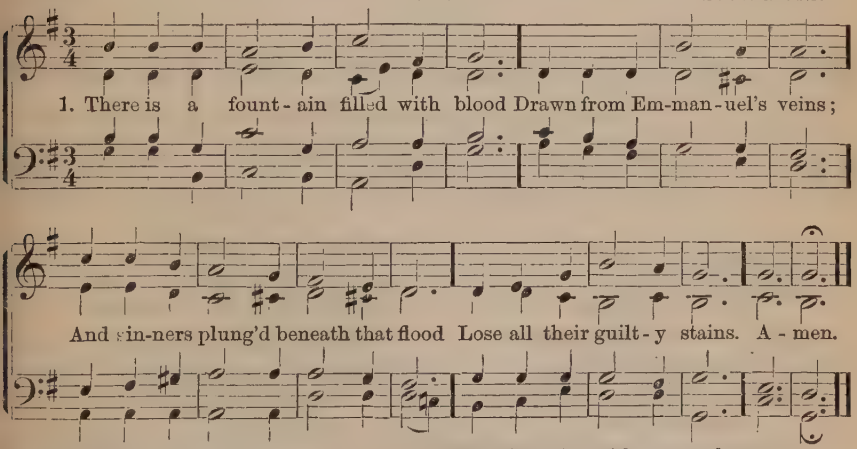
2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

383. C. M. ST. AGNES.


1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Em-man-uel's veins;
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - men.

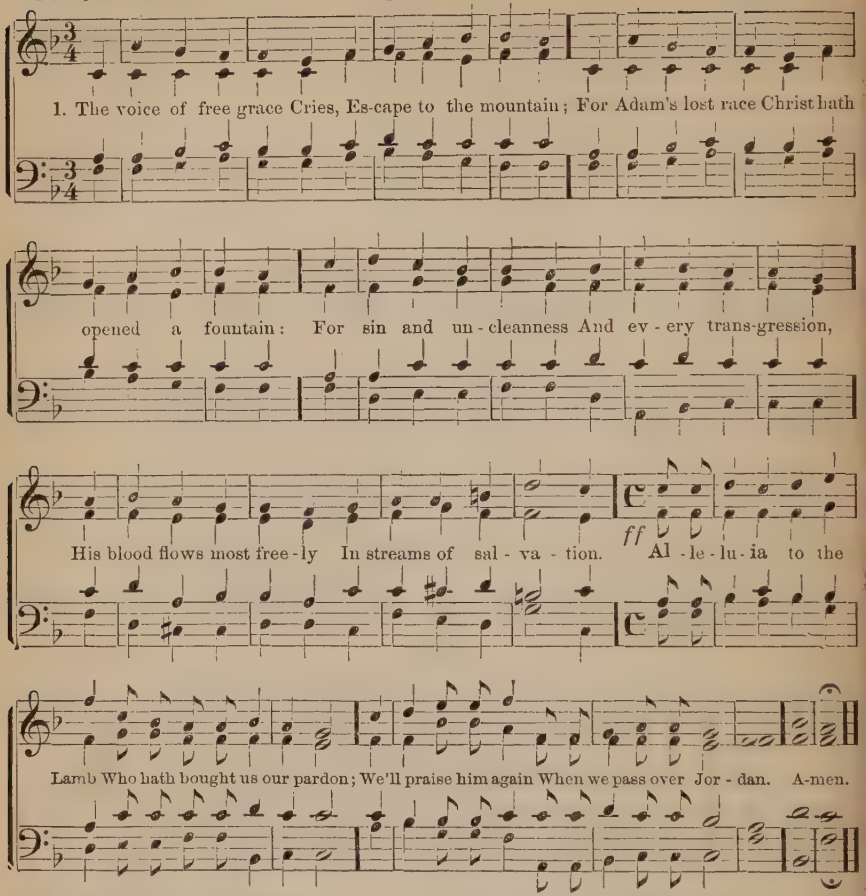
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wound supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Redemption.

384. First Tune. Irregular Metre. MADISON.

1. The voice of free grace Cries, Es-cape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath
opened a fountain: For sin and un-cleanness And ev-ery trans-gression,
His blood flows most free-ly In streams of sal-va-tion. ff Al-le-lu-ia to the
Lamb Who hath bought us our pardon; We'll praise him again When we pass over Jor-dan. A-men.

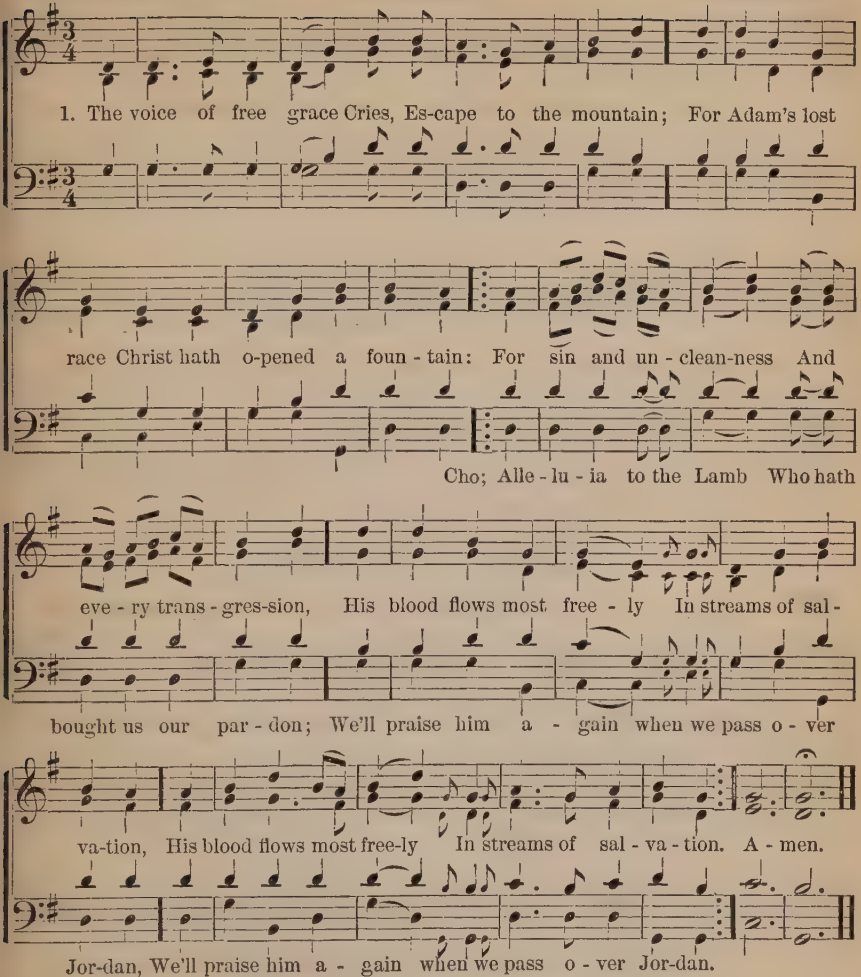
2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Still flee to the mountain,
That blood can remove them
Which streams from this fountain.
Alleluia, etc.

3 O Jesus! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell
Thou'rt more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation.
Alleluia, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Alleluia, etc.

Redemption.

384. SECOND TUNE. Irregular Metre. SCOTLAND.


1. The voice of free grace Cries, Es-cape to the mountain; For Adam's lost
race Christ hath o-pened a foun-tain: For sin and un-clean-ness And
Cho; Alle-lu-ia to the Lamb Who hath
eve-ry trans-gres-sion, His blood flows most free-ly In streams of sal-
bought us our par-don; We'll praise him a-gain when we pass o-ver
va-tion, His blood flows most free-ly In streams of sal-va-tion. A-men.
Jor-dan, We'll praise him a-gain when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

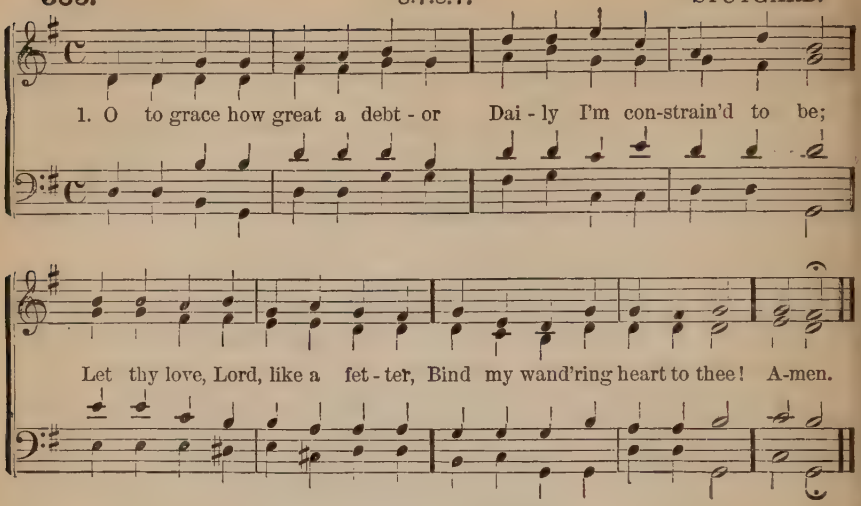
2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Still flee to the mountain,
That blood can remove them
Which streams from this fountain,
Alleluia, etc.

3 O Jesus! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell
Thou'rt more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation,
Alleluia, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever. Alleluia, etc.

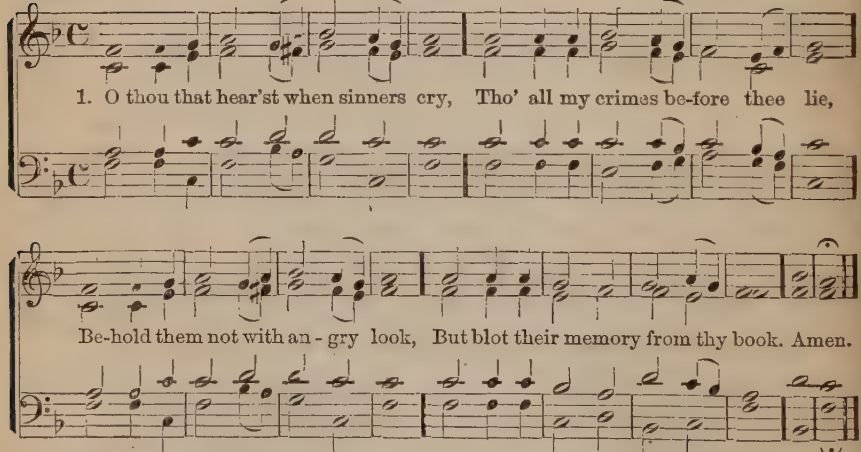
Repentance.

385. 8.7.8.7. STUTGARD.



2 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

386. L. M. HAMBURGH.


1. O thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes be-fore thee lie,
Be-hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their memory from thy book. Amen.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

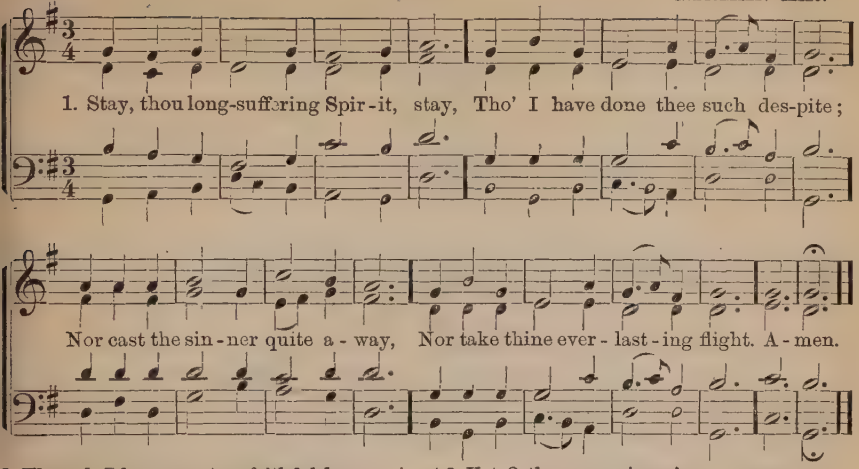
3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my powers shall join bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Repentance.

387. L. M. GERMAN AIR.

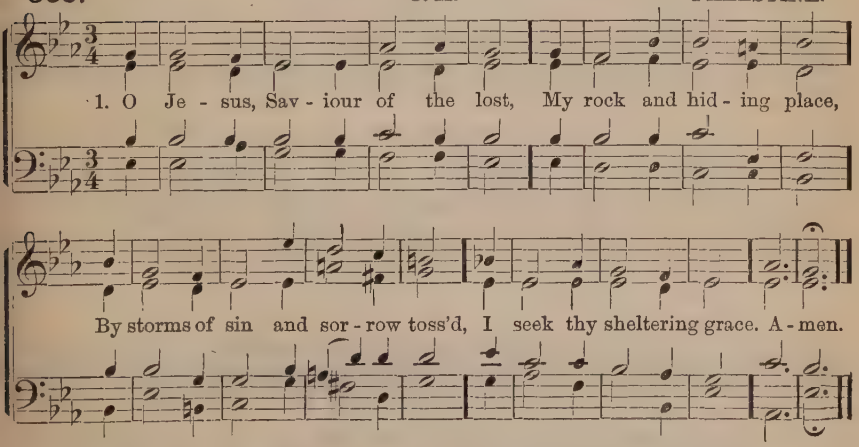

1. Stay, thou long-suffering Spir-it, stay, Tho' I have done thee such des-pite;
Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ever-last-ing flight. A-men.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet O the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High-priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

388. C. M. PALESTINE.



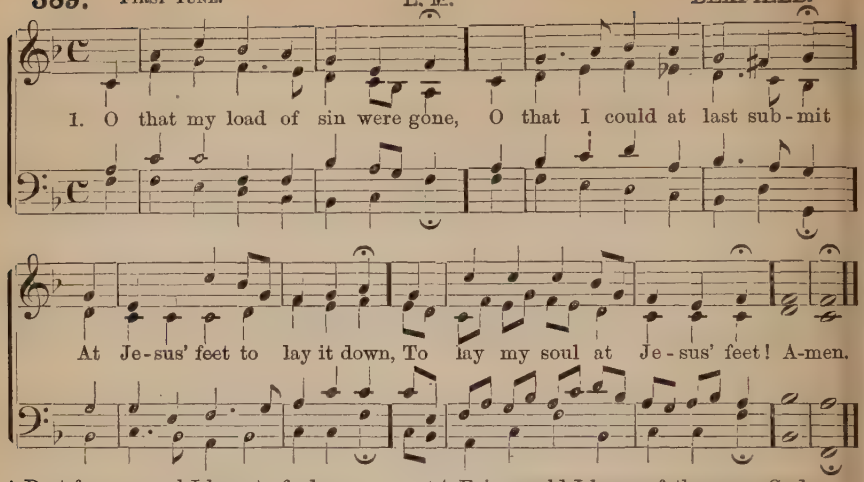
2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain:
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before thy throne,
And all thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in thee.

Repentance.

389. First Tune. L. M. BEXFIELD.



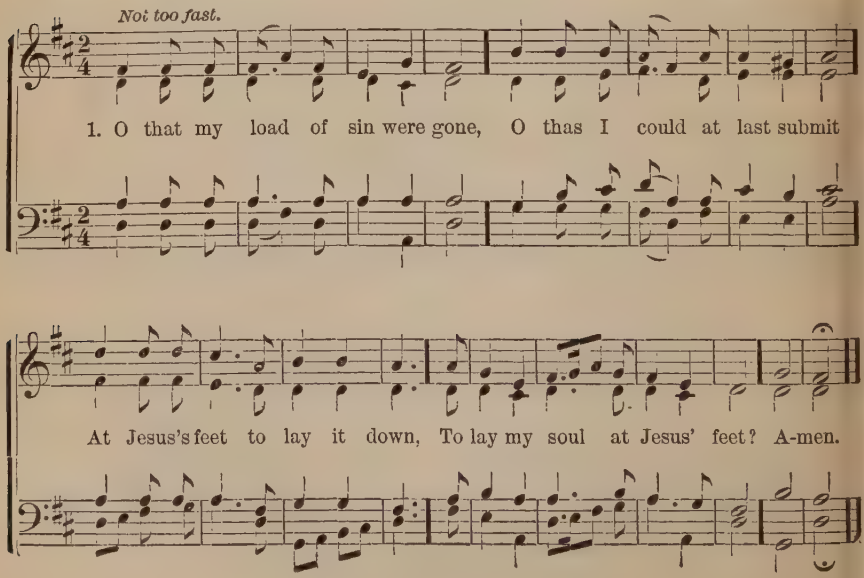
2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

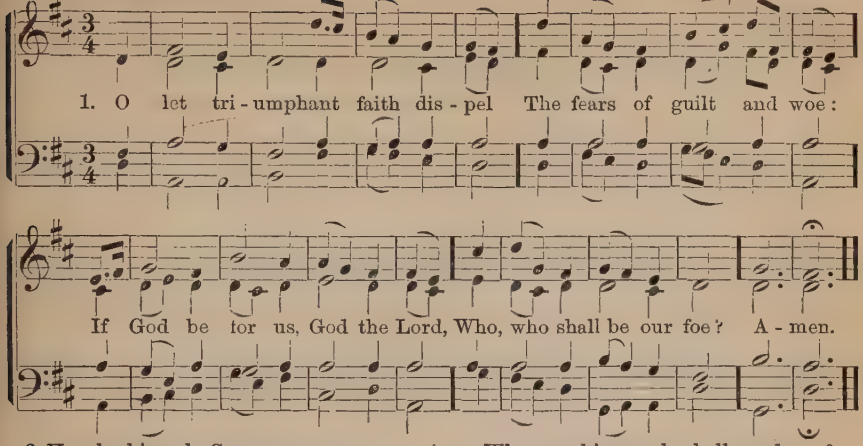
5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

389. Second Tune. L. M. GRISWOLD.


Not too fast.
1. O that my load of sin were gone, O thas I could at last submit
At Jesus's feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Jesus' feet? A-men.

Faith.

390. First Tune. C. M. MANCHESTER NEW.

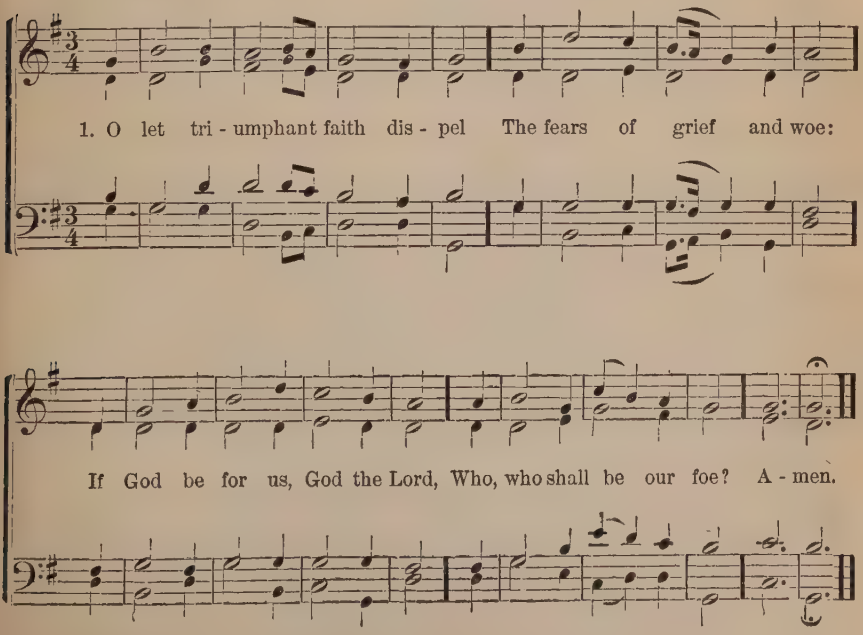


2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified;
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

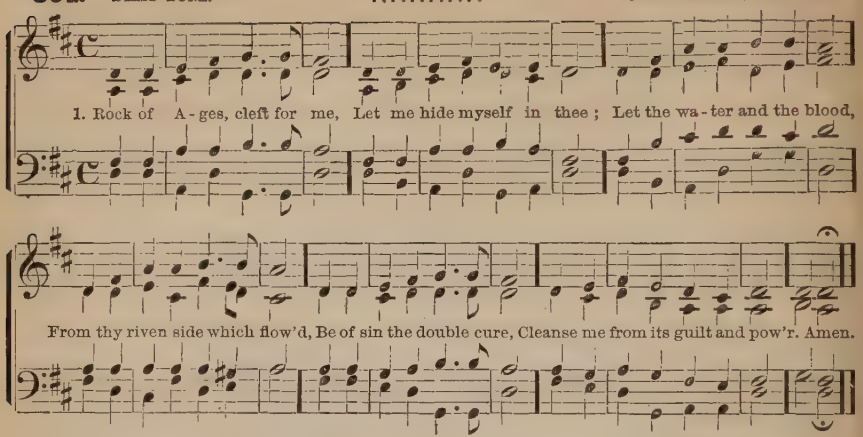
4 And he who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave;
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

390. Second Tune. C. M. BARBY.



Faith.

391. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. REDHEAD, No. 76.

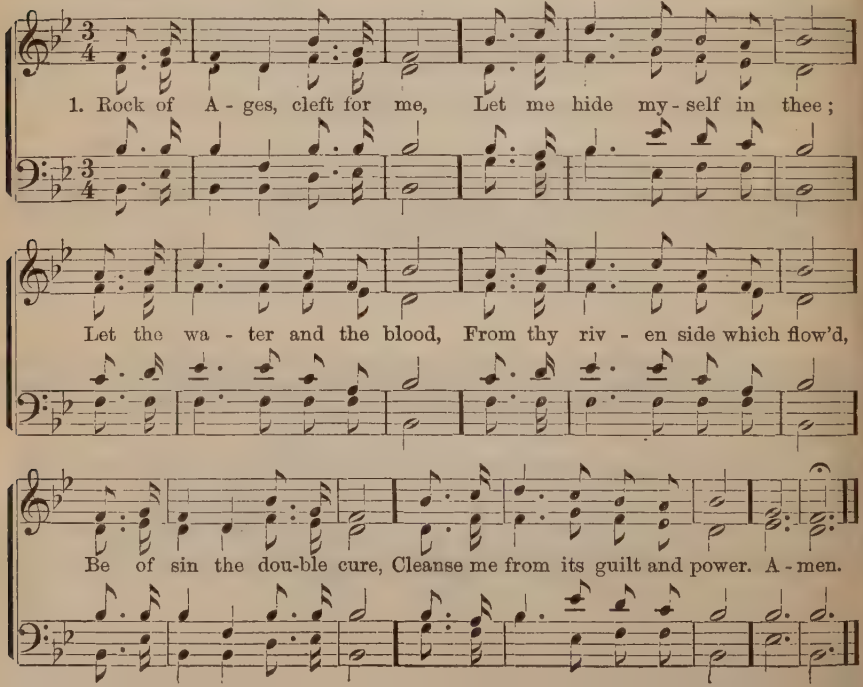

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee ; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. Amen.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

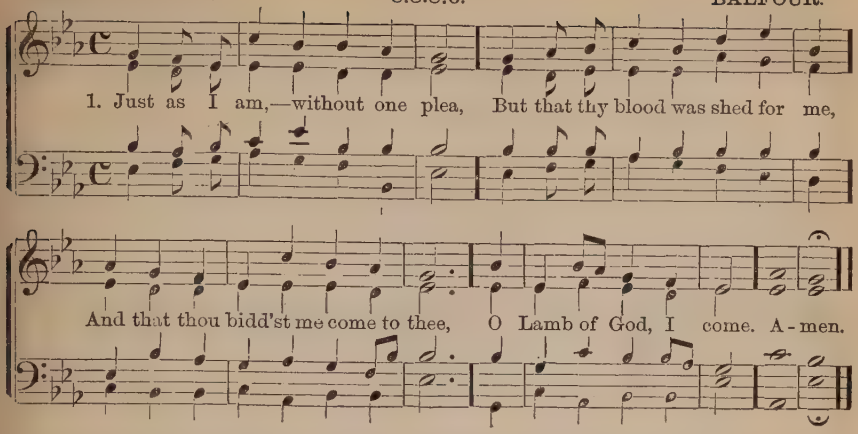
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

391. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. HUNTINGTON.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee ;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

Faith.

392. First Tune. 8.8.8.6. BALFOUR.



2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

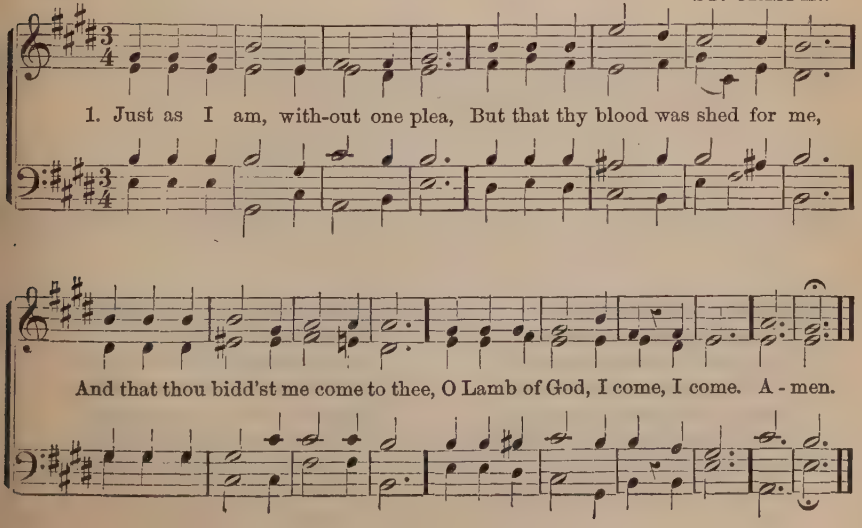
3 Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

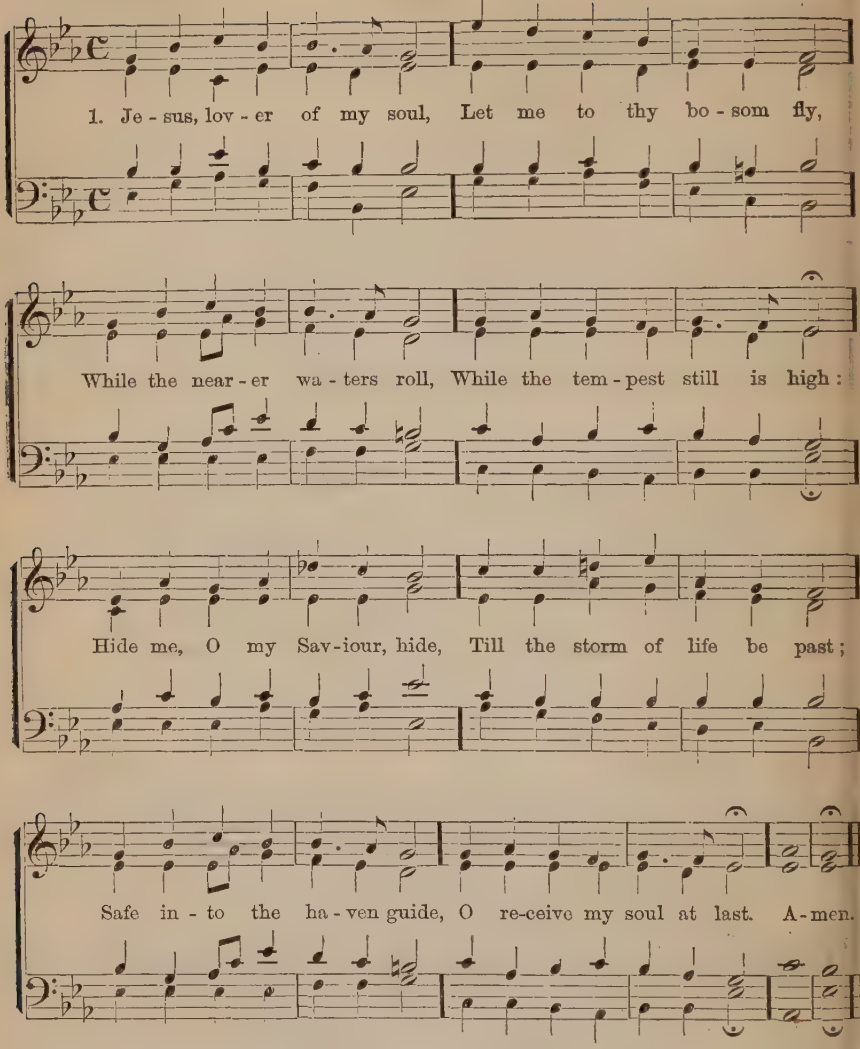
5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

392. Second Tune. ST. CRISPIN.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

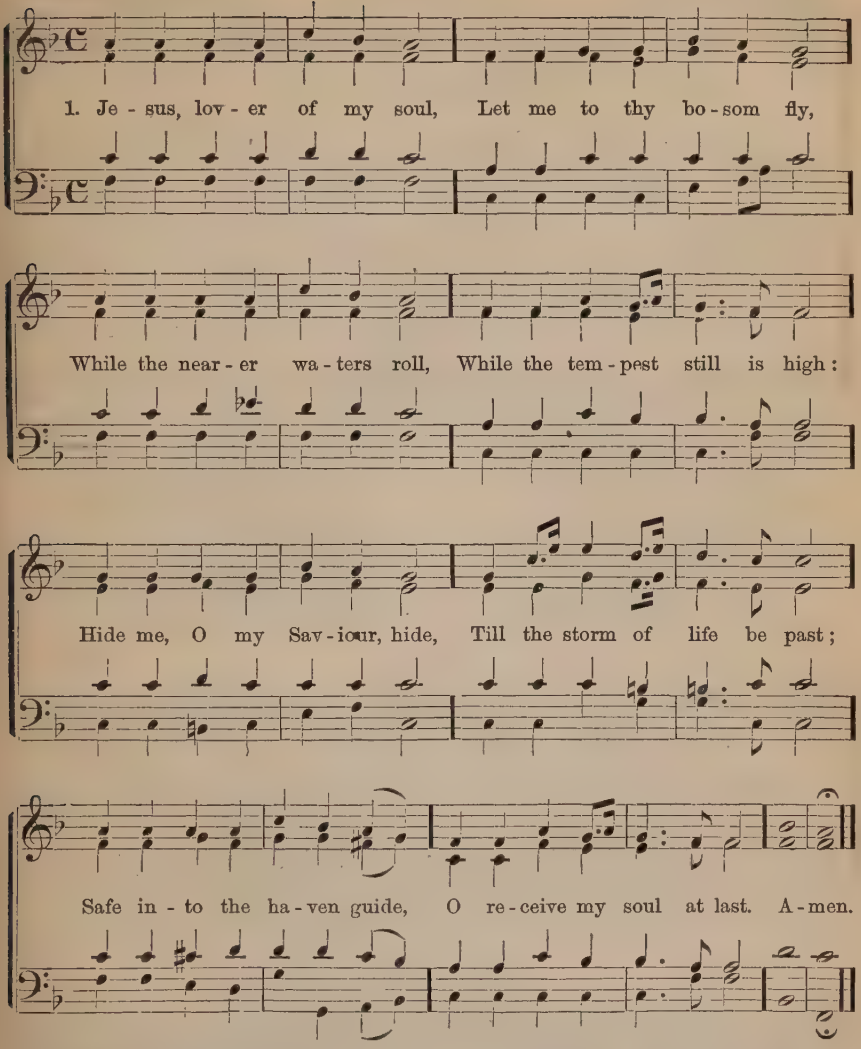
Faith.

393. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. HOLLINGSIDE.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last. A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

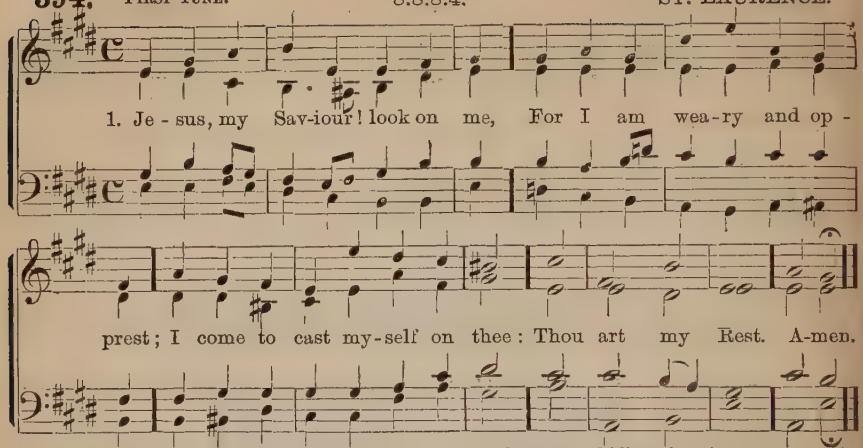
Faith.

393. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. BLUMENTHAL.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

394. First Tune. 8.8.8.4. ST. LAURENCE.



2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length,
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

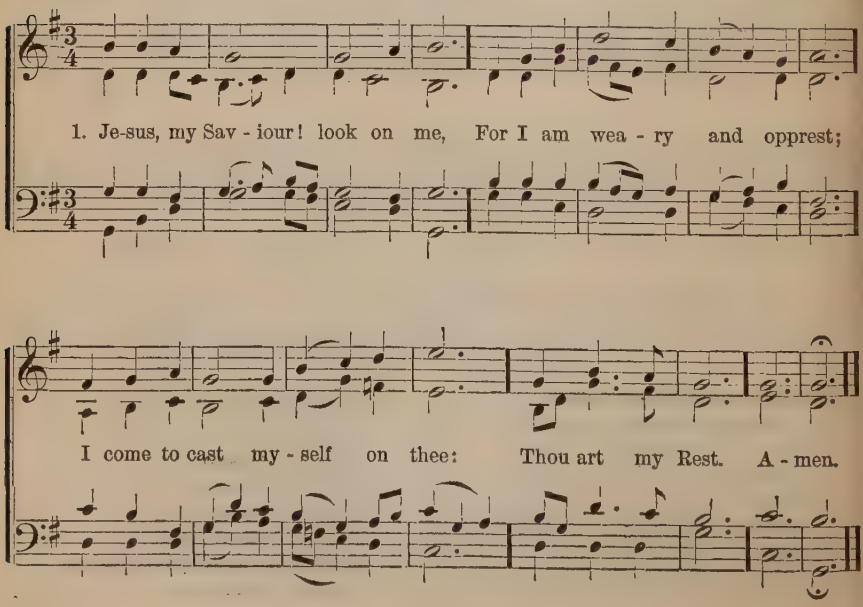
3 I am bewilder'd on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease,
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

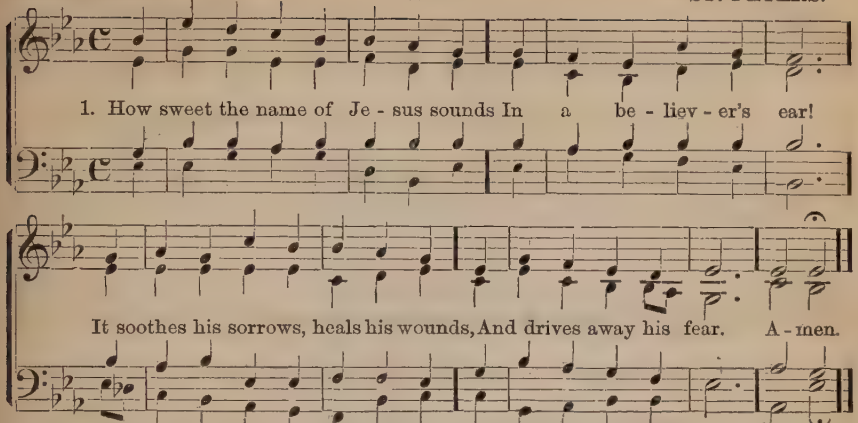
5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

394. Second Tune. 8.8.8.4. DYKES.



395. First Tune. C. M. ST. PETERS.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear. A - men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

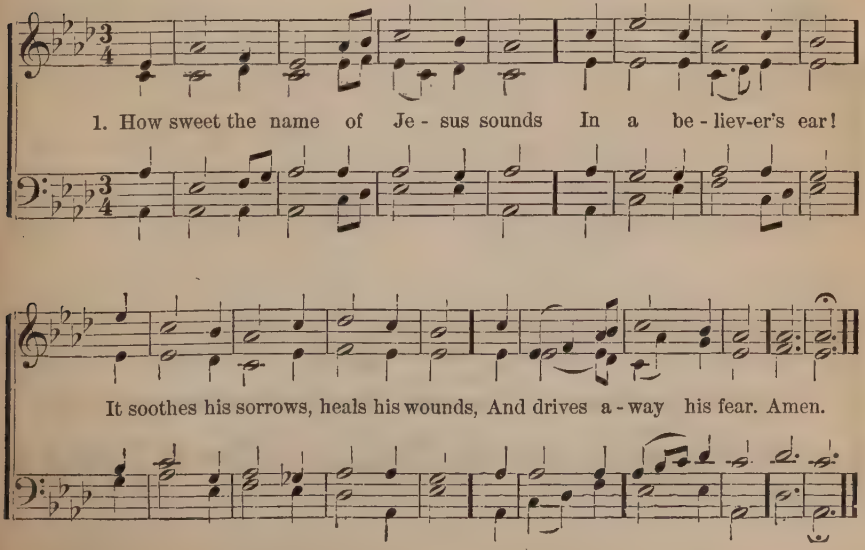
3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

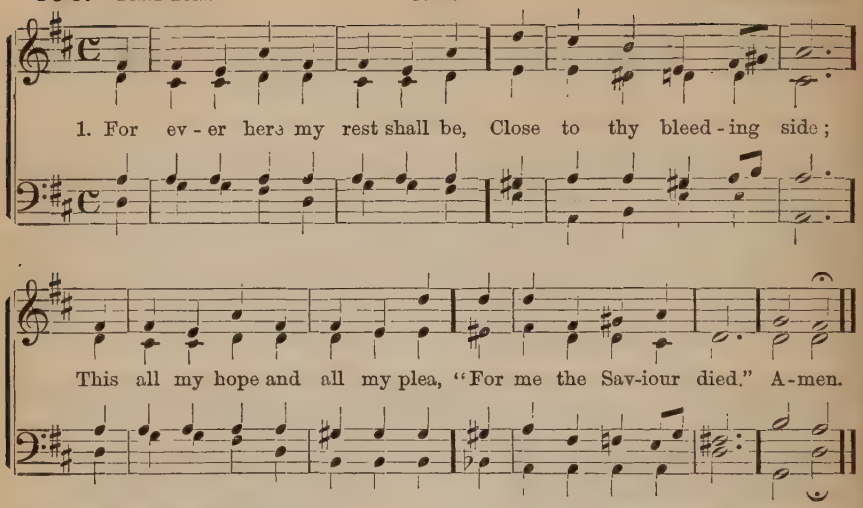
6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

395. Second Tune. C. M. MARTYRDOM.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev-er's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. Amen.

Faith.

396. First Tune. C. M. LEICESTER.

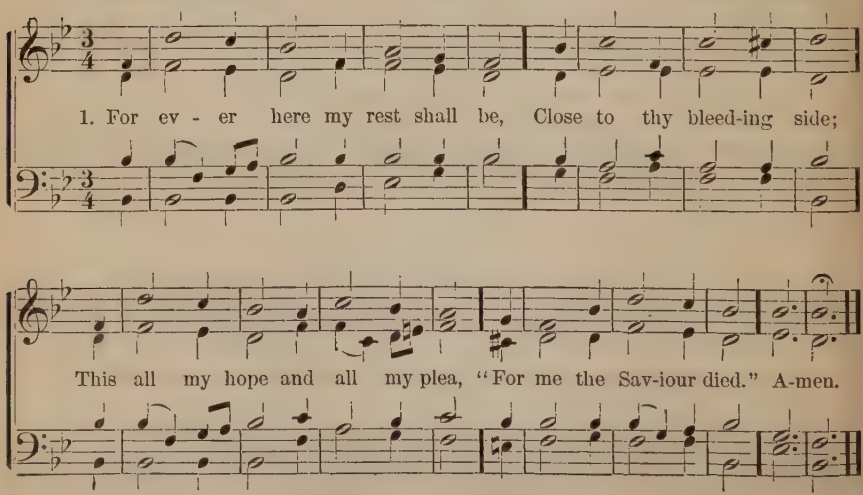


2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

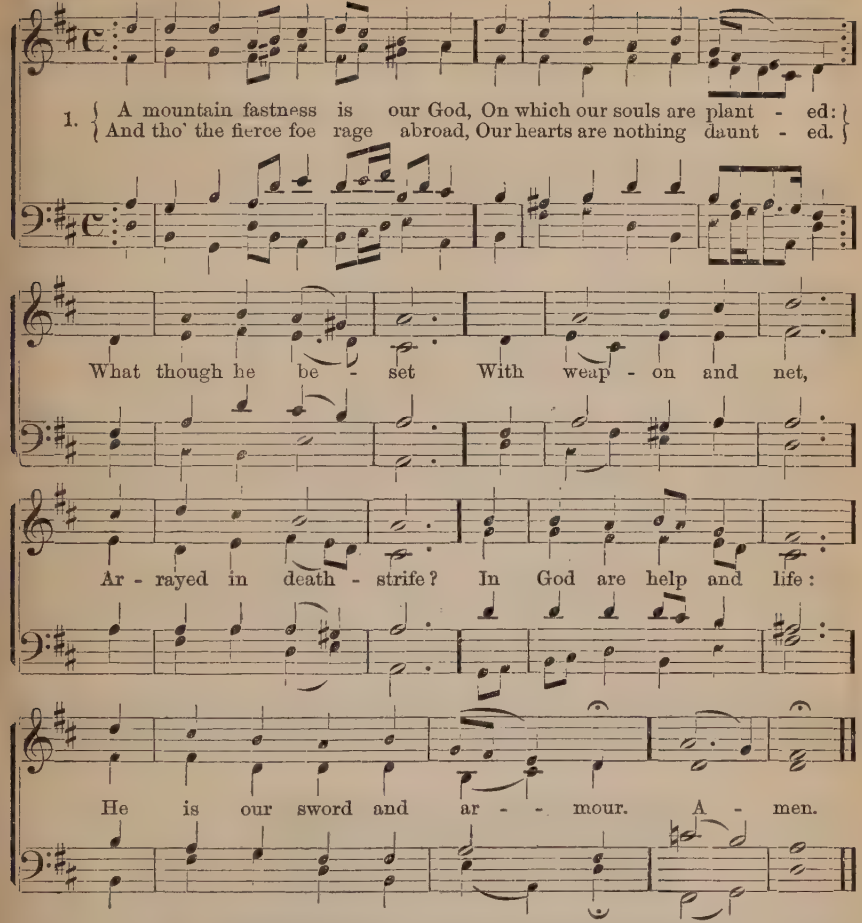
3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul is love.

396. Second Tune. C. M. HOLY CROSS.



Faith.

397. *Not too fast.* 8.7.8.7.5.5.5.6.7. WORMS.

1. { A mountain fastness is our God, On which our souls are plant - ed: }
{ And tho' the fierce foe rage abroad, Our hearts are nothing daunt - ed. }
What though he be - set With weap - on and net,
Ar - rayed in death - strife? In God are help and life:
He is our sword and ar - - mour. A - men.

2 By our own might we naught can do;
To trust it were sure losing;
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask for his name?
Christ Jesus we claim;
The Lord God of hosts;
The only God: vain boasts
Of others fall before him.

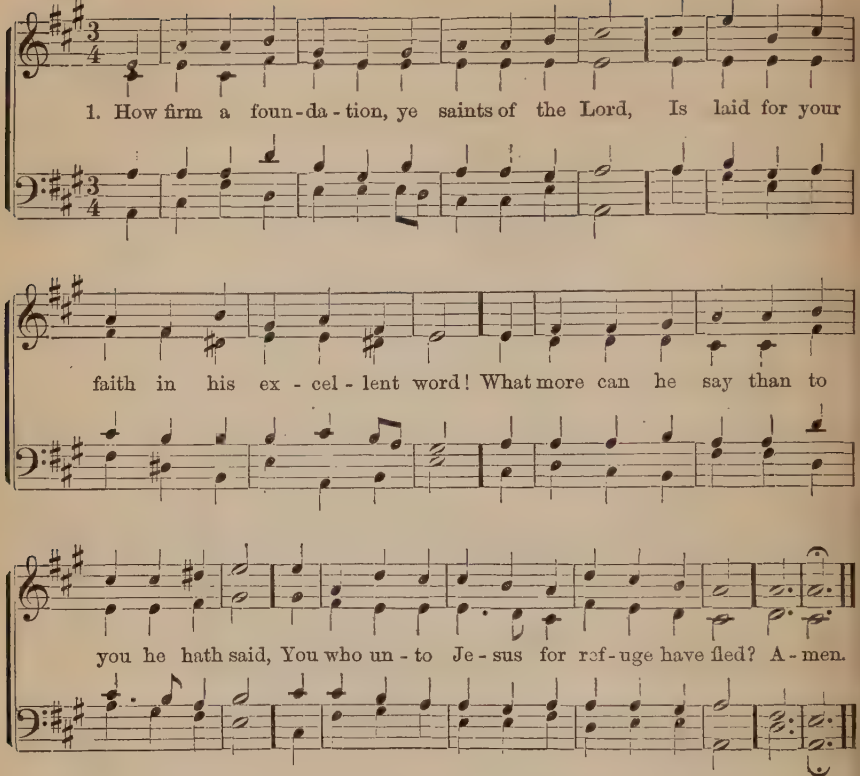
3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd
The world with hostile forces?
E'en then our fears should all be still'd:
In God are our resources.
The world and its King
No terrors can bring:
Their threats are no worth:
Their doom is now gone forth:
A single world can quell them.

4 God's word through all shall have free
And ask no man's permission: [sway,
The Spirit and his gifts convey
Strength to defy perdition.
The body to kill,
Wife, children, at wi l,
The wicked have power:
Yet lasts it but an hour!
The kingdom's ours for ever!

5 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
For ever be outpouring
One chorus from the heavenly host
And saints on earth adoring!
That chorus resound
To earth's utmost bound,
And spread from shore to shore,
Like stormy ocean's roar,
Through endless ages rolling.

Faith.

398. 11.11.11.11. DATCHET.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
you he hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

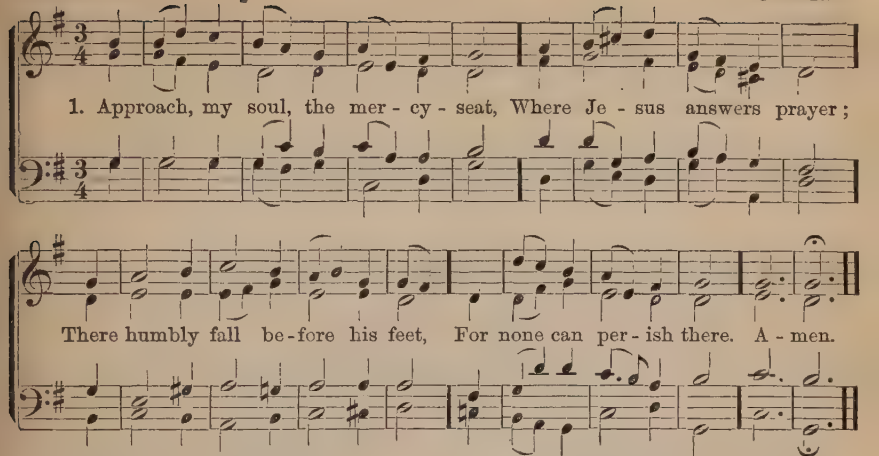
2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

399. C. M. DUBLIN.


1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer;
There humbly fall be-fore his feet, For none can per - ish there. A - men.

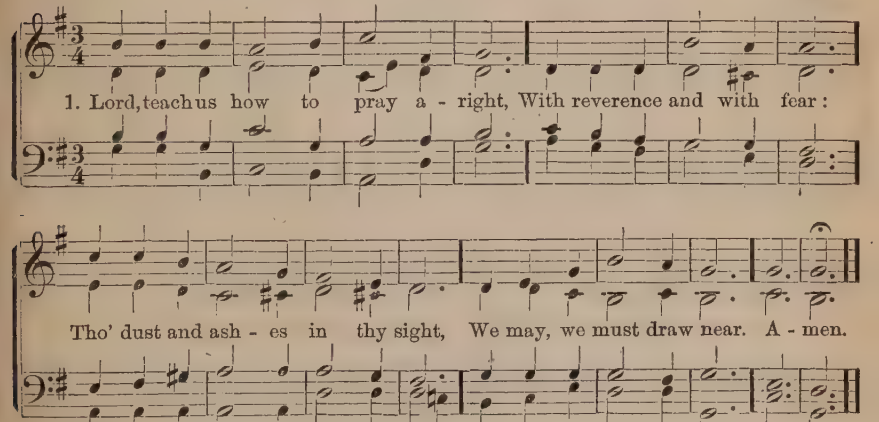
2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

400. C. M. ST. AGNES.



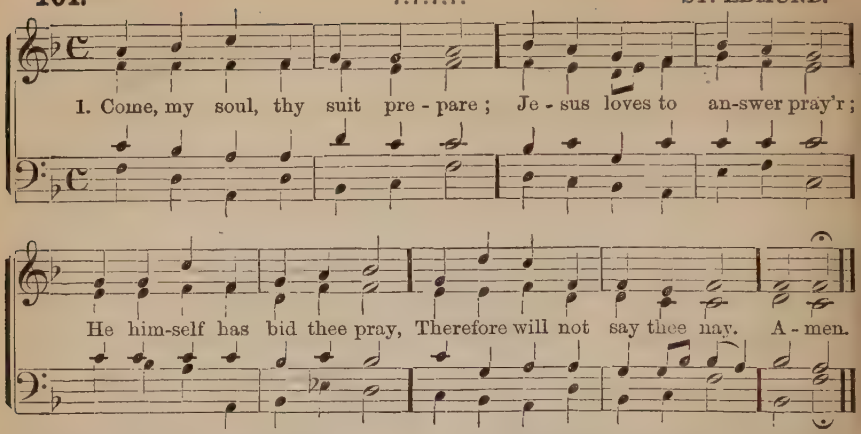
2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live.

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus, strengthen'd with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

Prayer.

401. 7.7.7.7. ST. EDMUND.


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an-swer pray'r;
He him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay. A - men.

2 Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

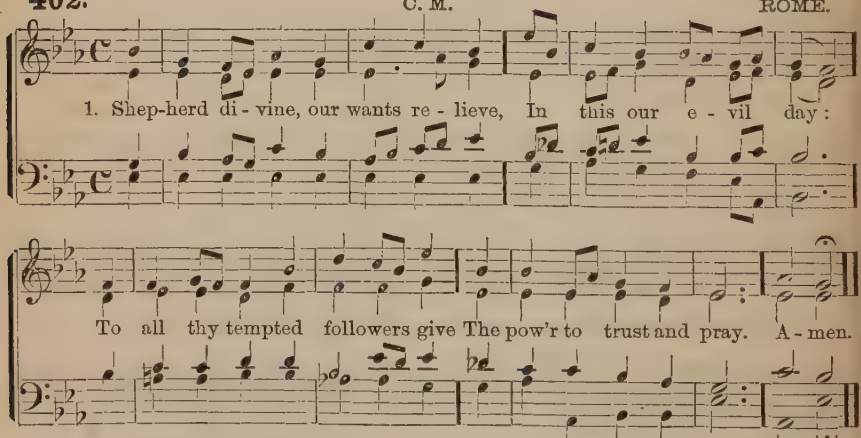
3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

402. C. M. ROME.



2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit's interceding grace
Give us the faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

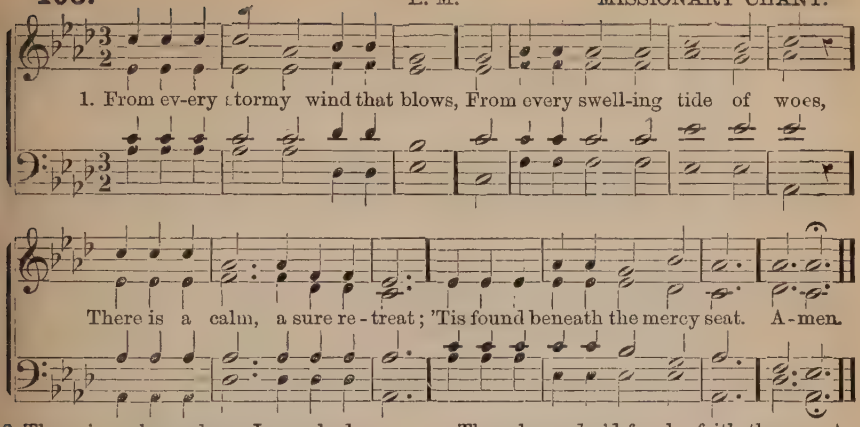
4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let thee go:

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And say,—I died for thee.

Prayer.

403.

L. M. MISSIONARY CHANT.


1. From ev-ery stormy wind that blows, From every swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat. A-men.

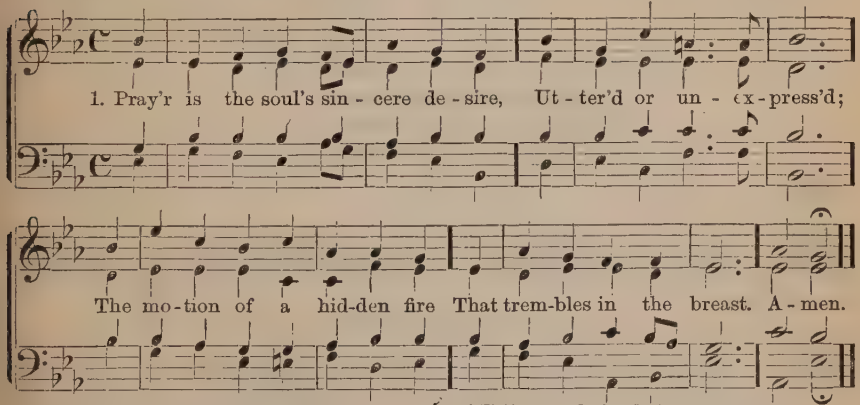
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

404.

C. M. ST. BERNARD.



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
The watch-word at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

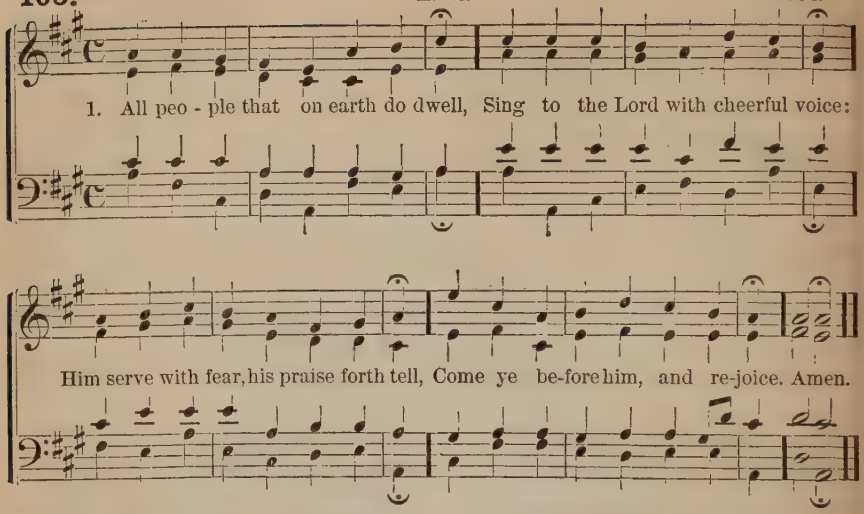
6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Praise.

405. L. M. OLD 100th.

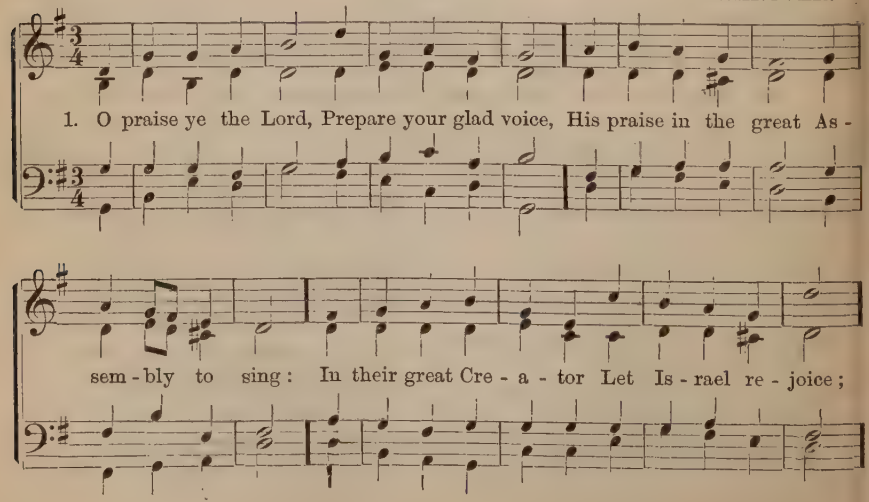

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore him, and re-joice. Amen.

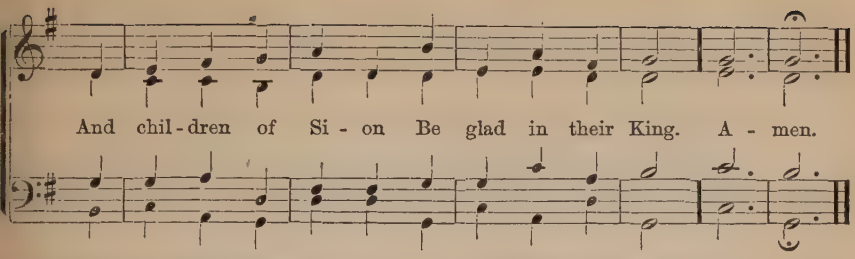
2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

406 First Tune. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. HANOVER.

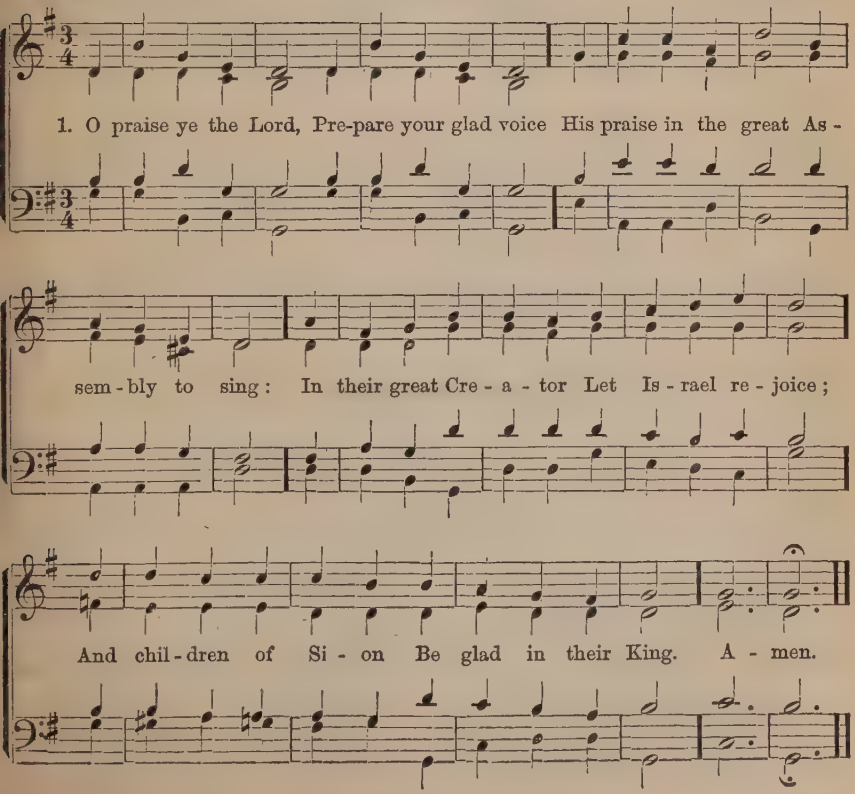

1. O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great As -
sem - bly to sing: In their great Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael re - joice;



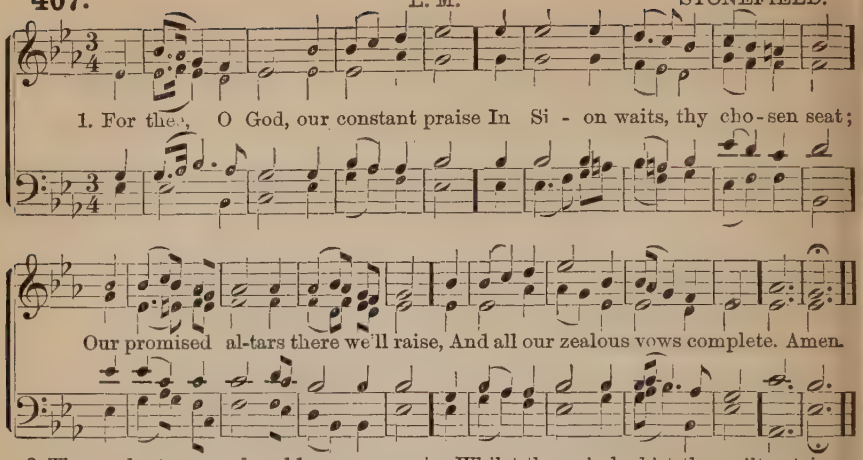
2 Let them his great name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring:
O therefore for ever
All praise to him yield!

406. SECOND TUNE. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. HOUGHTON.


1. O praise ye the Lord, Pre-pare your glad voice His praise in the great As-
sem-bly to sing: In their great Cre-a-tor Let Is-rael re-joice;
And chil-dren of Si-on Be glad in their King. A-men.

407. L. M. STONEFIELD.

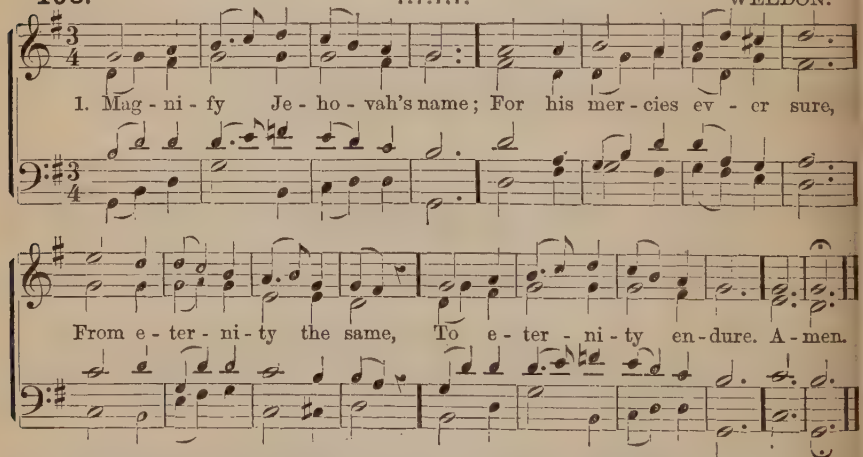

1. For thee, O God, our constant praise In Si - on waits, thy cho - sen seat;
Our promised al-tars there we'll raise, And all our zealous vows complete. Amen.

2 Thou, who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Bless'd is the man who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

408. 7.7.7.7. WELDON.



2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

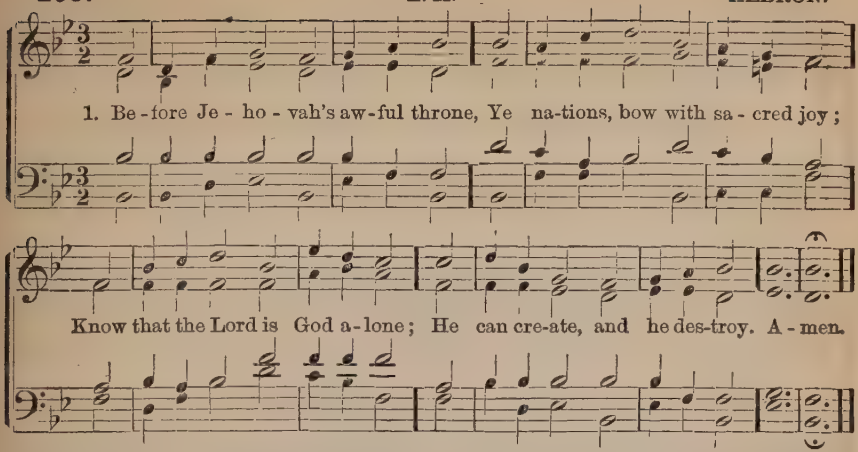
3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

409. L. M. HEBRON.


1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre-ate, and he des-troy. A - men.

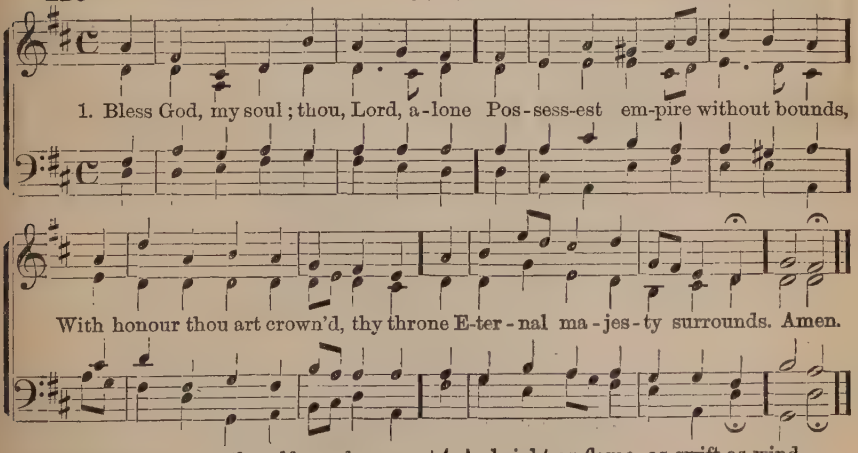
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

410. L. M. DEVONSHIRE.


1. Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, a-lone Pos-sess-est em-pire without bounds,
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne E-ter-nal ma-jes-ty surrounds. Amen.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
The canopy of state to make.

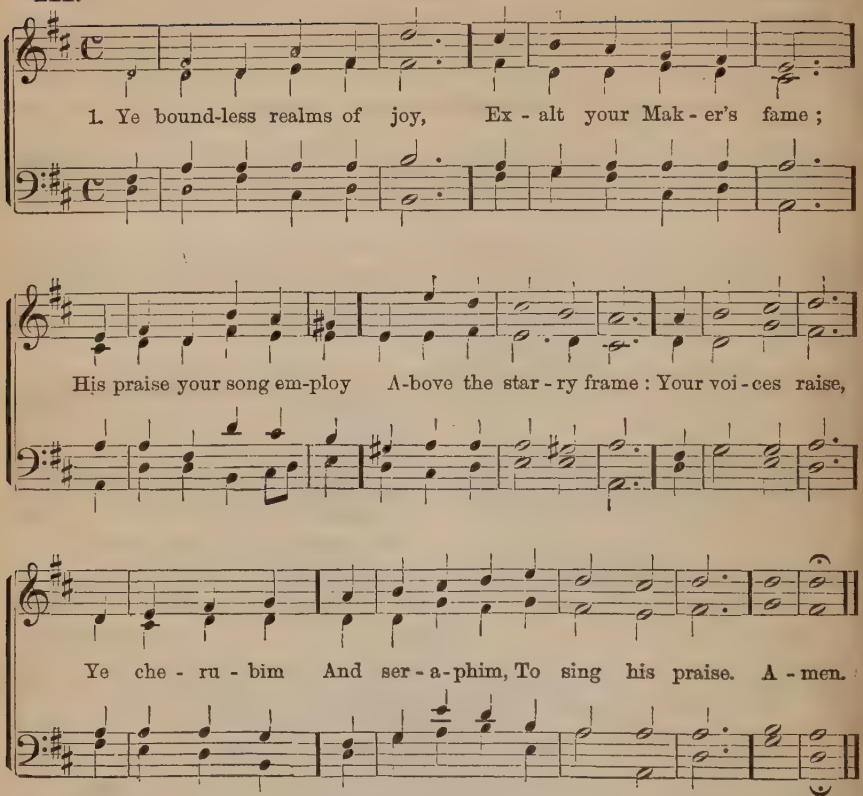
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All prompt to do their sovereign' will.

5 In praising God while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

Praise.

411. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. DARWELL.

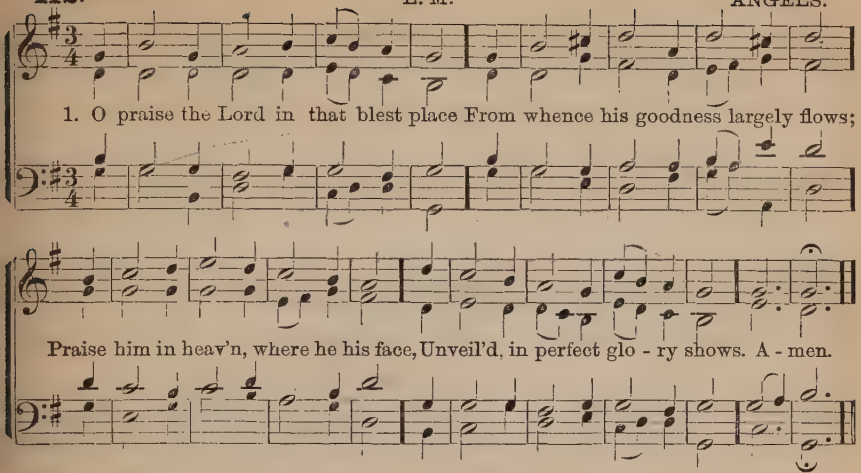

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Mak - er's fame;
His praise your song em-ploy A-bove the star - ry frame: Your voi - ces raise,
Ye che - ru - bim And ser - a - phim, To sing his praise. A - men.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

Praise.

412. L. M. ANGELS.


1. O praise the Lord in that blest place From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face, Unveil'd, in perfect glo - ry shows. A - men.

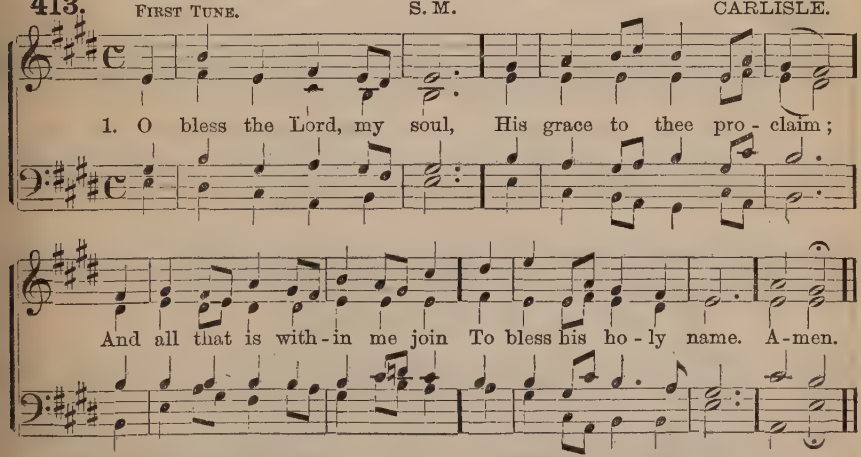
2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindn ss this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise—
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!

413. First Tune. S. M. CARLISLE.



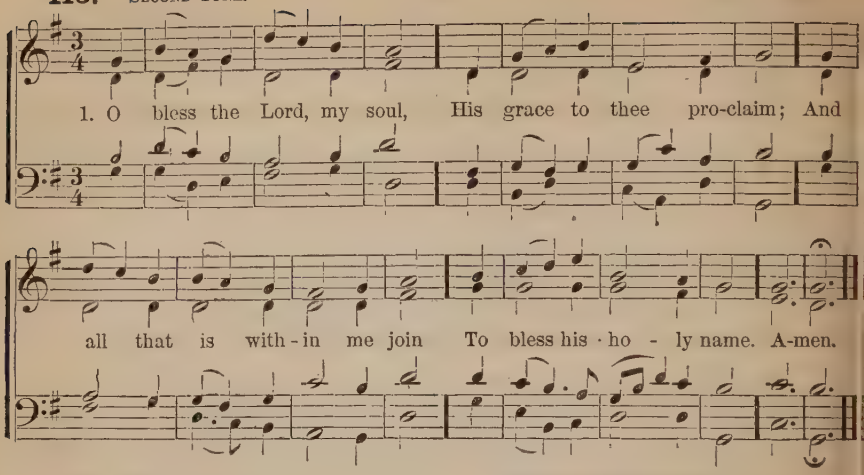
2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

413. SECOND TUNE. S. M. THATCHER.



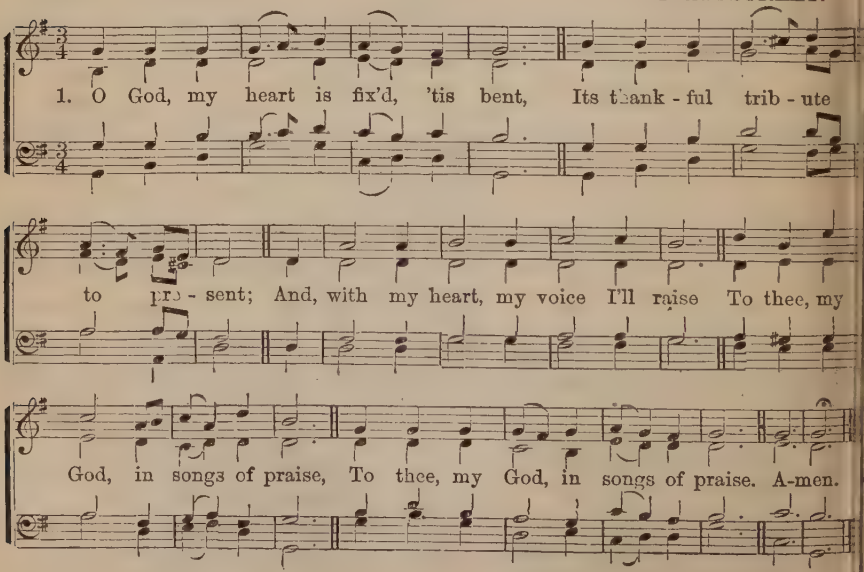
2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

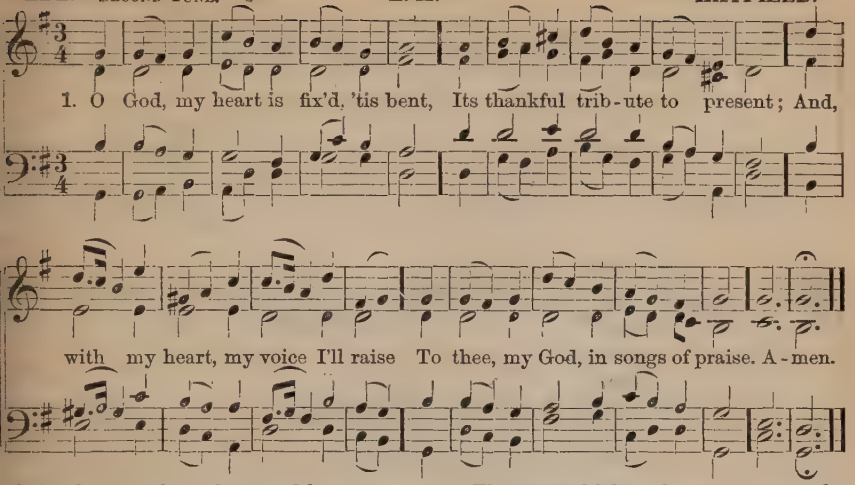
3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth:
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

414. FIRST TUNE. L. M. PARK STREET.


1. O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, Its thank-ful trib-ute
to pre-sent; And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise To thee, my
God, in songs of praise, To thee, my God, in songs of praise. A-men.

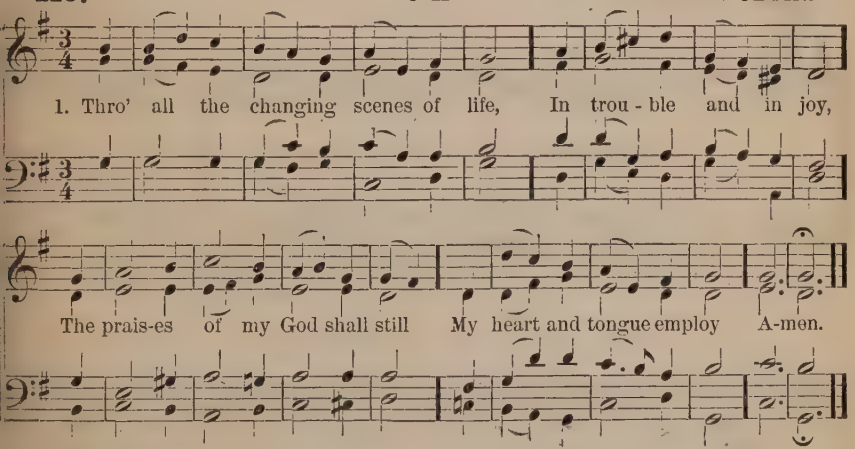
414. SECOND TUNE. L. M. HATFIELD.

1. O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, Its thankful trib-ute to present; And,
with my heart, my voice I'll raise To thee, my God, in songs of praise. A-men.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

415. C M. DUBLIN.


1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy,
The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ A-men.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

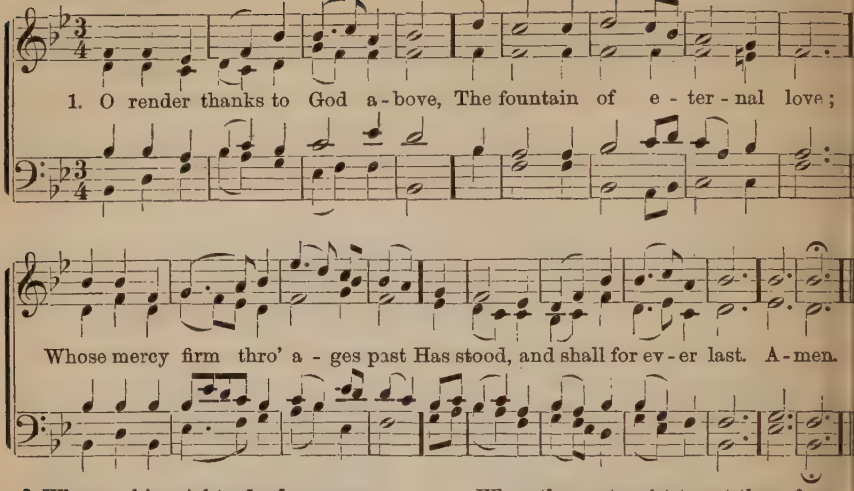
3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just:
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

416. First Tune. L. M. WARRINGTON.

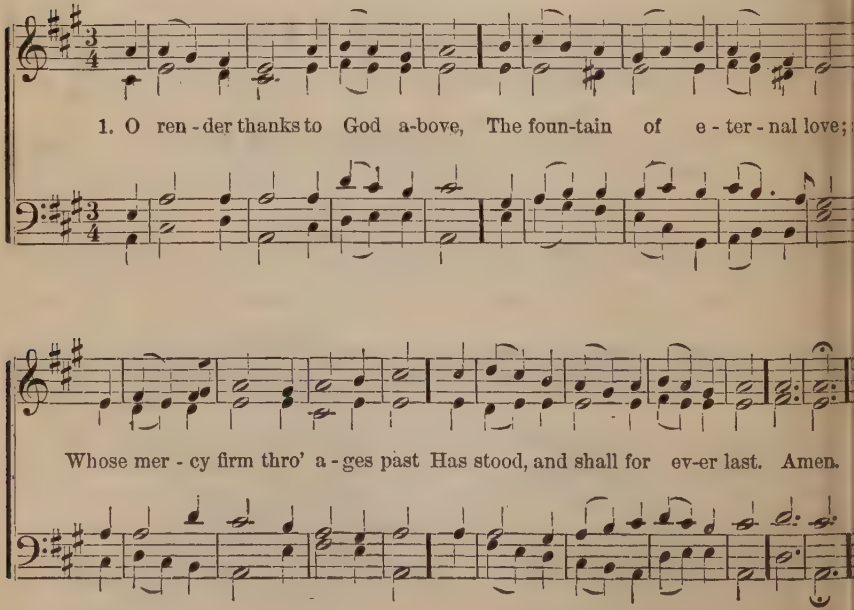

1. O render thanks to God a-bove, The fountain of e-ter-nal love;
Whose mercy firm thro' a-ges past Has stood, and shall for ev-er last. A-men.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

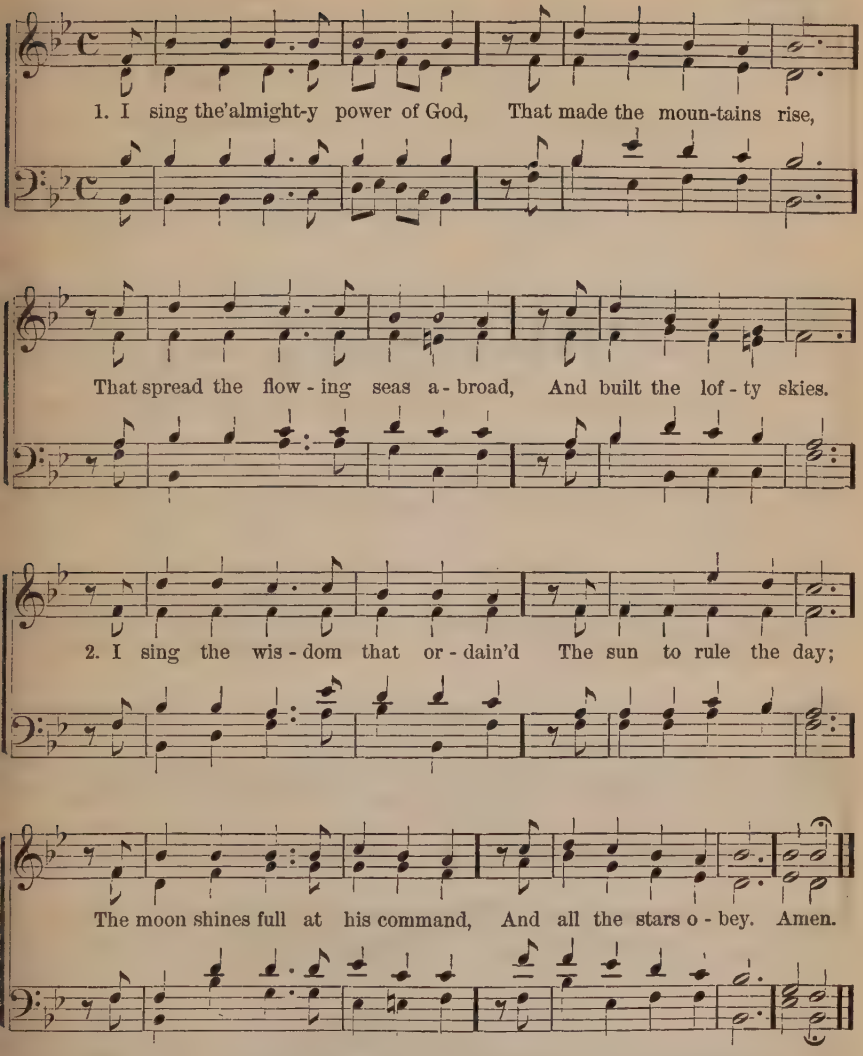
4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens, Praise ye the Lord!

416. Second Tune. L. M. WAREHAM.


1. O ren-der thanks to God a-bove, The foun-tain of e-ter-nal love;
Whose mer-cy firm thro' a-ges past Has stood, and shall for ev-er last. Amen.

Praise.

417. D. C. M. TOLLAND.


1. I sing the'almight-y power of God, That made the moun-tains rise,
That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the lof - ty skies.
2. I sing the wis - dom that or - dain'd The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey. Amen.

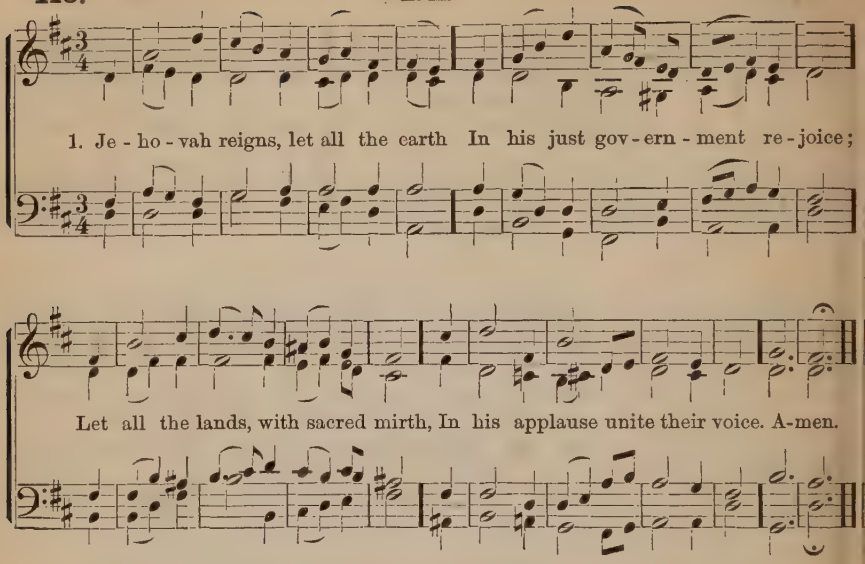
3 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky,

4 There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

5 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

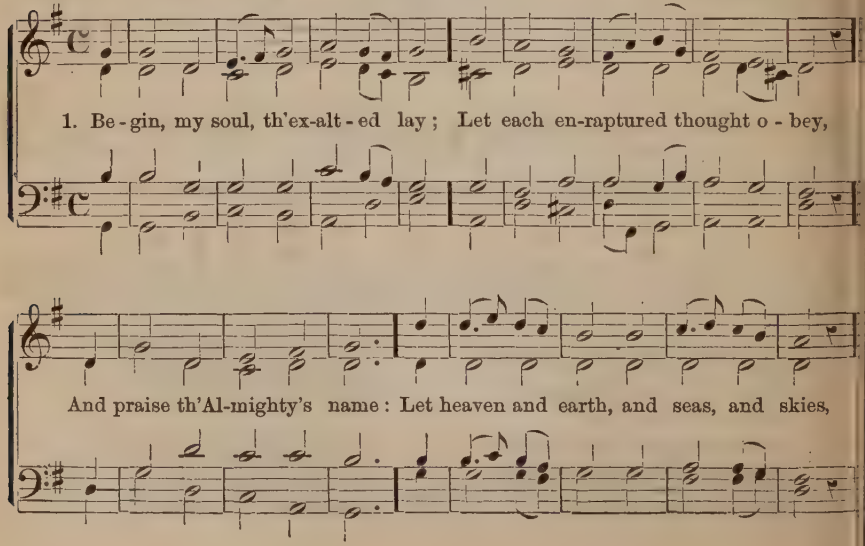
418. L. M. ST. PANCRAS.

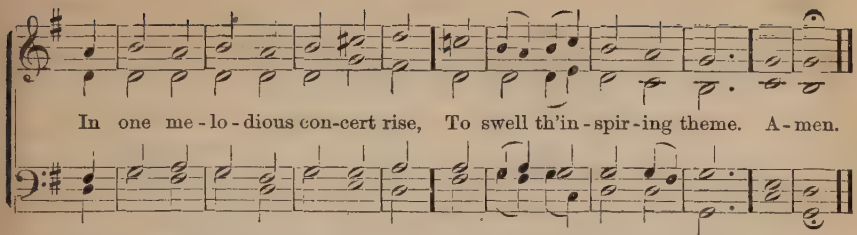

1. Je - ho - vah reigns, let all the earth In his just gov - ern - ment re - joice;
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth, In his applause unite their voice. A-men.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of his seat.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned.

419. 8.8.6.8.8.6. HARWOOD.


1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex-alt - ed lay; Let each en-raptured thought o - bey,
And praise th'Al-mighty's name: Let heaven and earth, and seas, and skies,

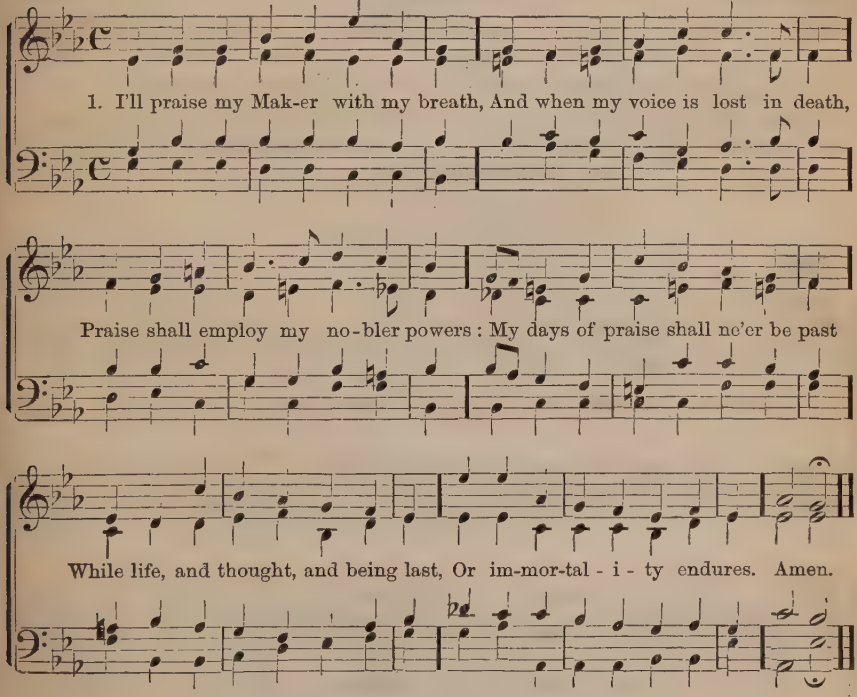


2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'ns broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

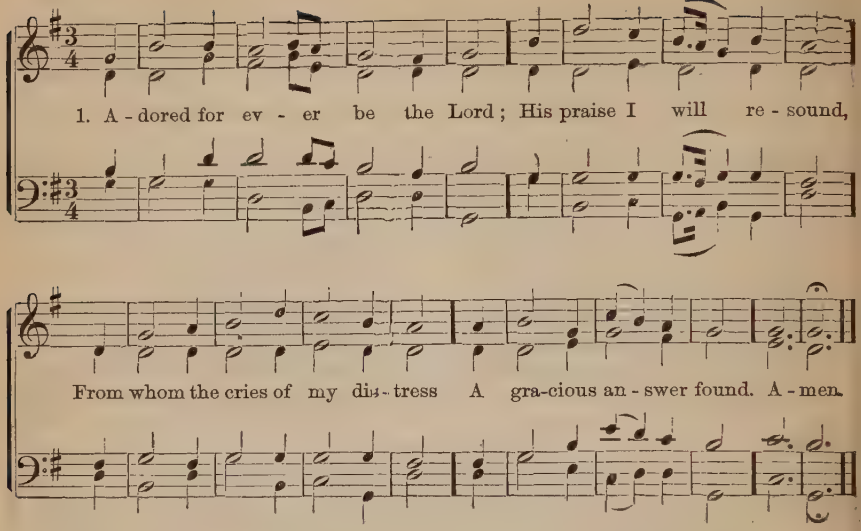
420. 8.8.8.8.8.8. BRAINE.


1. I'll praise my Mak-er with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my no-bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty endures. Amen.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, and all their train;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

Praise.

421. C. M. BARBY.

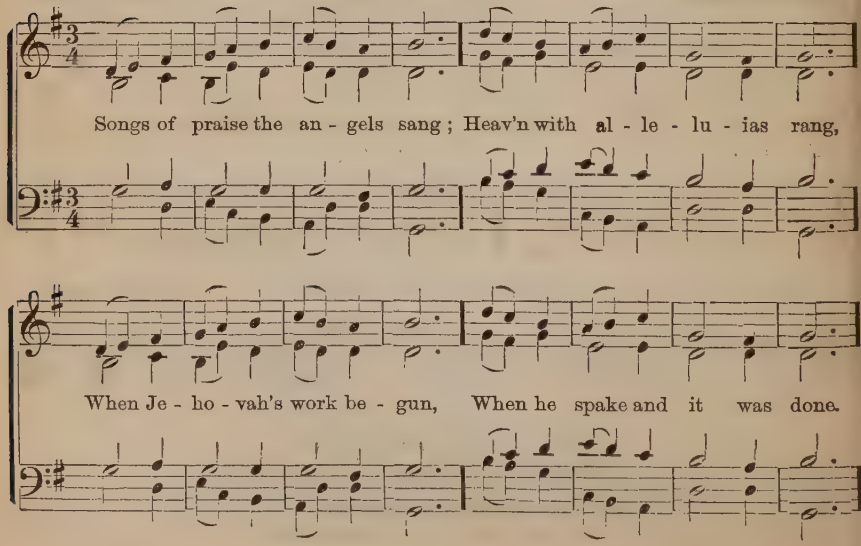


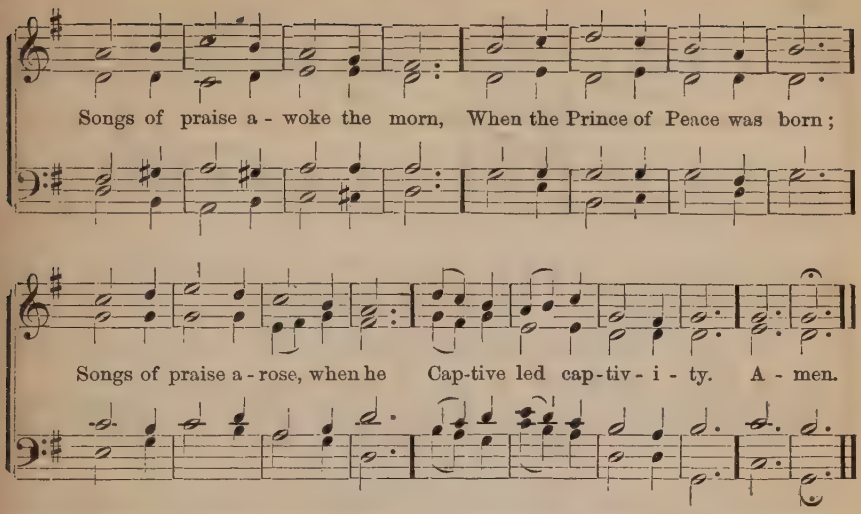
2 He is my strength and shield; my heart
Has trusted in his name;
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.

3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of his anointed flock.

4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

422. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. MAIDSTONE.

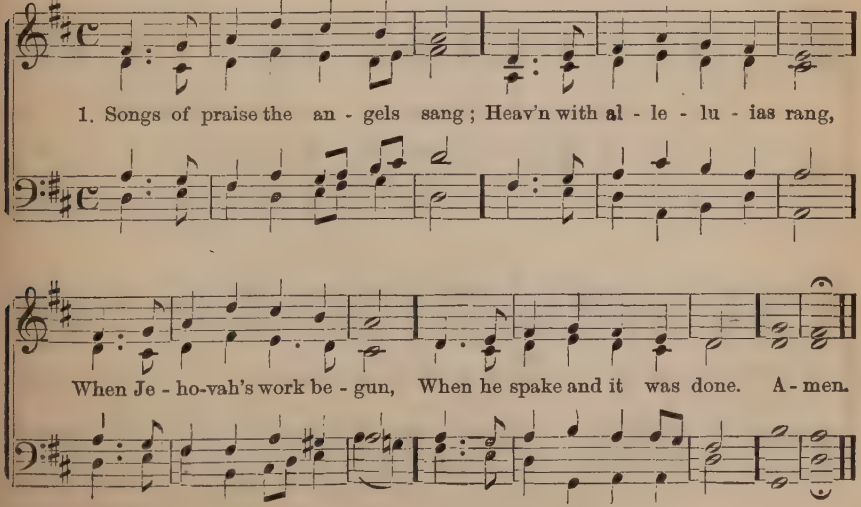




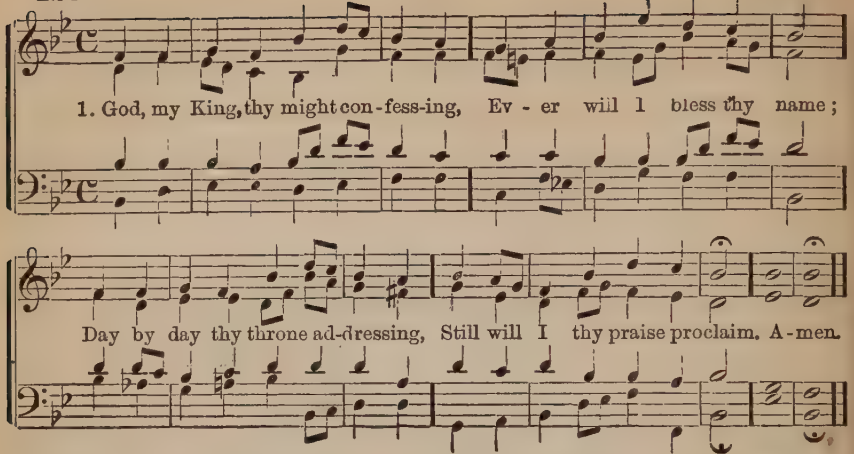
2 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

422. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. DURHAM, or INNOCENTS.



423. 8.7.8.7. TRUST.


1. God, my King, thy might con-fess-ing, Ev - er will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne ad-dressing, Still will I thy praise proclaim. A-men.

2 Honour great our God befitteth;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his work tran-mitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.

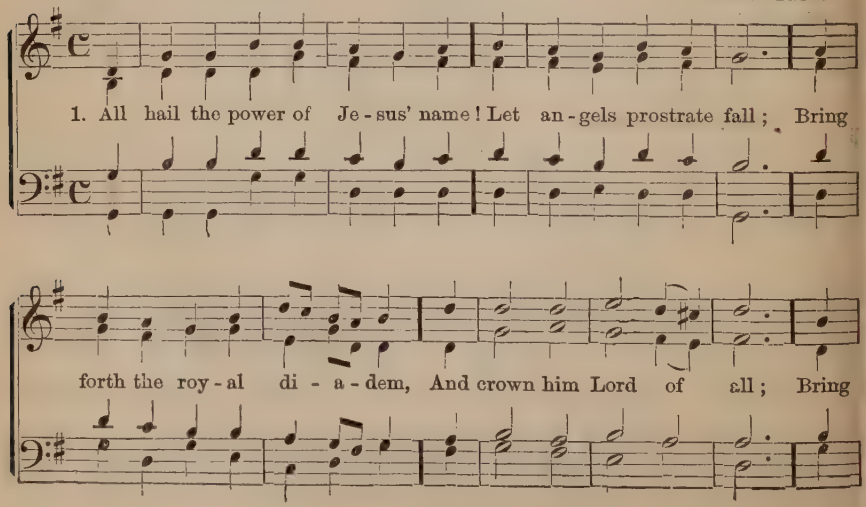
3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

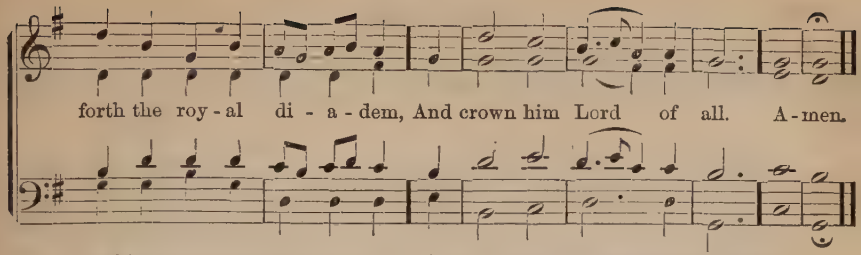
4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

424. First Tune. C. M. CORONATION.





2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

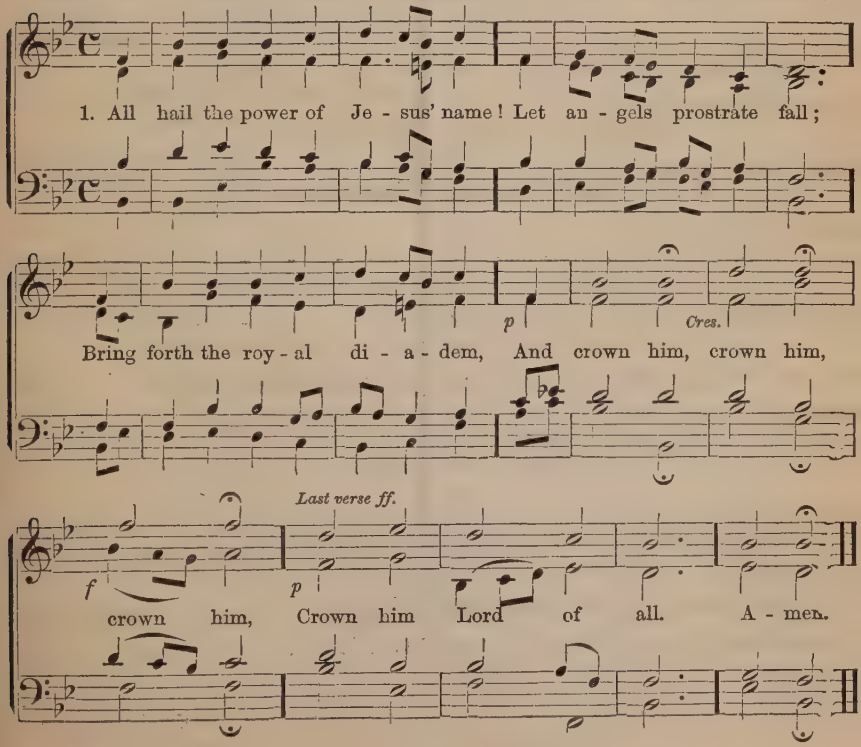
3 Hail him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

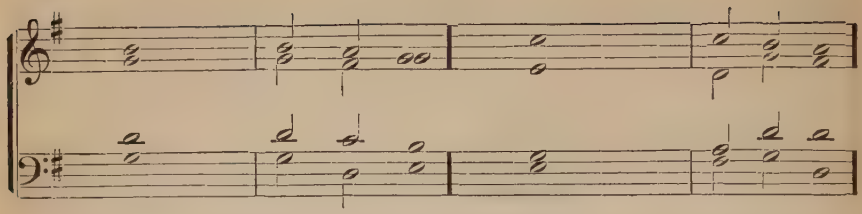
6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

424. SECOND TUNE. C. M. MILES LANE.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
p
Cres.
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him,
Last verse ff.
f
p
crown him, Crown him Lord of all. A - men.

Praise.

425. Irregular Metre.



The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- -lu - - - ia.

And the choirs that..... dwell on high

They in the rest of..... Paradise who dwell,

The planets beaming on their heaven - ly way,

Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on pin - ions light,

Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and win - ter snow,

First let the birds, with painted plum - age gay,

Then let the beasts of earth, with vary - ing strain,

Here let the mountains thunder forth so- nor - - - ous

Thou jubilant abyss of.. o - cean, cry

To GOD, Who all cre- -a - tion made,

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the LORD Al- -migh - ty loves:

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- -wak - ing,

Now from all men..... be out - poured

Praise be done to the... THREE in ONE,

To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed peo - ple sing

Shall re-echo..... through the sky

The blessèd ones, with joy the cho - rus swell,

The shining constellations join, and say

Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, wild - ly bright,

Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and sum - mer glow

Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say

Join in creation's hymn, and cry a - gain

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia.

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia.

The frequent hymn be du - ly paid:

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia.

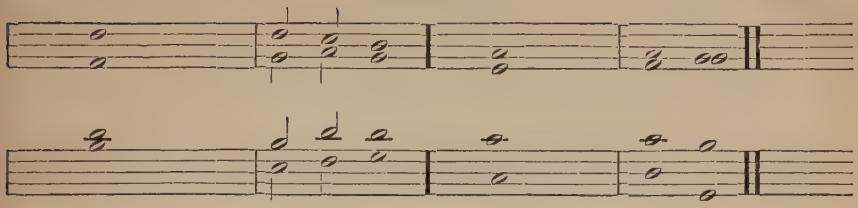
Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia.

Alleluia..... to the LORD,

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia.

Praise.

Irregular Metre. TROYTE'S CHANT.



Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia. Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia. Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia. Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia. Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

In sweet con- - - - -sent u - nite your Alle- - -lu - ia.

Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious for - ests sing Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia. Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia. Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

There let the valleys sing in gentler cho - rus Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

Ye tracts of earth and conti- -nents, re - ply Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

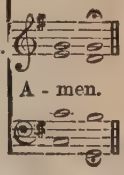
Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia. Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

This is the song, the heavenly song, that CHRIST the King ap-proves: Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

And children's voices echo, answer mak - ing, Alle- - - - -lu - ia.

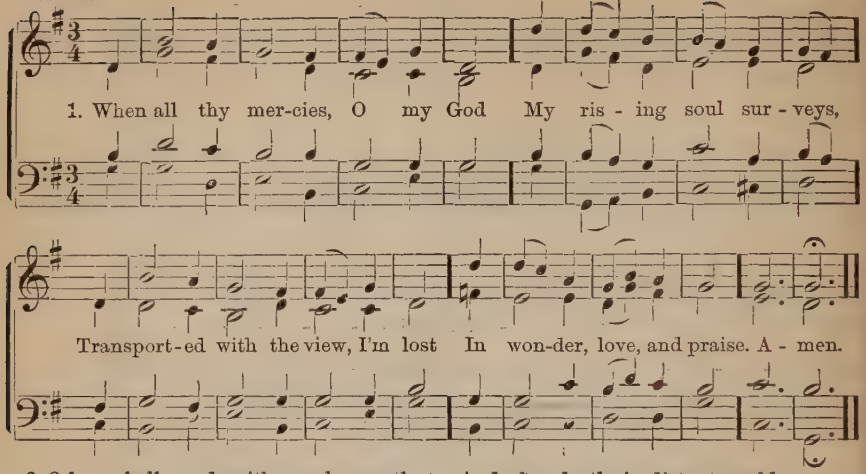
With Alleluia - - - e - ver - more The SON and SPIRIT we a - dore.

Alle- - - - - -lu - - ia. Alle- - - - -lu - ia.



Praise.

426. C. M. BELMONT.



2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That grows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

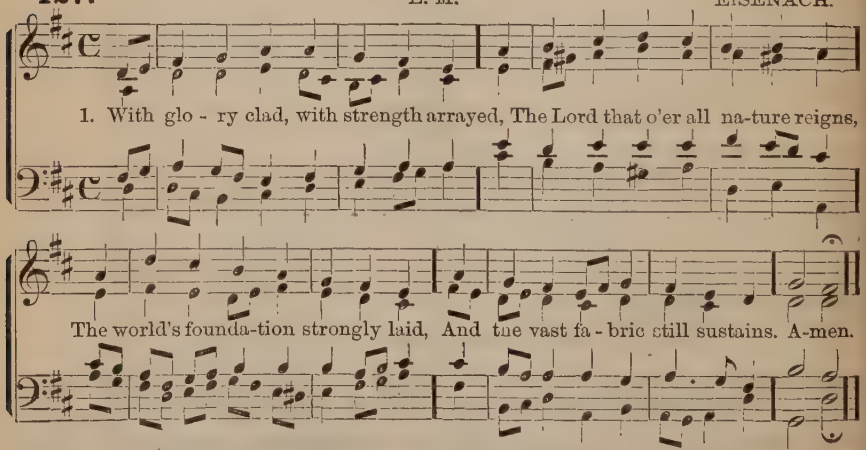
3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

427. L. M. EISENACH.


1. With glo - ry clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord that o'er all na-ture reigns,
The world's founda-tion strongly laid, And the vast fa - bric still sustains. A-men.

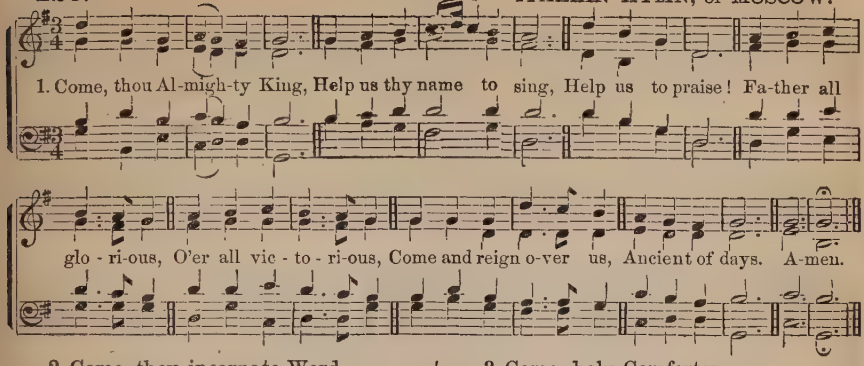
2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

428.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4. ITALIAN HYMN, or MOSCOW.


1. Come, thou Al-migh-ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days. A-men.

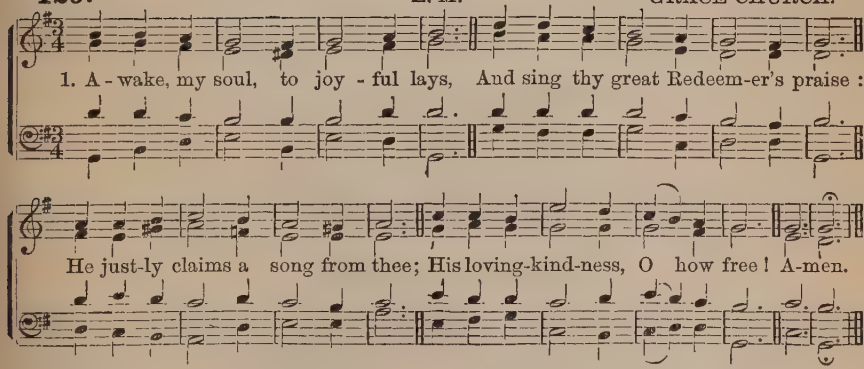
2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

429.

L. M. GRACE CHURCH.


1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeem-er's praise:
He just-ly claims a song from thee; His loving-kind-ness, O how free! A-men.

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

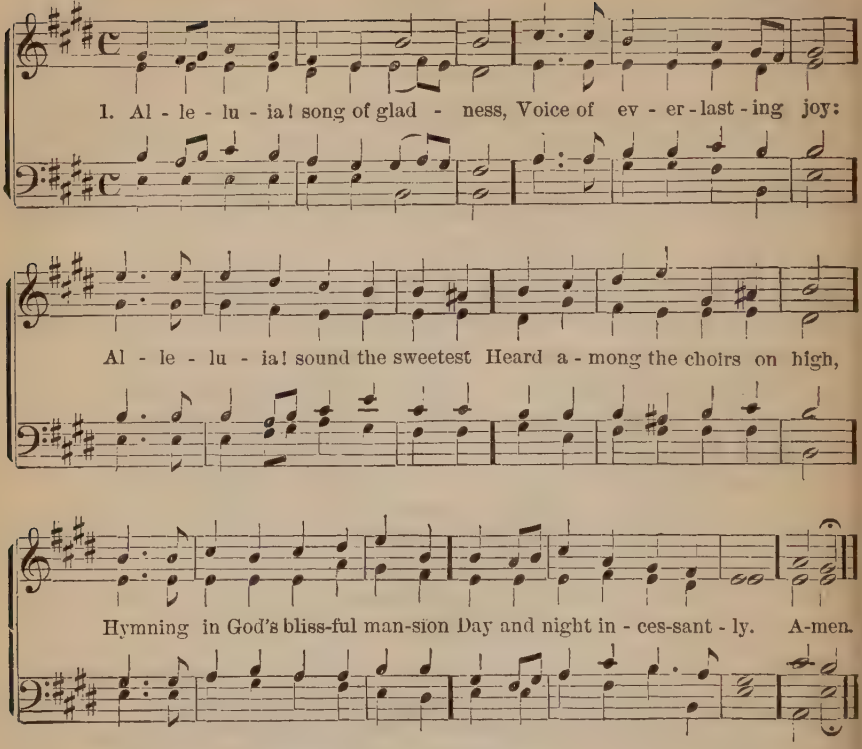
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

Praise.

430. 8.7.8.7.8.7. PATTERSON.


1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad - ness, Voice of ev - er - last - ing joy:
Al - le - lu - ia! sound the sweetest Heard a - mong the choirs on high,
Hymning in God's bliss-ful man-sion Day and night in - ces-sant - ly. A-men.

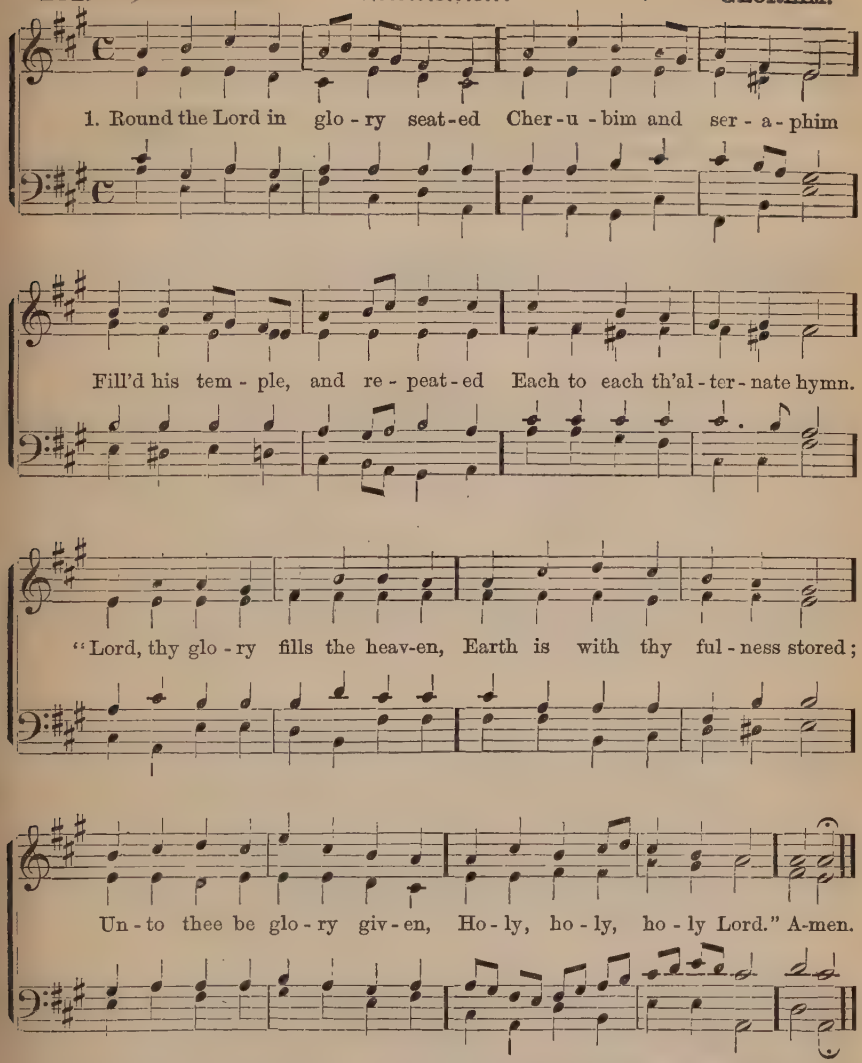
2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
Thou may'st lift the joyful strain:
Alleluia! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train.
Faint and feeble are our praises
While in exile we remain.

3 Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn,
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
'Midst our joyful strains are borne;
For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.

4 Praises with our prayers uniting,
Hear us, blessed Trinity;
Bring us to thy blissful presence,
There the Paschal Lamb to see,
Then to thee our alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

Praise.

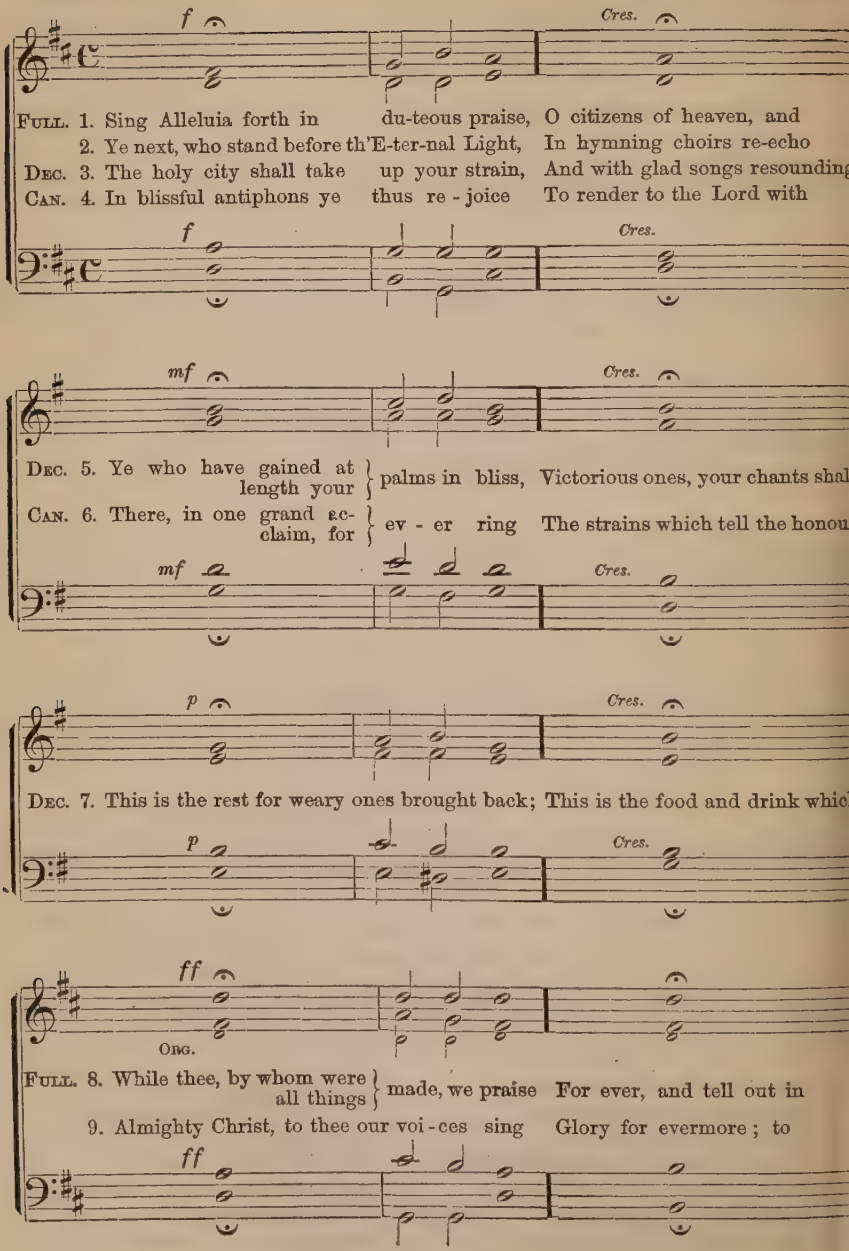
431. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. **GLORIAM.**


1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
Fill'd his tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn.
"Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with thy ful - ness stored;
Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord." A-men.

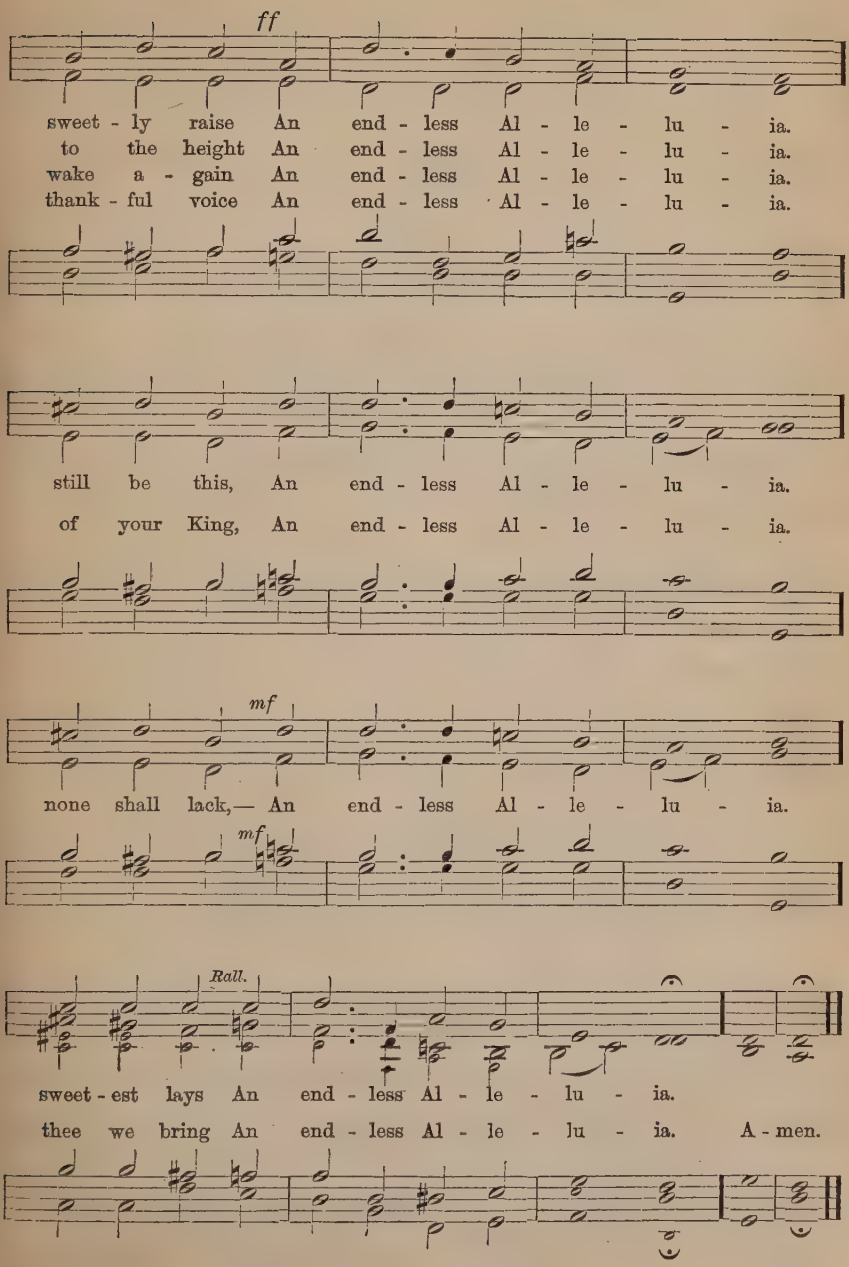
2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with thy fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord."
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt thy angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee the Lord of hosts most High.

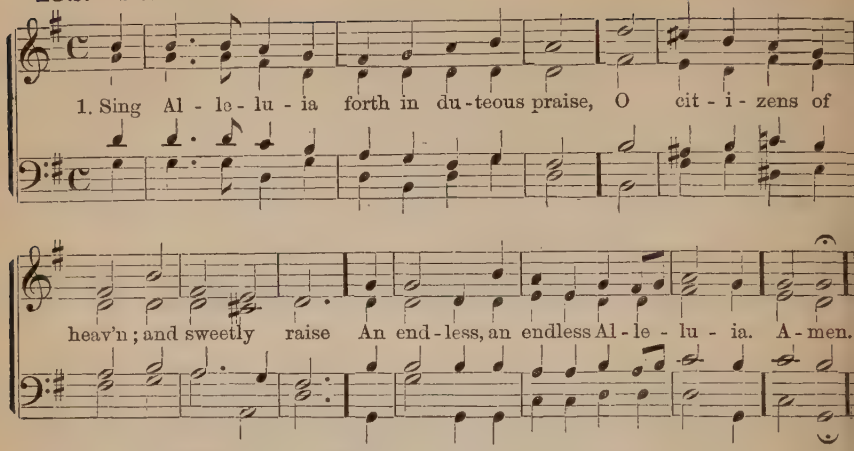
432. First Tune. 10.10.7. **ENDLESS ALLELUIA.**


f
Cres.
Full. 1. Sing Alleluia forth in du-teous praise, O citizens of heaven, and
2. Ye next, who stand before th'E-ter-nal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo
Dec. 3. The holy city shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding
Can. 4. In blissful antiphons ye thus re - joice To render to the Lord with
mf
Dec. 5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chants shal
Can. 6. There, in one grand ac-claim, for ev - er ring The strains which tell the honou
p
Dec. 7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back; This is the food and drink whic
ff
Org.
Full. 8. While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise For ever, and tell out in
9. Almighty Christ, to thee our voi-ces sing Glory for evermore; to

Praise.


ff
sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
still be this, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
of your King, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
mf
none shall lack,— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
mf
Rall.
sweet - est lays An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

432. SECOND TUNE. 10.10.7. ALLELUIA.



2 Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

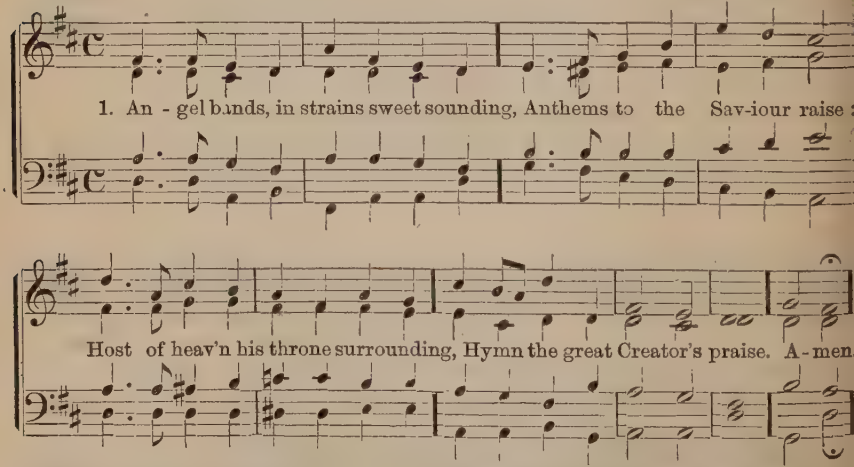
6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack
An endless Alleluia.

8 While thee, by whom were all things made, w
praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

433. 8.7.8.7. NEW JERSEY.


1. An - gel bands, in strains sweet sounding, Anthems to the Sav-iour raise
Host of heav'n his throne surrounding, Hymn the great Creator's praise. A - men.

2 Radiant orb of day, adore him,
Praise him, thou who rul'st the night;
Heaven of heavens, O bow before him,
Laud him, all ye worlds of light.

3 Praise him, wild and restless ocean
Praise him monsters of the deep;
Praise him in your rude commotion,
Storms that at his mandate sweep.

Self-Consecration.

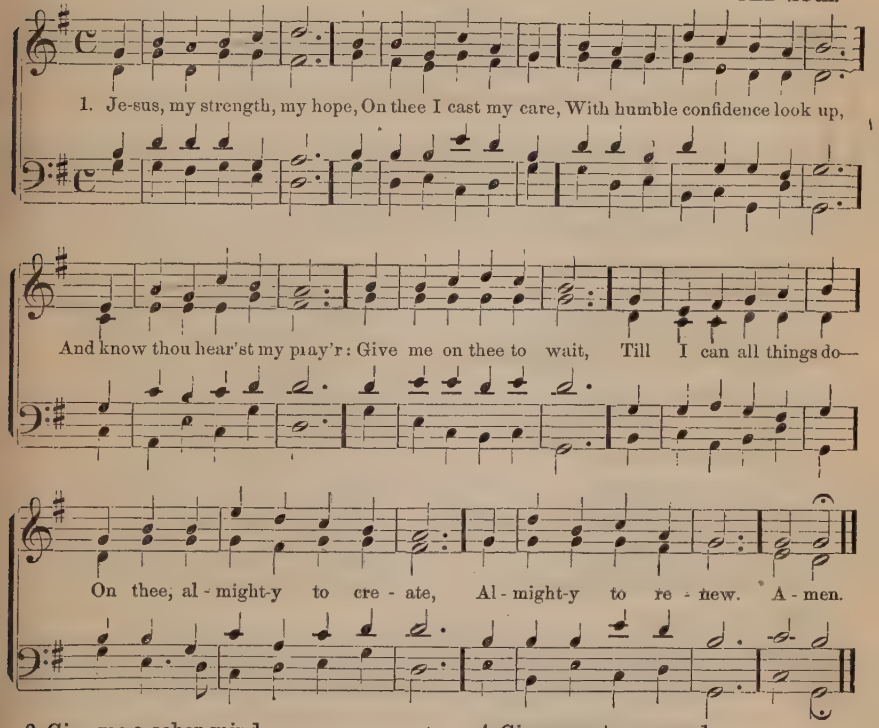
4 Hills and mountains, heavenward towering,
Fires that in their bosom glow;
Clouds around their cliffs dark lowering,
Torrents down their steeps that flow;

5 Verdant fields and valleys blooming,
Insect myriads, own his care;
Wild beasts through the forest roaming,
Warbling tenants of the air,

6 Kings and rulers, shout his glory,
People, join the loud acclaim,
Maidens, youth, and fathers hoary
Infants, lisp his holy name.

7 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Him who gave you life adore;
Earth and heaven, and all creation,
Praise his name for evermore.

434. First Tune. D. S. M. OLD 25th.


1. Je-sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care, With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my pray'r: Give me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do—
On thee, al-might-y to cre-ate, Al-might-y to re-new. A-men.

2 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

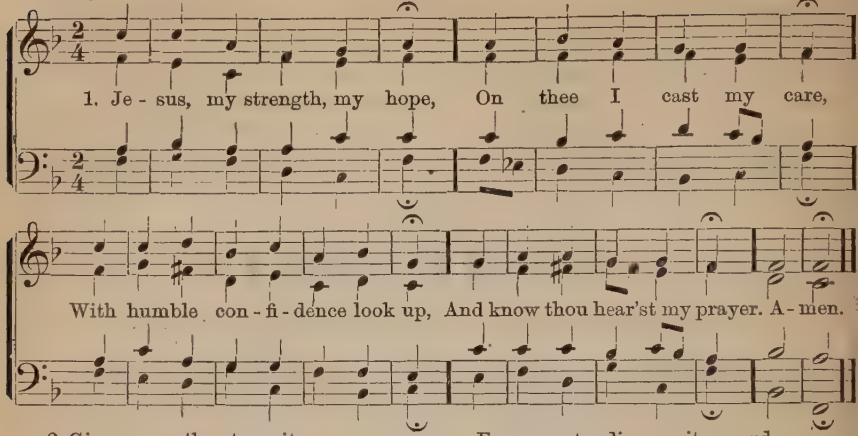
3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

5 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Self-Consecration.

434. Second Tune. S. M. FRIENDSHIP.



2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

5 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

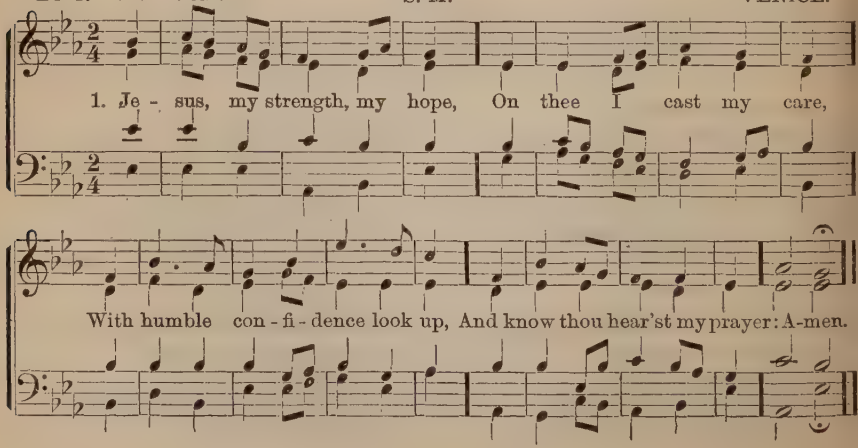
7 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;

8 Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suffering less.

9 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;

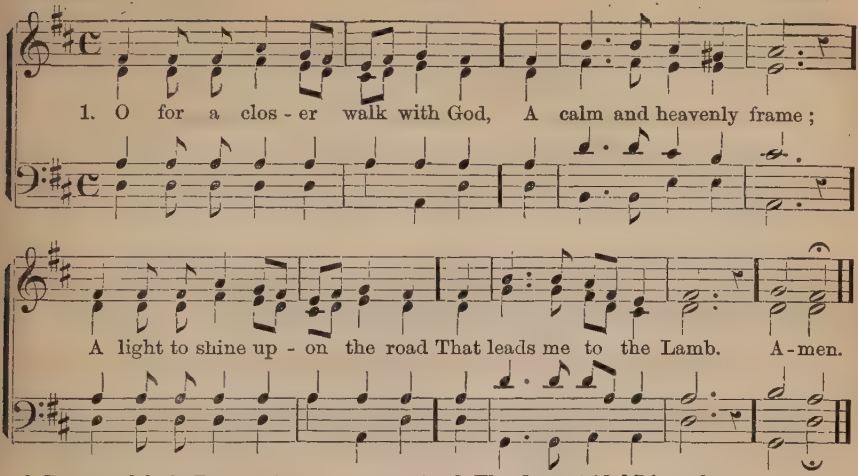
10 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

434. Third Tune. S. M. VENICE.



Self-Consecration.

435. C. M. NAOMI.



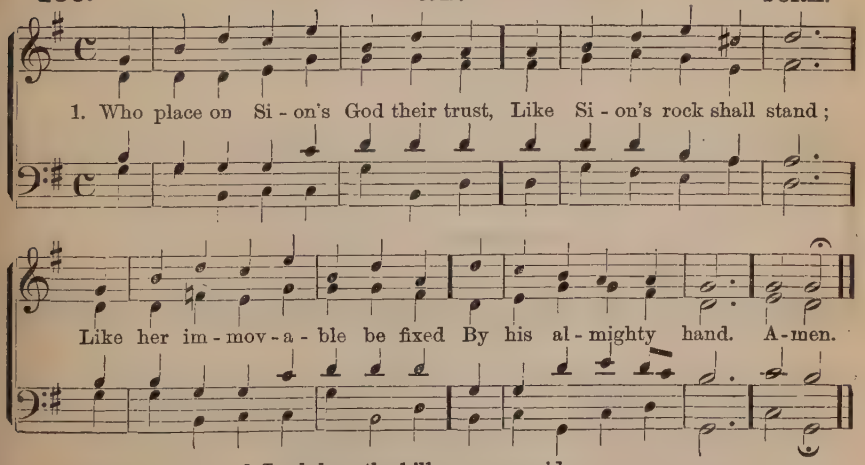
2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Trust.

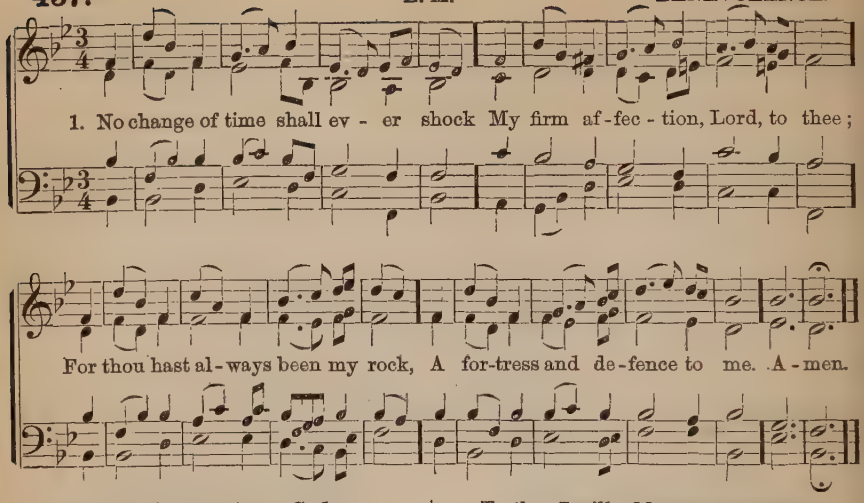
436. C. M. YORK.



2 Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

Trust.

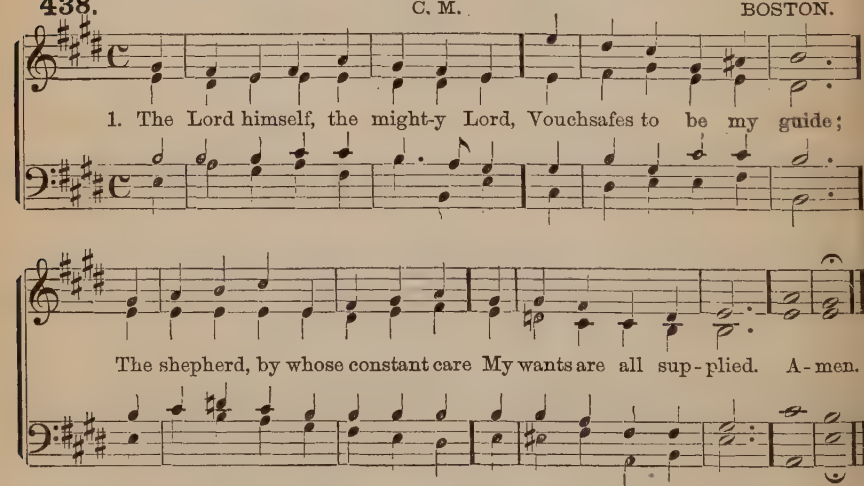
437. L. M. BENEVOLENCE.


1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af-fec - tion, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast al-ways been my rock, A for-tress and de-fence to me. A-men.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

438. C. M. BOSTON.


1. The Lord himself, the might-y Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all sup-plied. A-men.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

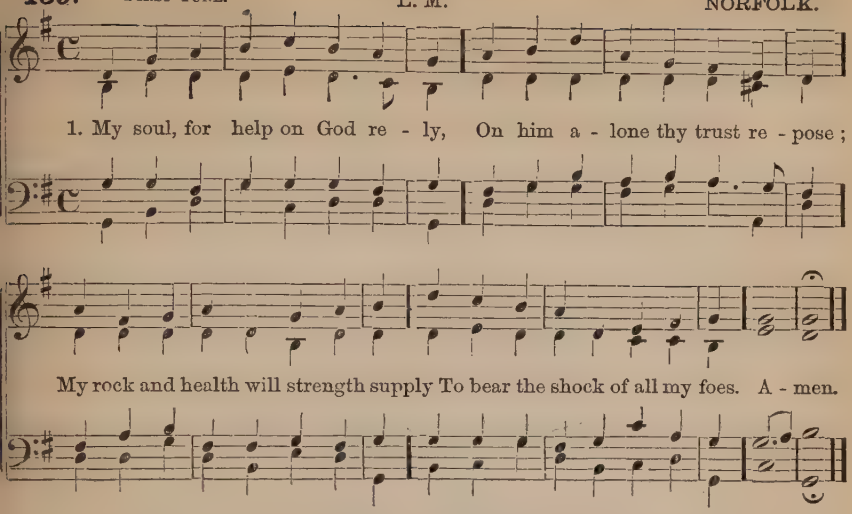
3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

Trust.

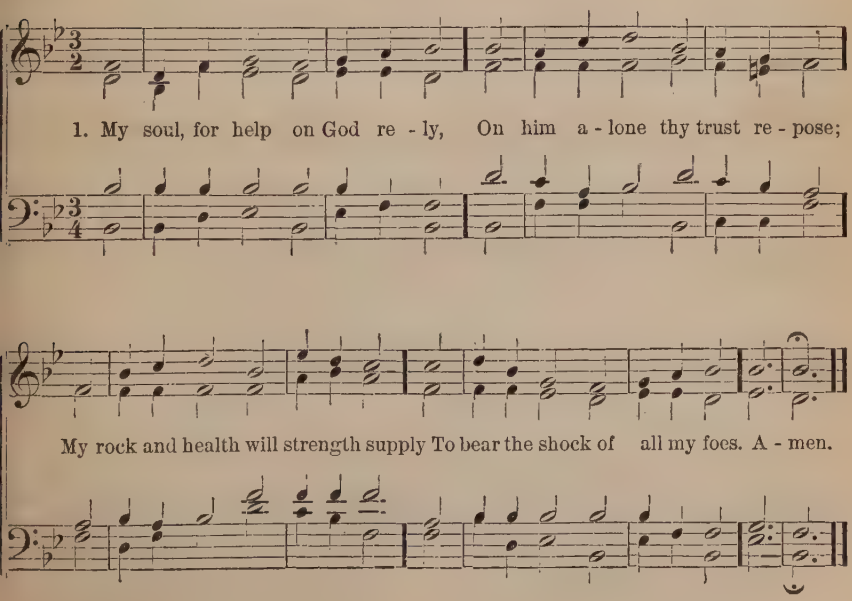
439. First Tune. L. M. NORFOLK.


1. My soul, for help on God re - ly, On him a - lone thy trust re - pose;
My rock and health will strength supply To bear the shock of all my foes. A - men.

2 God does his saving health dispense
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.

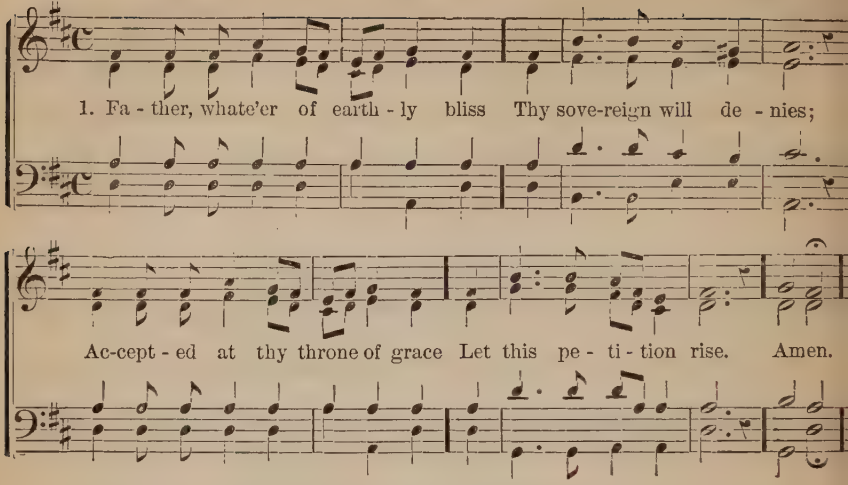
3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

439. Second Tune. L. M. HEBRON.


1. My soul, for help on God re - ly, On him a - lone thy trust re - pose;
My rock and health will strength supply To bear the shock of all my foes. A - men.

Trust.

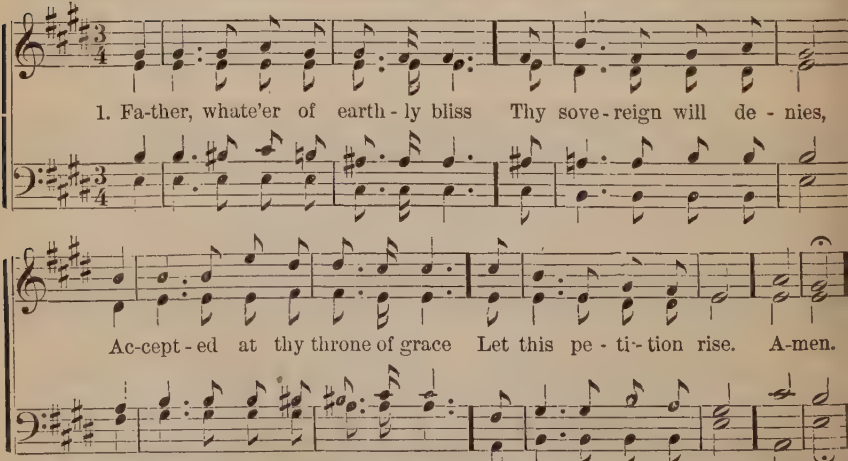
440. FIRST TUNE. C. M. NAOMI.



2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

440. SECOND TUNE. C. M. SERENITY.

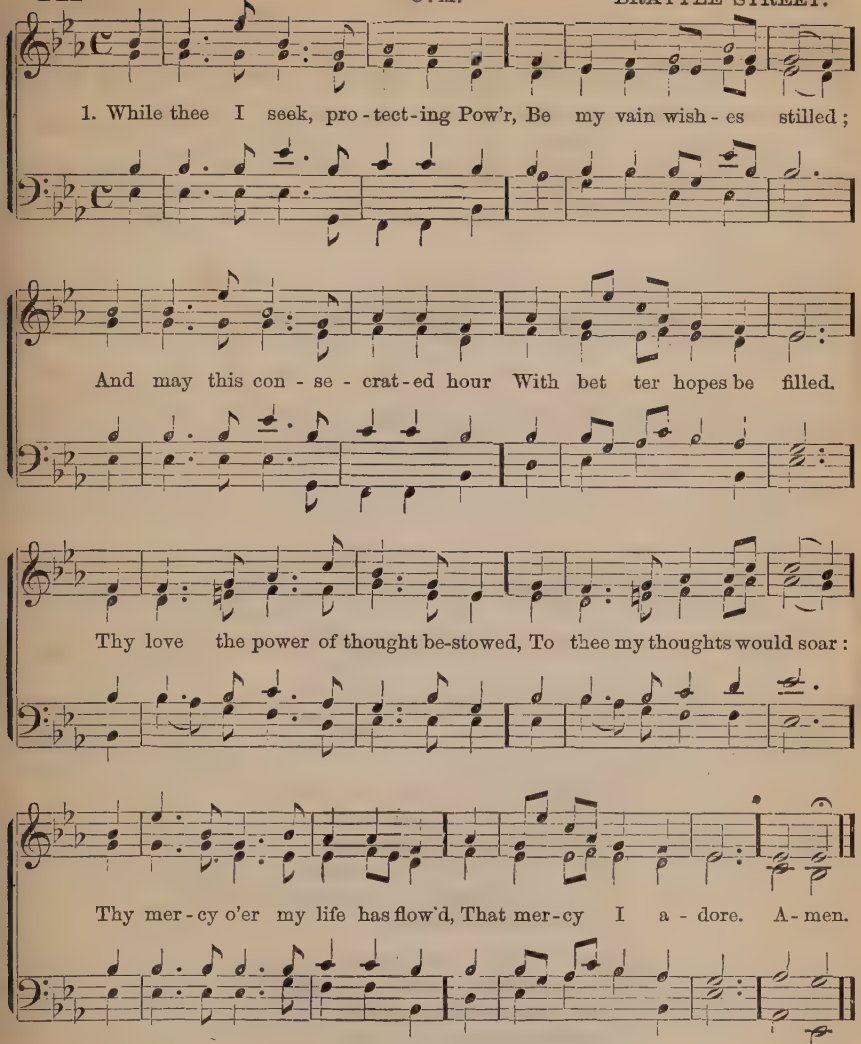


2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Trust.

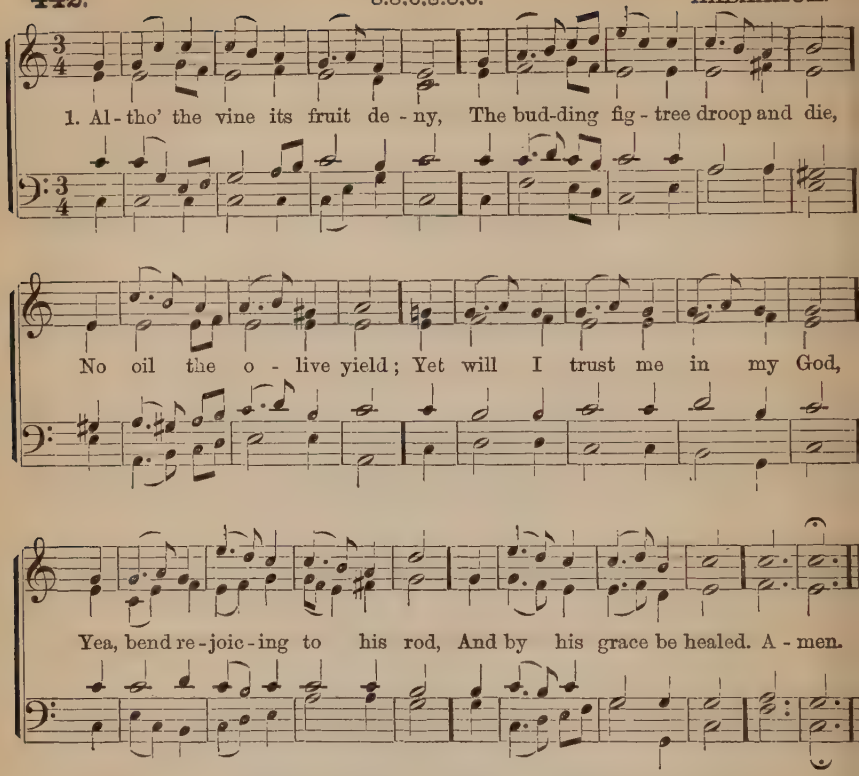
441. C. M. BRATTLE STREET.


1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet ter hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought be-stowed, To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore. A - men.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

Trust.

442. 8.8.6.8.8.6. HABAKKUK.

1. Al - tho' the vine its fruit de - ny, The bud-ding fig - tree droop and die,
No oil the o - live yield; Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend re - joic - ing to his rod, And by his grace be healed. A - men.

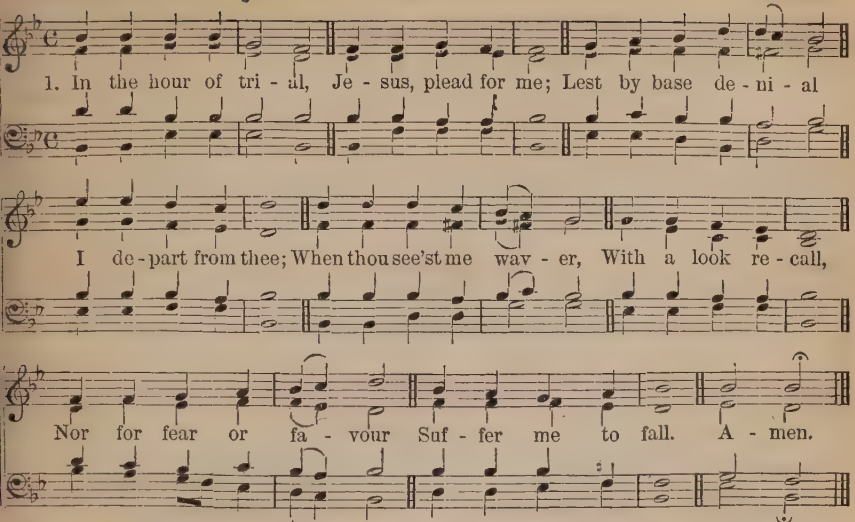
2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the folds the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

Trust.

443. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. ST. FABIAN.

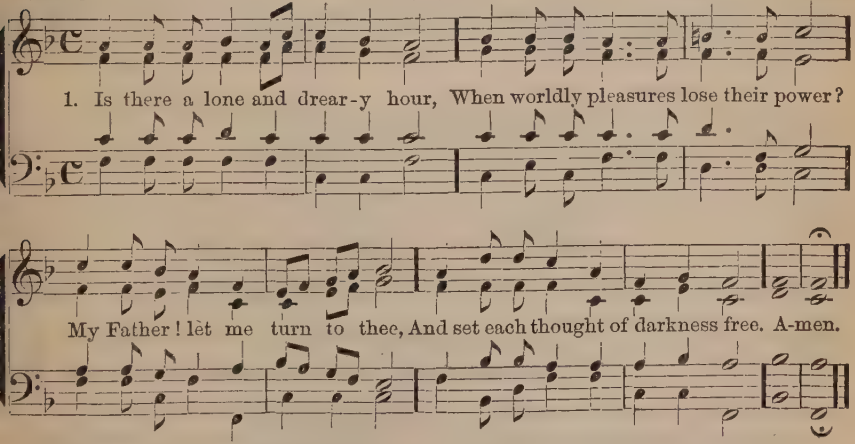

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al
I de - part from thee; When thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,
Nor for fear or fa - vour Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe:
Or should pain attend me
On my path below:
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

444. L. M. FEDERAL ST.


1. Is there a lone and drear-y hour, When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me turn to thee, And set each thought of darkness free. A-men.

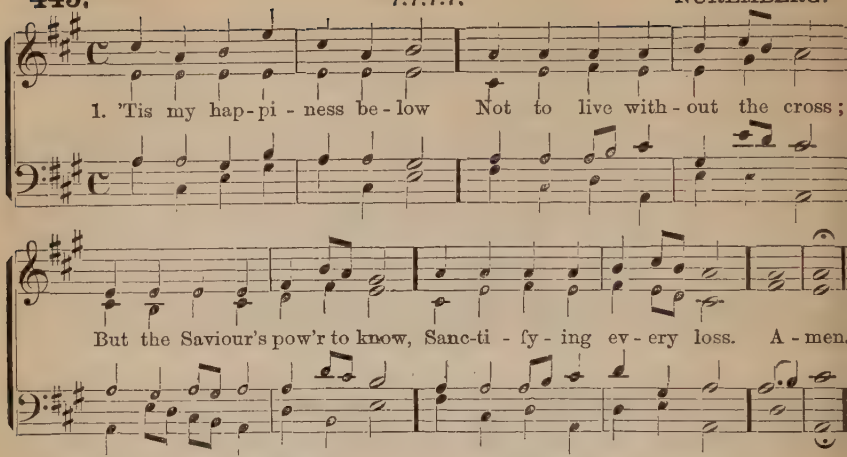
2 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ
My Saviour! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

3 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
O Spirit! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own, O God! thy grace and power.

Trust.

445. 7.7.7.7. NUREMBERG.

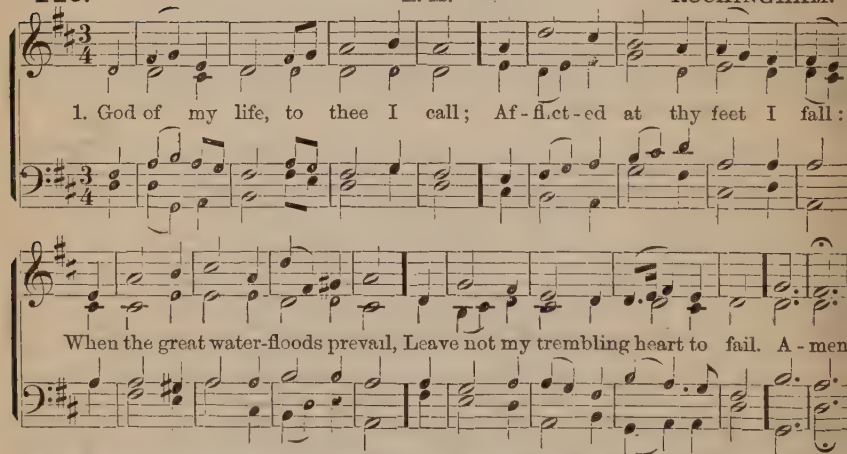


2 Trials must and will befall:
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a castaway?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

446. L. M. ROCKINGHAM.


1. God of my life, to thee I call; Af-flict-ed at thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail. A-men

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?—
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

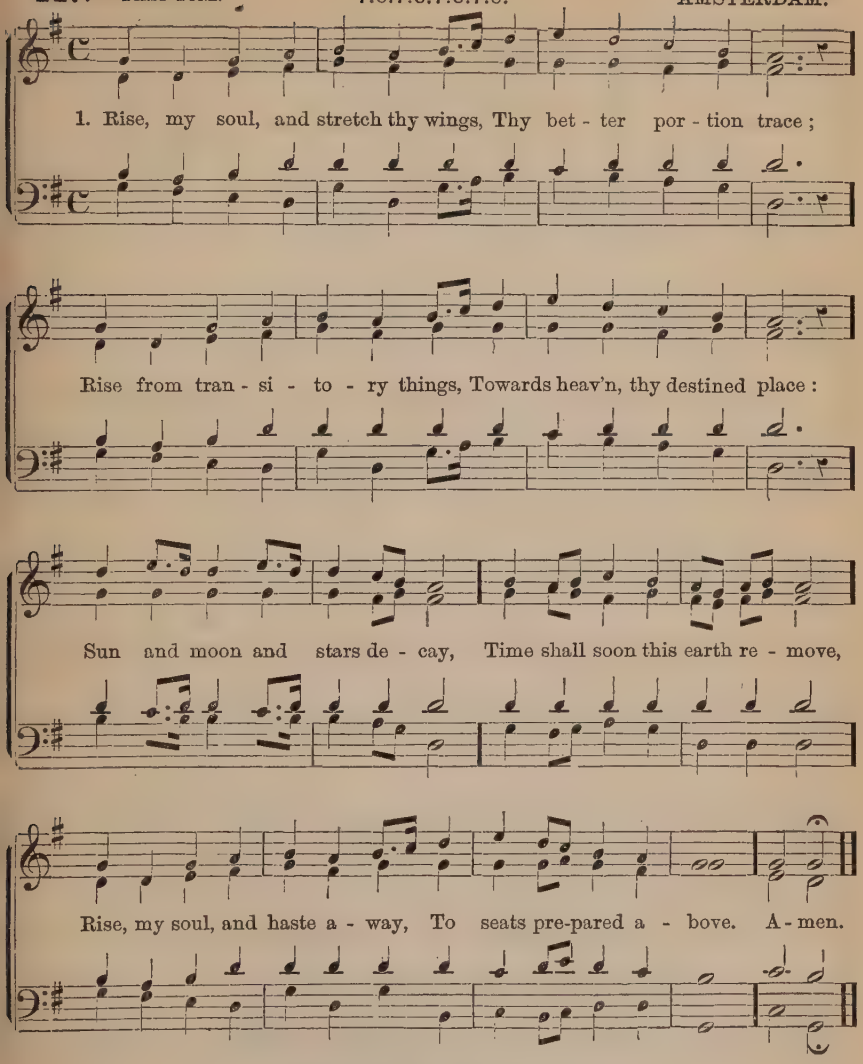
3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain?
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

Hope.

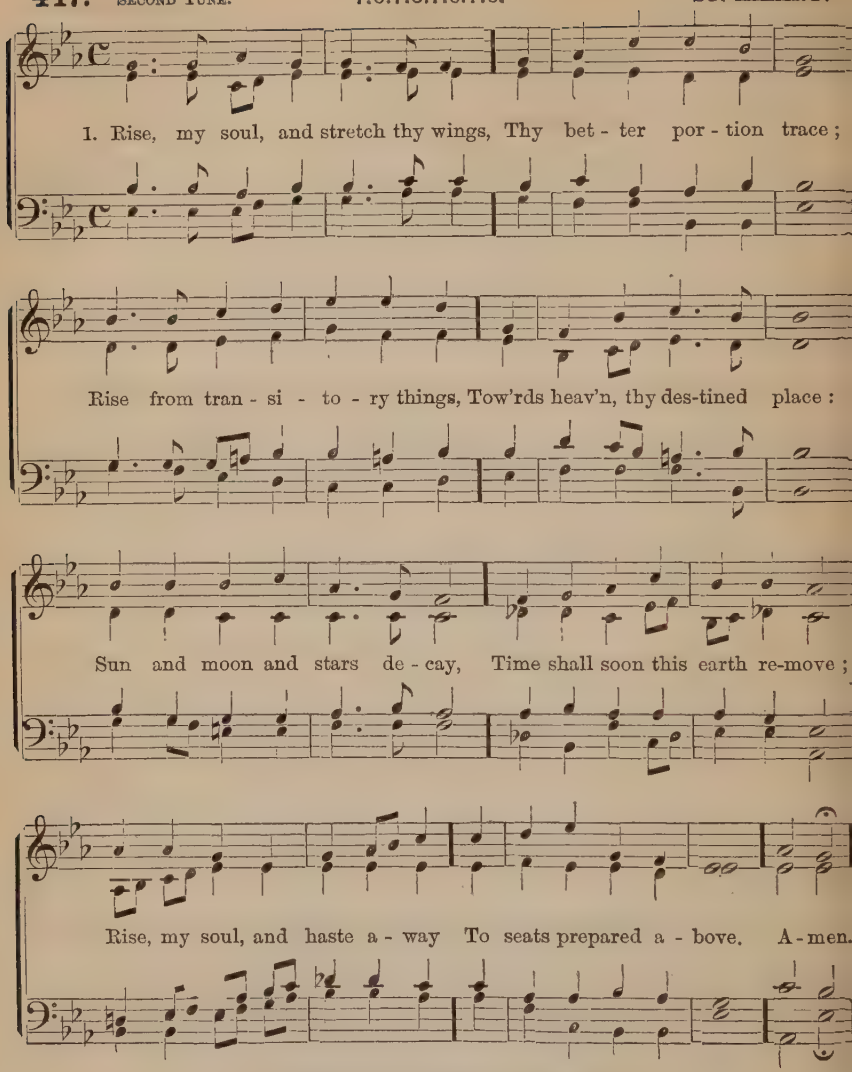
447. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. AMSTERDAM.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heav'n, thy destined place:
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move,
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre-pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

Hope.

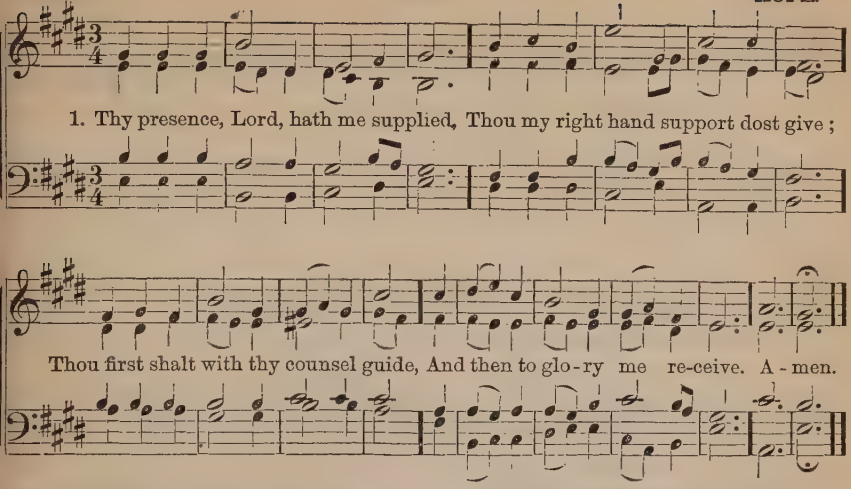
447. Second Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ST. HILARY.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rds heav'n, thy des-tined place:
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove. A - men.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

Hope.

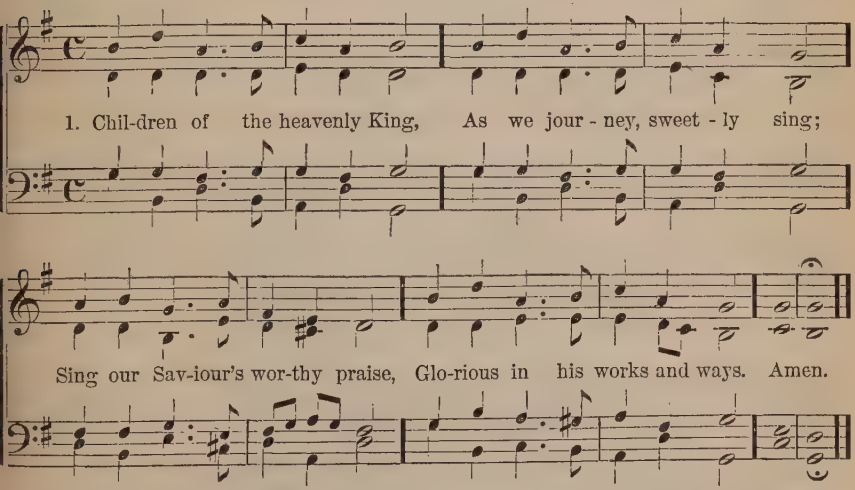
448. L. M. HOPE.


1. Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied, Thou my right hand support dost give ;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide, And then to glo - ry me re-ceive. A - men.

Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require? [none,
Throughout the spacious earth there's
Compared with thee, that I desire.

3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me ;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

449. 7.7.7.7. GERMAN HYMN.

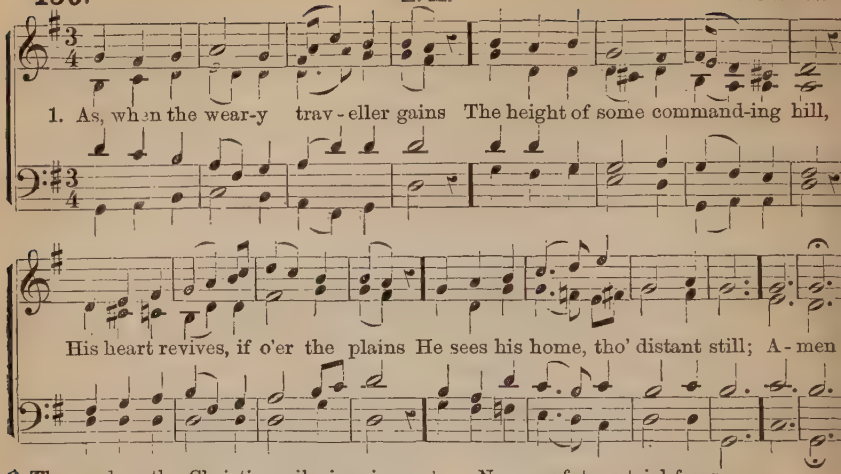

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
Sing our Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways. Amen.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

450. L. M. BOWEN.

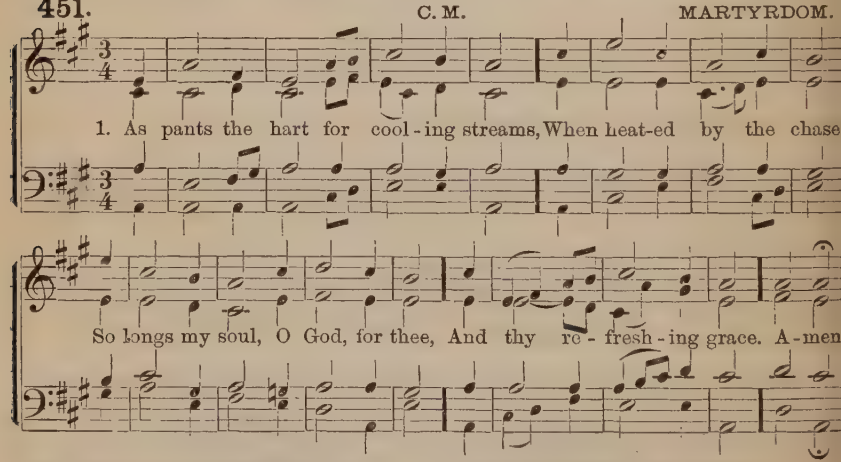

1. As, when the wear-y trav-eller gains The height of some command-ing hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' distant still; A-men

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of heaven his spirit cheers:
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

451. C. M. MARTYRDOM.


1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heat-ed by the chase
So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace. A-men

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

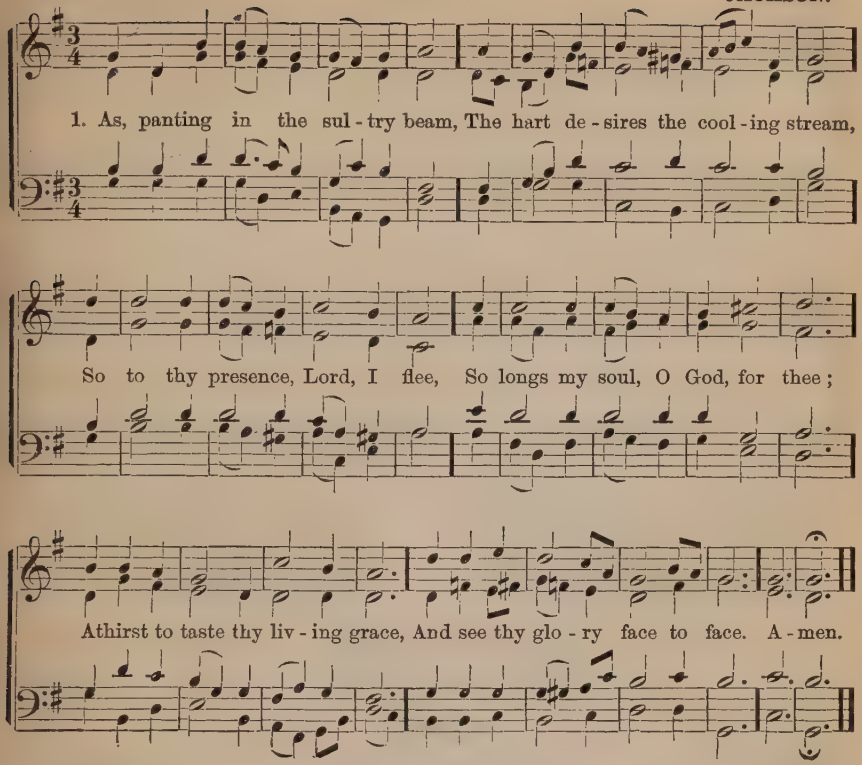
4 God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where his promised aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Hope.

452. 8.8.8.8.8.8. JACKSON.


1. As, panting in the sul - try beam, The hart de - sires the cool - ing stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee, So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy liv - ing grace, And see thy glo - ry face to face. A - men.

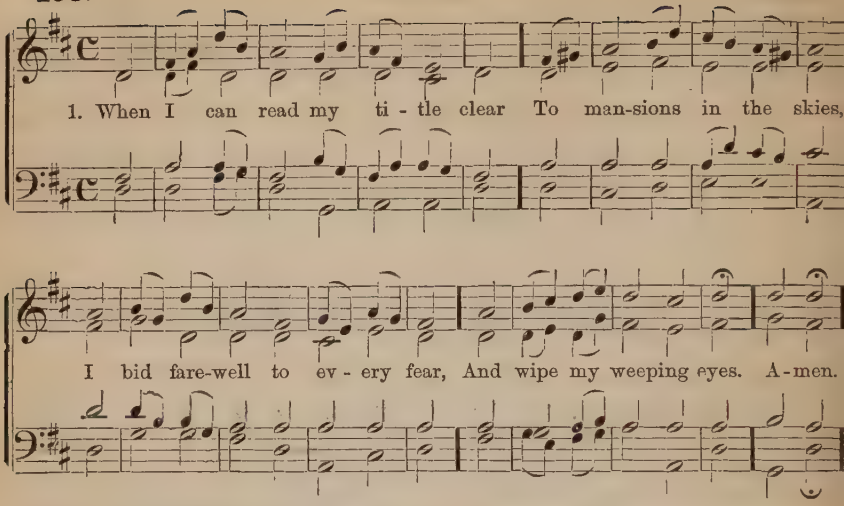
2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near
To chide my woe and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That 'circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

Hope.

453. C. M. WARWICK.



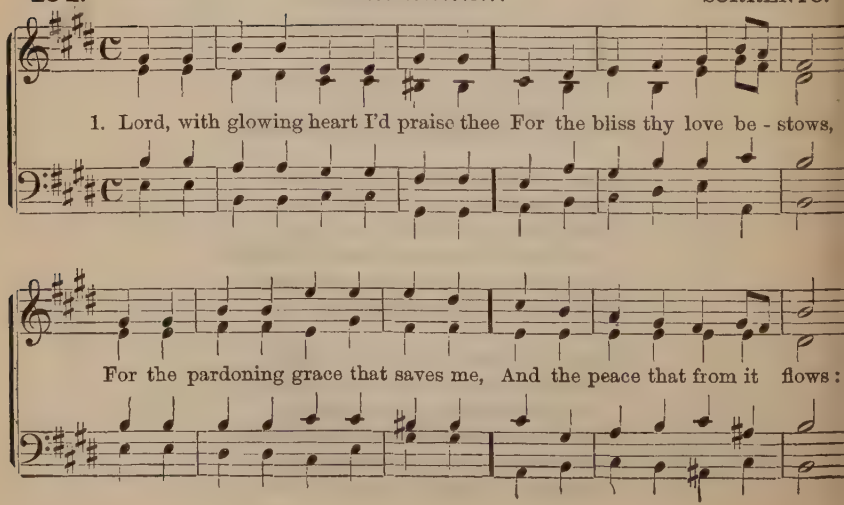
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

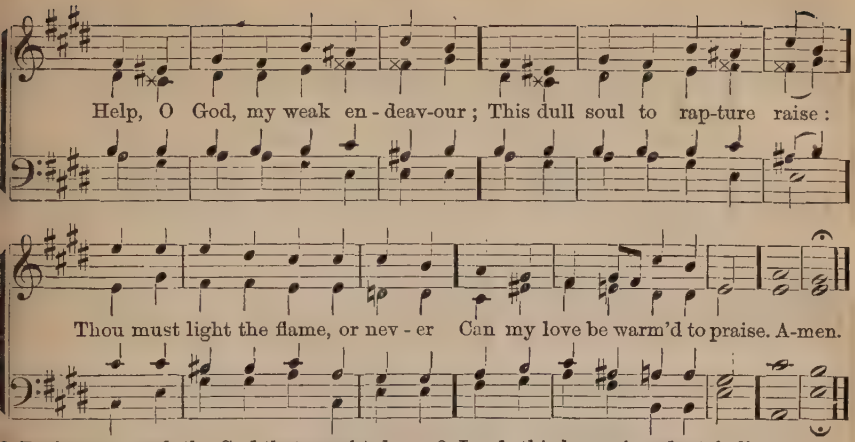
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Love.

454. First Tune. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. SORRENTO.

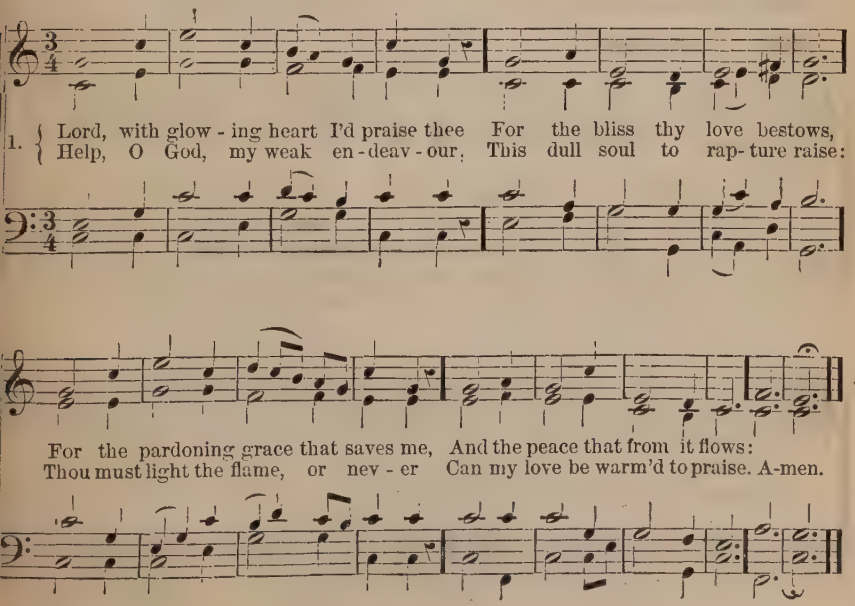

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be - stows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:


Help, O God, my weak en - deav-our; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A-men.

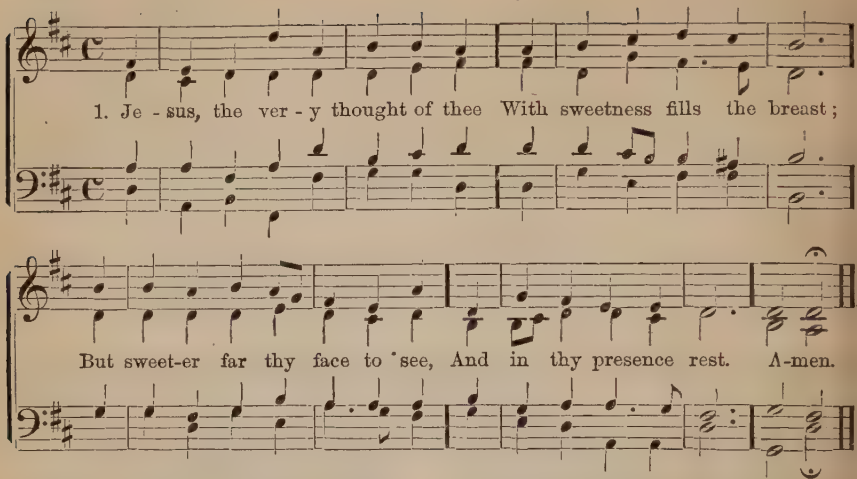
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

454. SECOND TUNE. 8.7.8.7. RATHBUN.


1. { Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love bestows,
{ Help, O God, my weak en - deav - our, This dull soul to rap- ture raise:
For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A-men.

455. First Tune. C. M. REDHEADS, 66.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest. A-men.

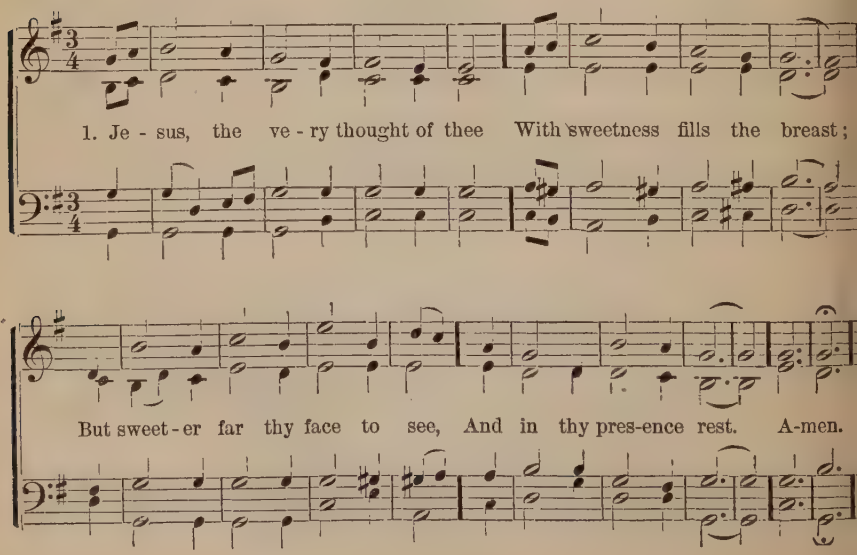
2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

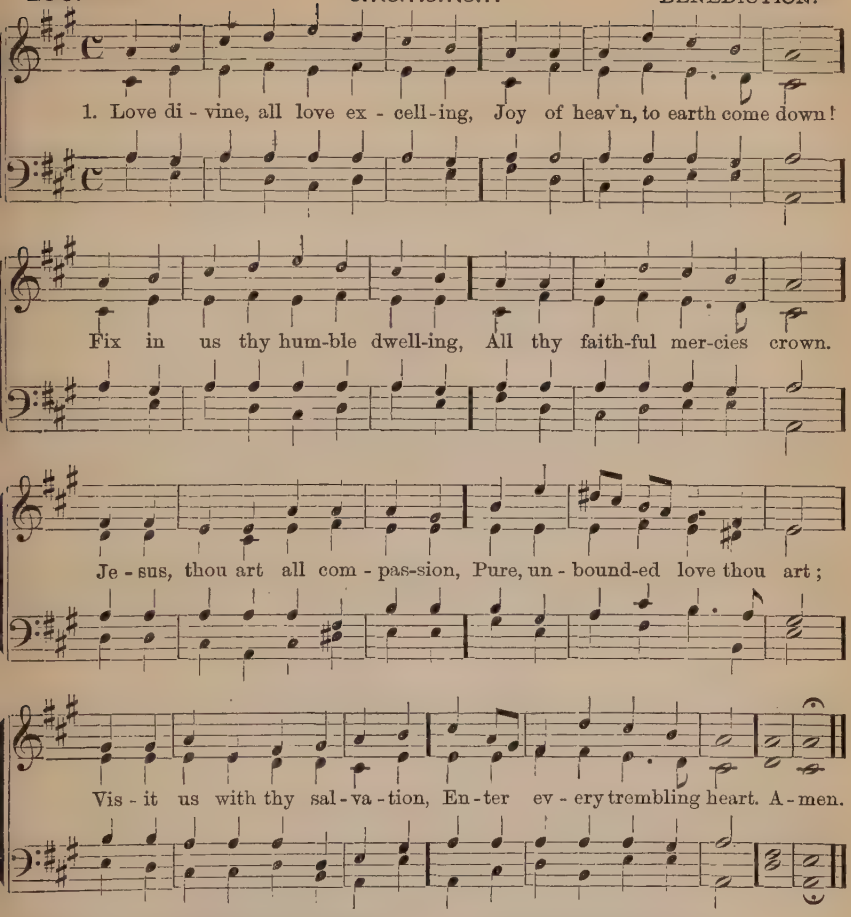
4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

455. Second Tune. C. M. MANOAH.


1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest. A-men.

456. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. BENEDICTION.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Je - sus, thou art all com - pas-sion, Pure, un - bound-ed love thou art;
Vis - it us with thy sal-va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart. A - men.

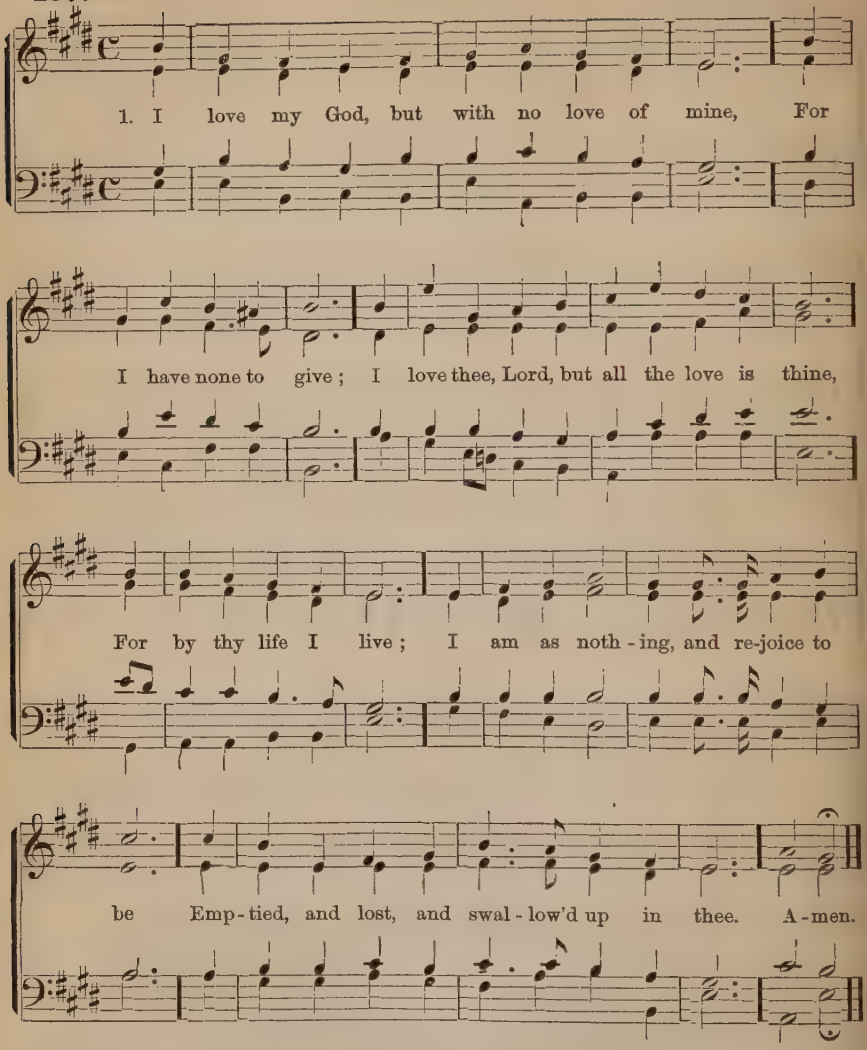
2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Love.

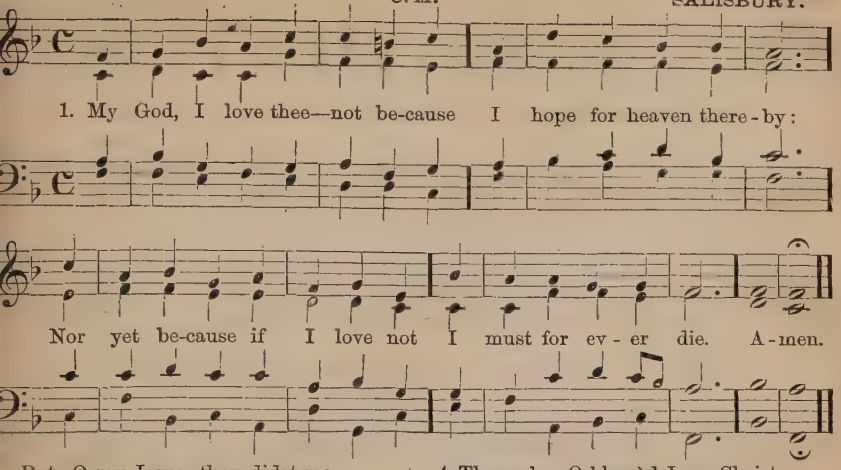
457. 10.6.10.6.10.10. NADDERWATER.


1. I love my God, but with no love of mine, For
I have none to give; I love thee, Lord, but all the love is thine,
For by thy life I live; I am as noth-ing, and re-joice to
be Emp-tied, and lost, and swal-low'd up in thee. A-men.

2 Thou, Lord, alone art all thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In thee the blest abide:
Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

Love.

458. C. M. SALISBURY.



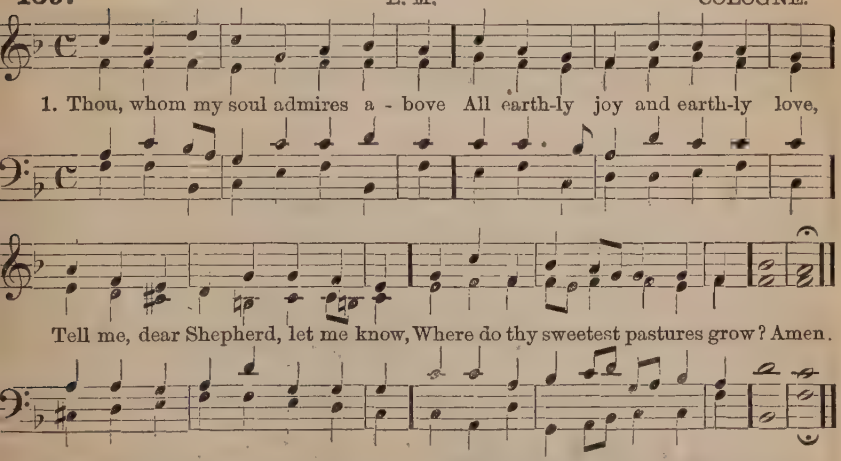
But, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en, death itself; and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

459. L. M. COLOGNE.

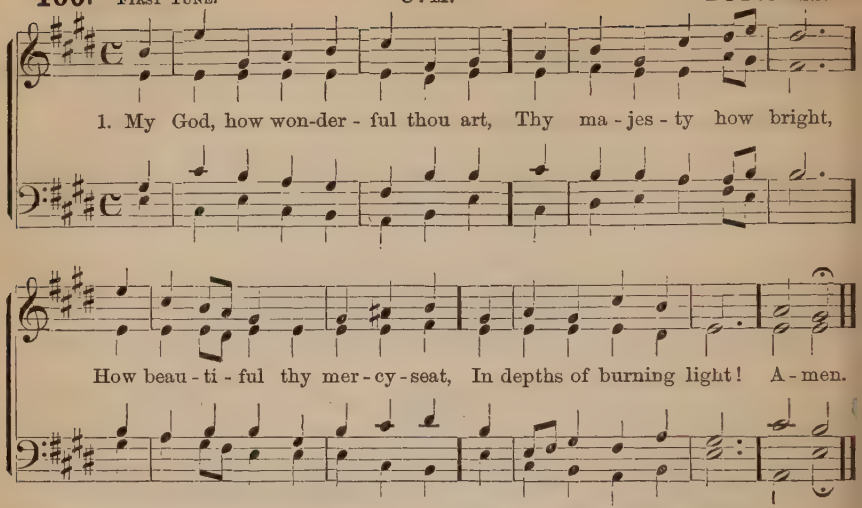

1. Thou, whom my soul admires a-bove All earth-ly joy and earth-ly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow? Amen.

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

Love.

460. First Tune. C. M. DUTCHESS.



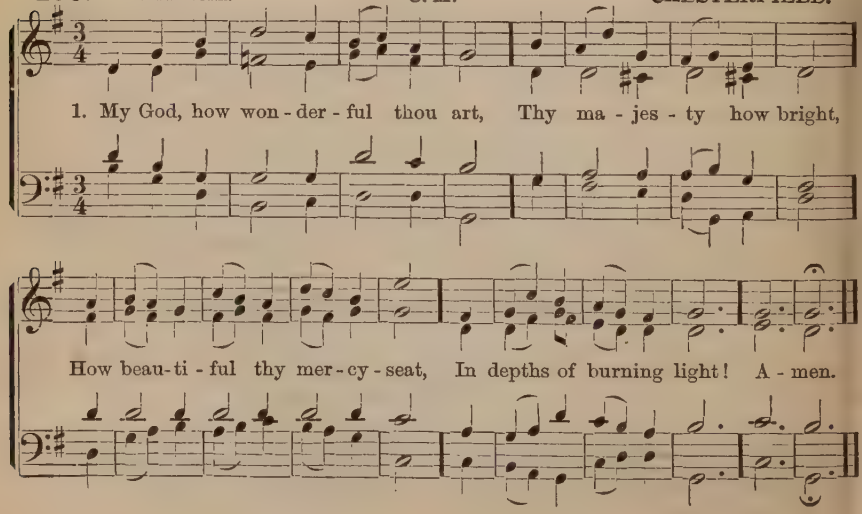
2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

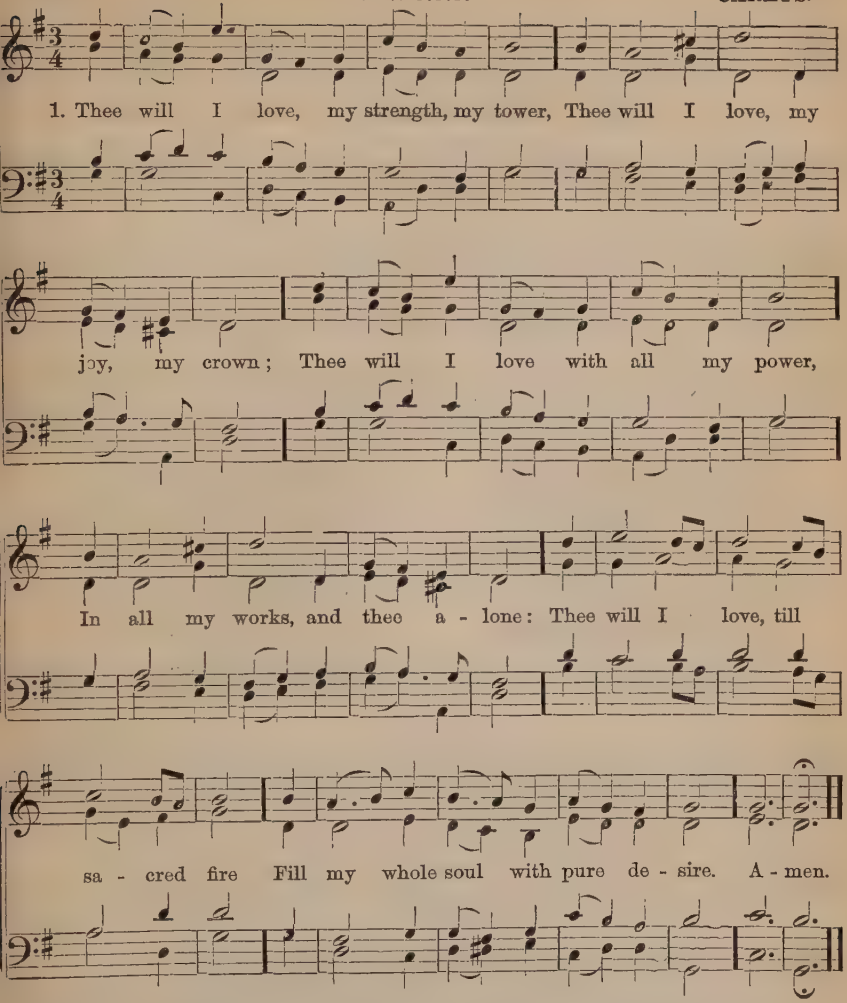
5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou has stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

460. Second Tune. C. M. CHESTERFIELD.



Love.

461. 8.8.8.8.8.8. CAREYS.


1. Thee will I love, my strength, my tower, Thee will I love, my
joy, my crown; Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee a - lone: Thee will I love, till
sa - cred fire Fill my whole soul with pure de - sire. A - men.

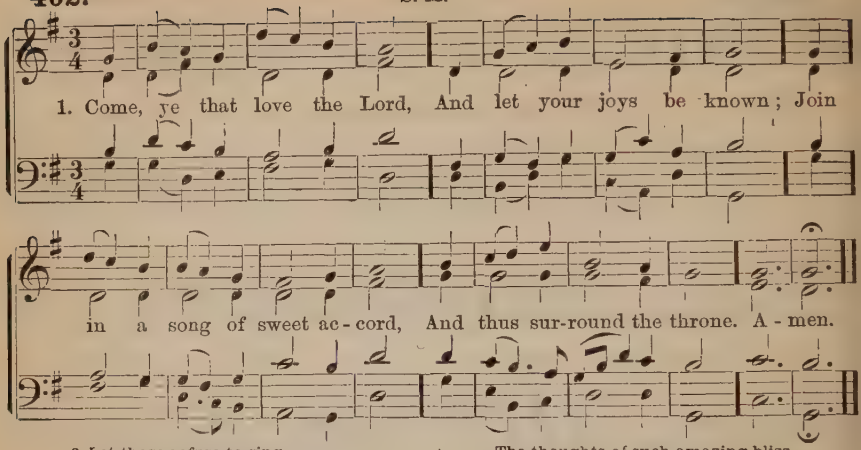
2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun, [shined:
That thy bright beams on me have
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Joy.

462. S. M. THATCHER.



2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

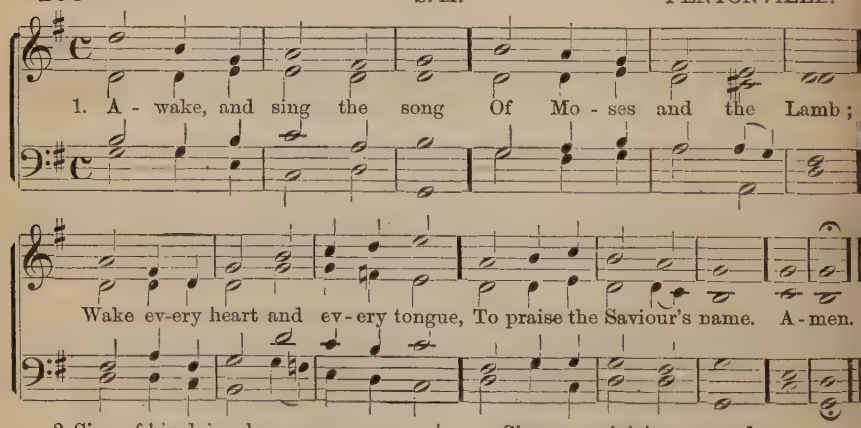
5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on early ground
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're trav'ling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

463. S. M. PENTONVILLE.



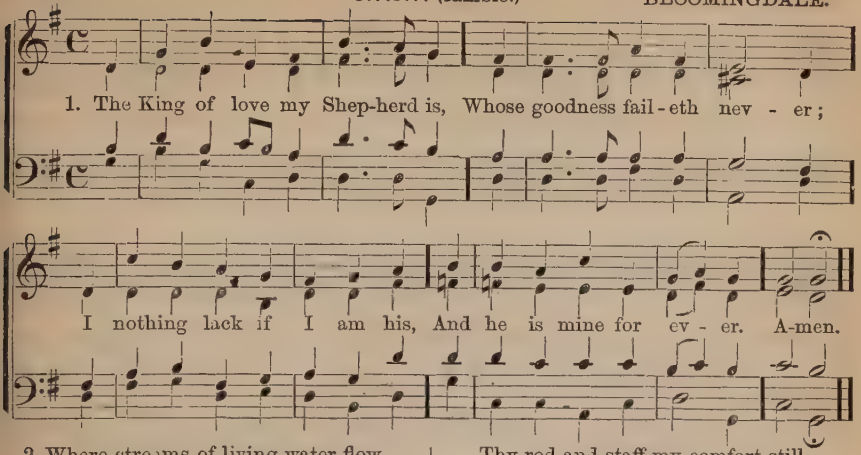
2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come!"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

Joy.

464. 8.7.8.7. (Iambic.) BLOOMINGDALE.



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

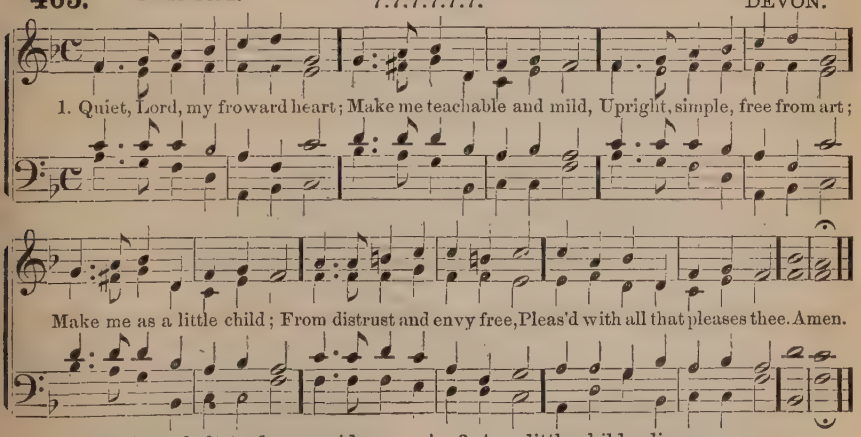
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever!

Humility.

465. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. DEVON.

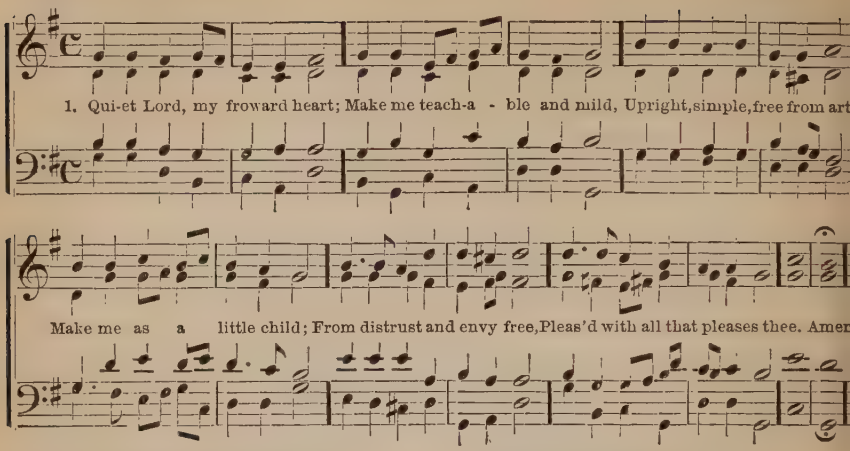

1. Quiet, Lord, my froward heart; Make me teachable and mild, Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child; From distrust and envy free, Pleas'd with all that pleases thee. Amen.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burthen bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Humility.

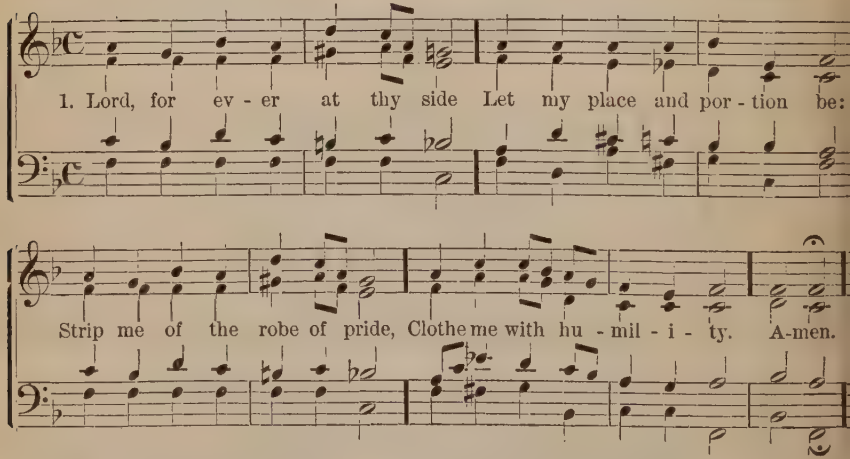
465. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. ITALY.


1. Qui-et Lord, my froward heart; Make me teach-a - ble and mild, Upright, simple, free from art
Make me as a little child; From distrust and envy free, Pleas'd with all that pleases thee. Amen

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

466. FIRST TUNE. 7.7.7.7. WEBER.



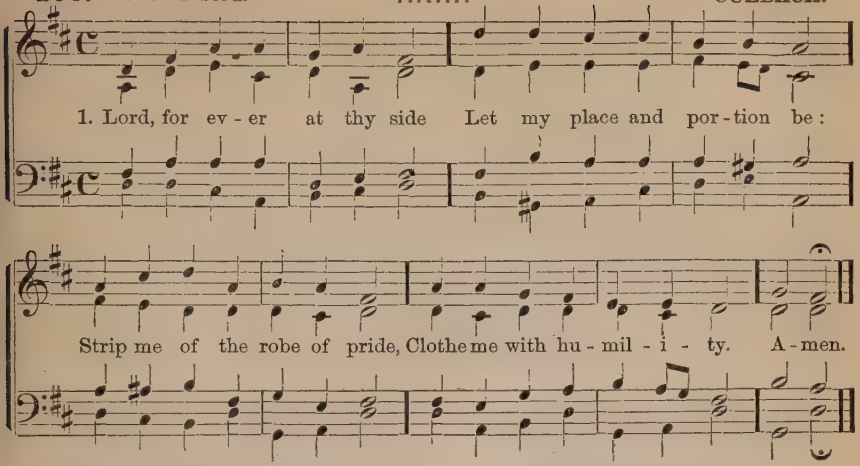
2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

Humility.

466. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7. CULBACH.



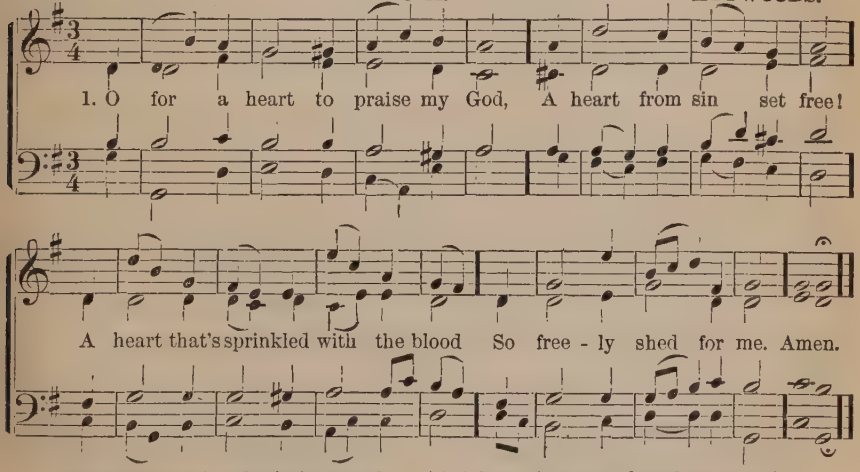
2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

Peace.

467. C. M. ATTWOODS.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

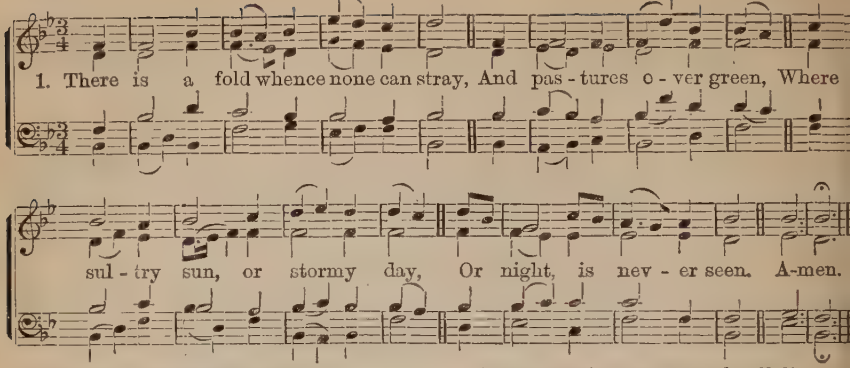
3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Peace.

468. C. M. WILTSHIRE.



2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light, it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

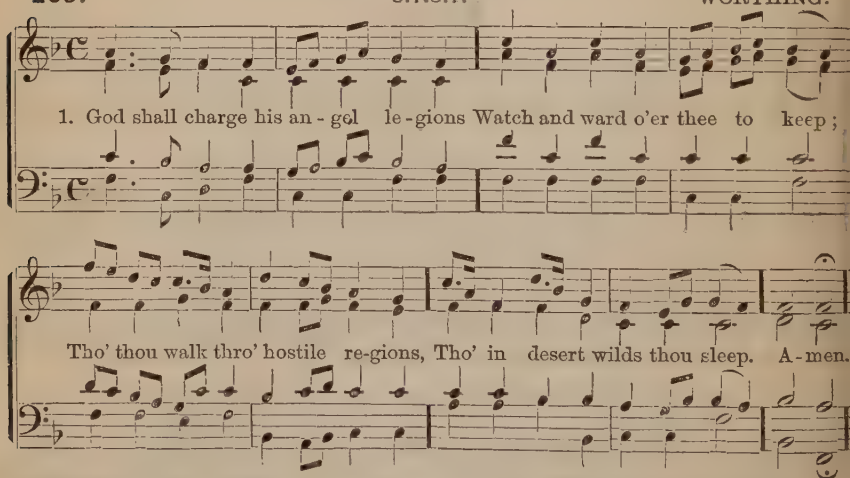
3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,—
My Saviour, this is life!

Courage.

469. 8.7.8.7. WORTHING.


1. God shall charge his an - gel le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Tho' thou walk thro' hostile re-gions, Tho' in desert wilds thou sleep. A-men.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

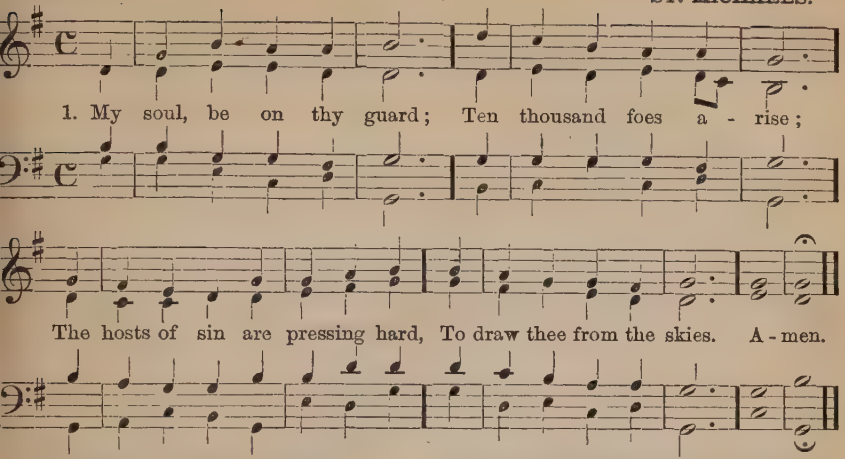
3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Courage.

470.

S. M. ST. MICHAELS.



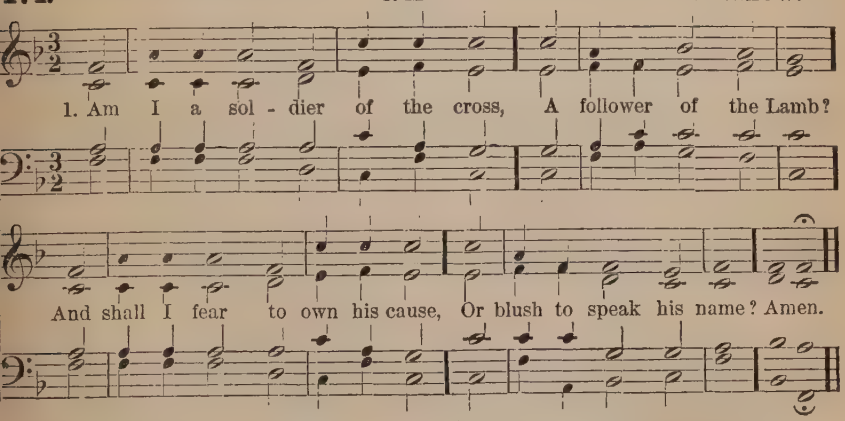
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

471.

C. M. MARLOW.



2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

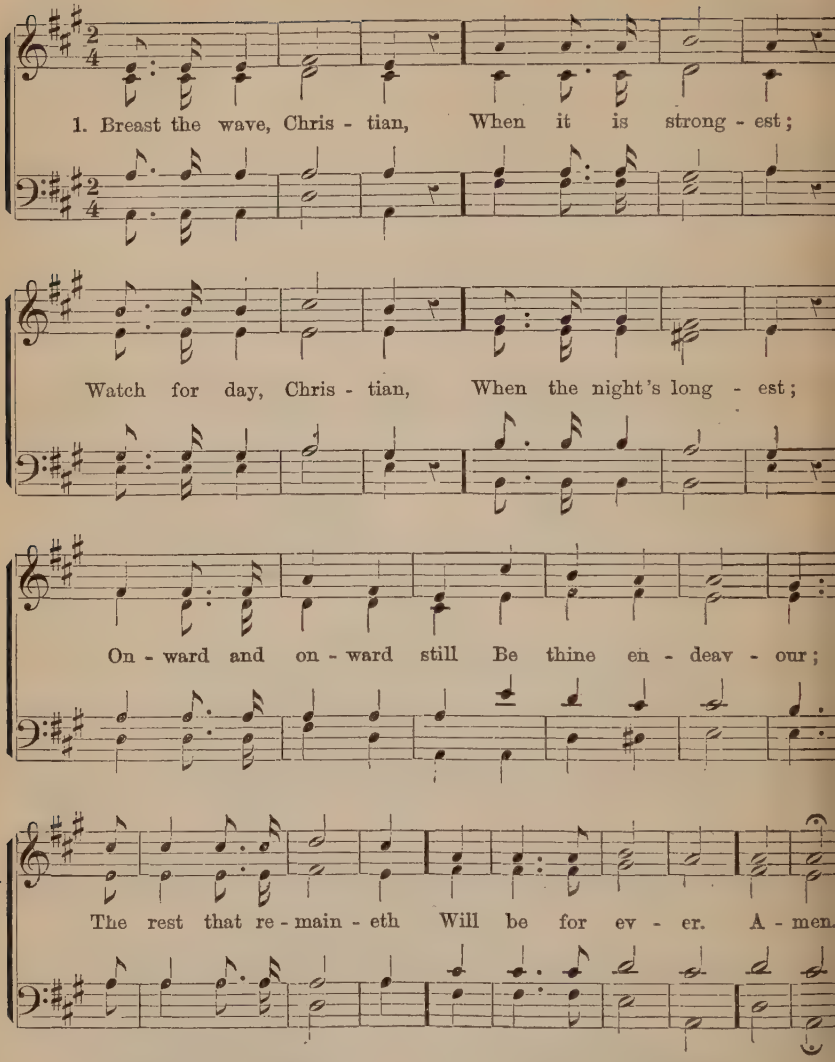
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Courage.

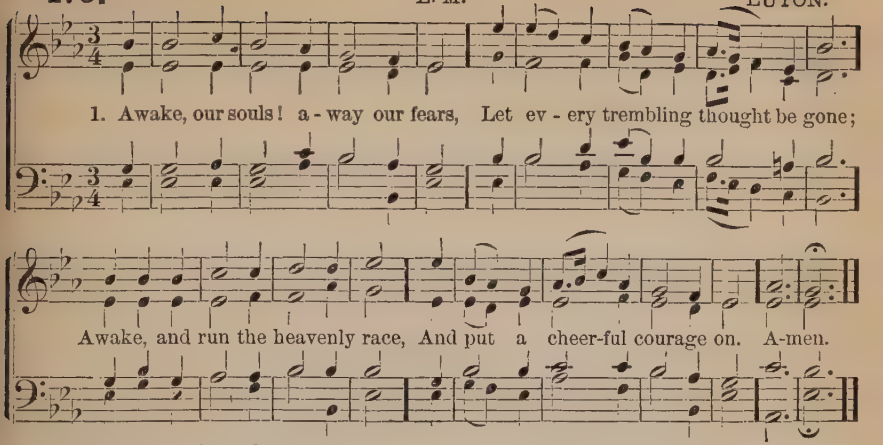
472. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. BREVOORT.

1. Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;
Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;
On - ward and on - ward still Be thine en - deav - our;
The rest that re - main - eth Will be for ev - er. A - men.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise him for ever.

Courage.

473. L. M. LUTON.


1. Awake, our souls! a - way our fears, Let ev - ery trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer-ful courage on. A-men.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

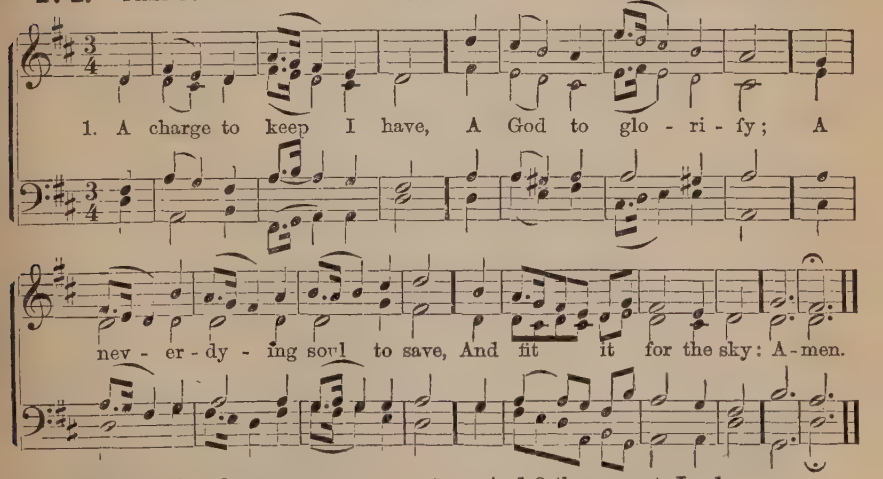
3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Action.

474. FIRST TUNE. S. M. MOUNT EPHRAIM.



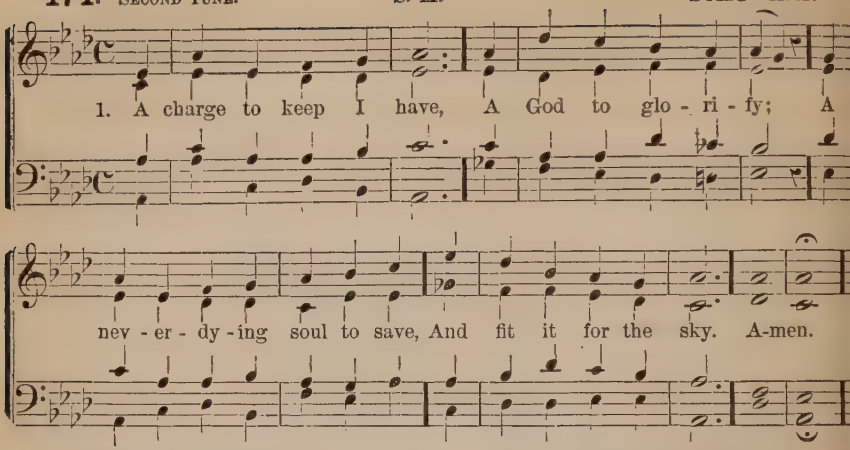
2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Action.

474. SECOND TUNE. S. M. SCHUMANN.

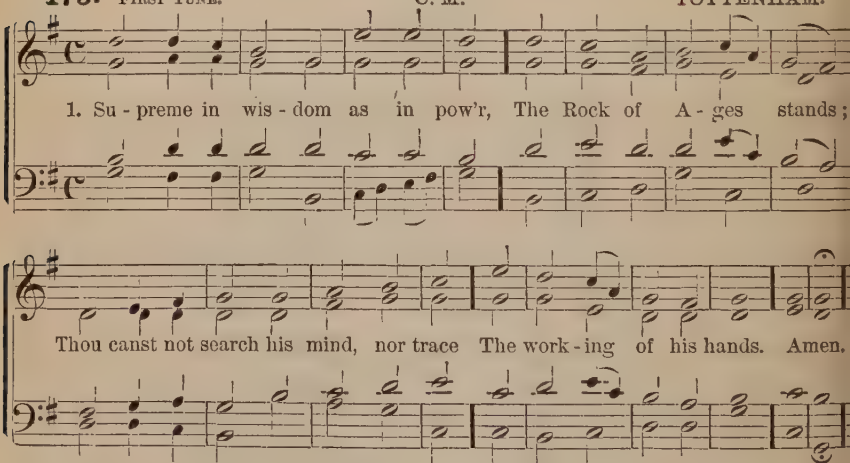


2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

475. FIRST TUNE. C. M. TOTTENHAM.


1. Su - preme in wis - dom as in pow'r, The Rock of A - ges stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace The work - ing of his hands. Amen.

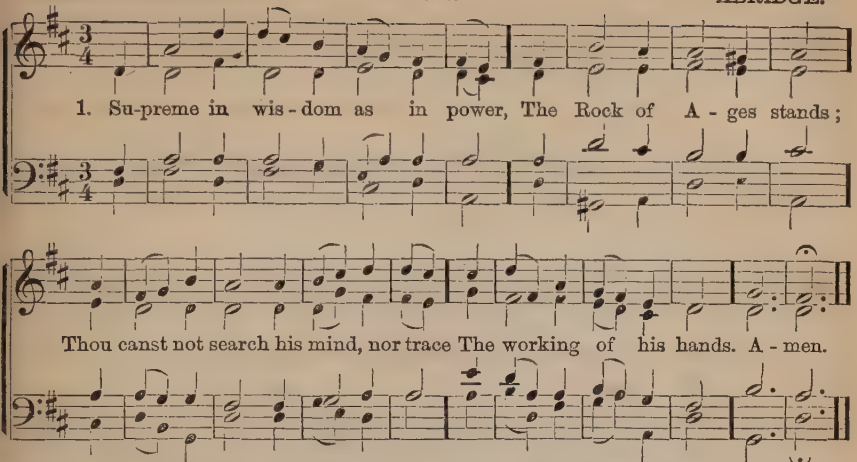
2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aid imparts.

3 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

475. SECOND TUNE. C. M. ABRIDGE.


1. Su-preme in wis-dom as in power, The Rock of A-ges stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace The working of his hands. A-men.

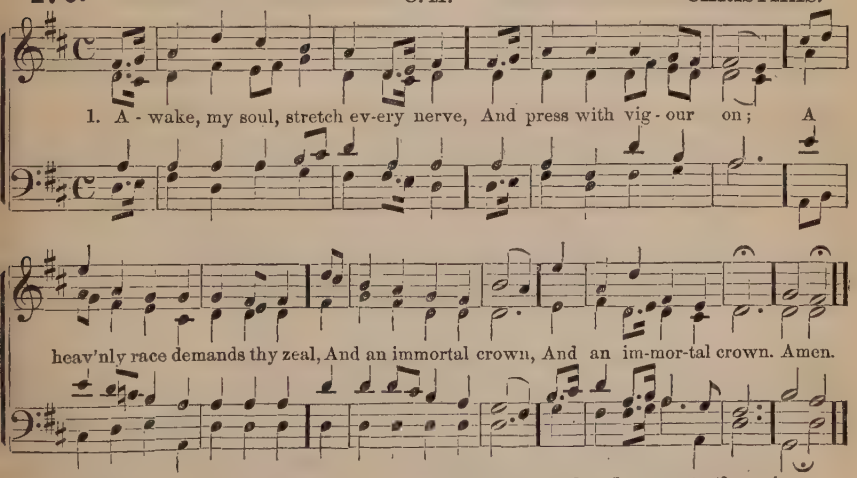
2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

476. C. M. CHRISTMAS.

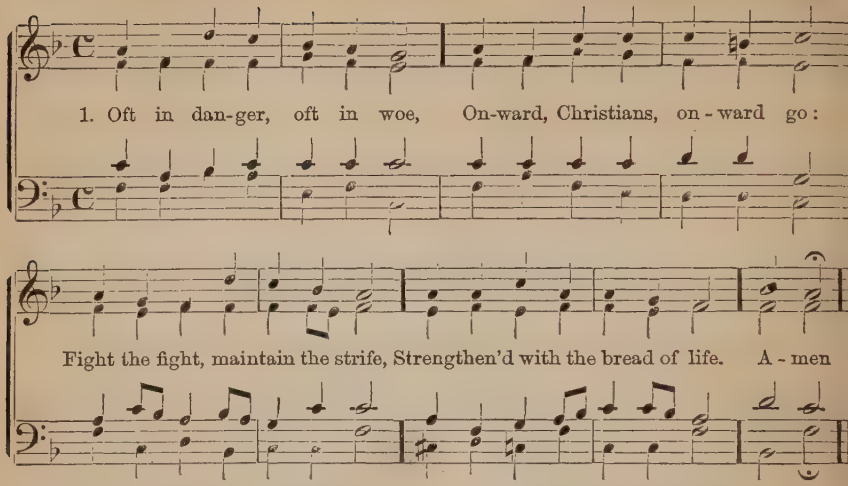

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-ery nerve, And press with vig-our on; A
heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. Amen.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

477. First Tune. 7.7.7.7. **UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.**


1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, on-ward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men

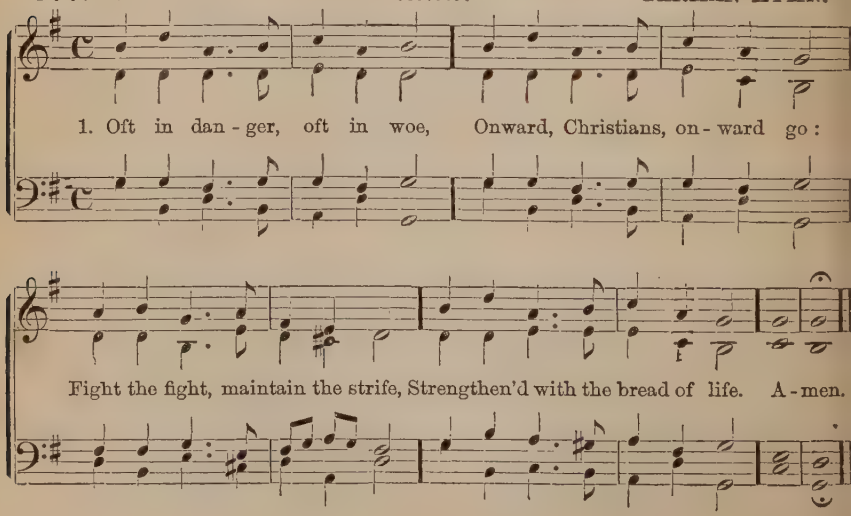
2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

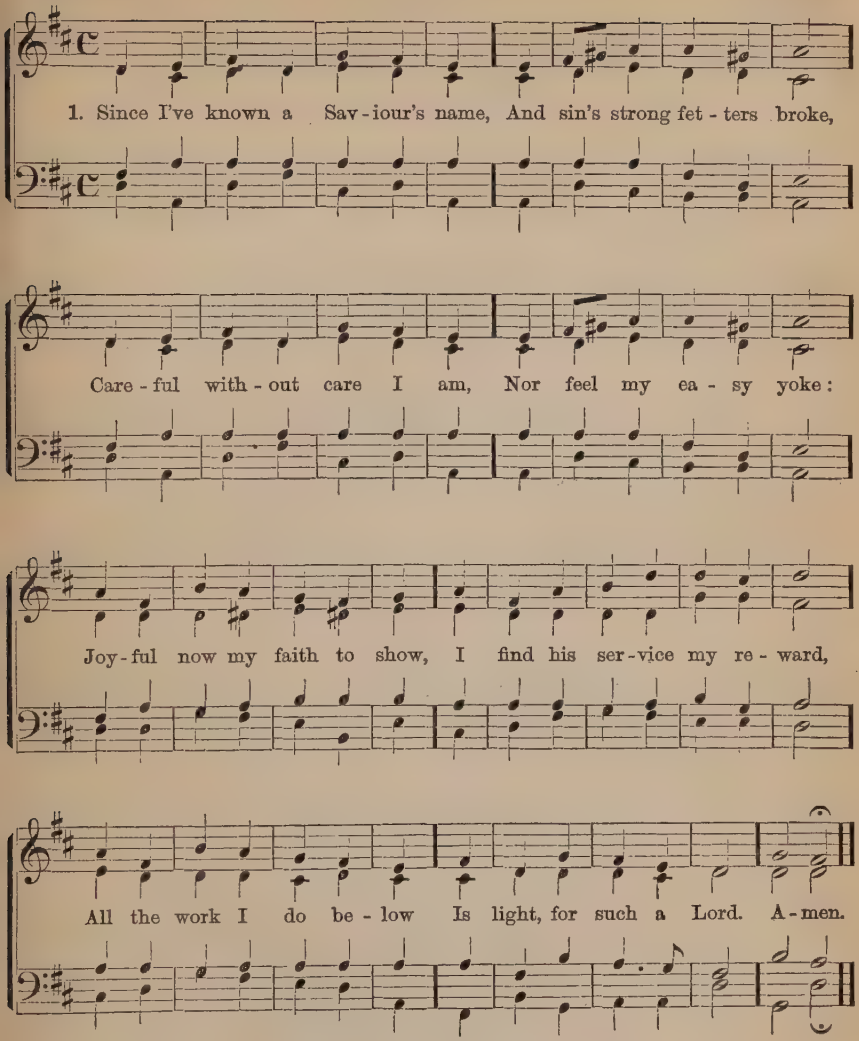
5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

477. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. **GERMAN HYMN.**


1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, on-ward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men.

Action.

478. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. BADEN.

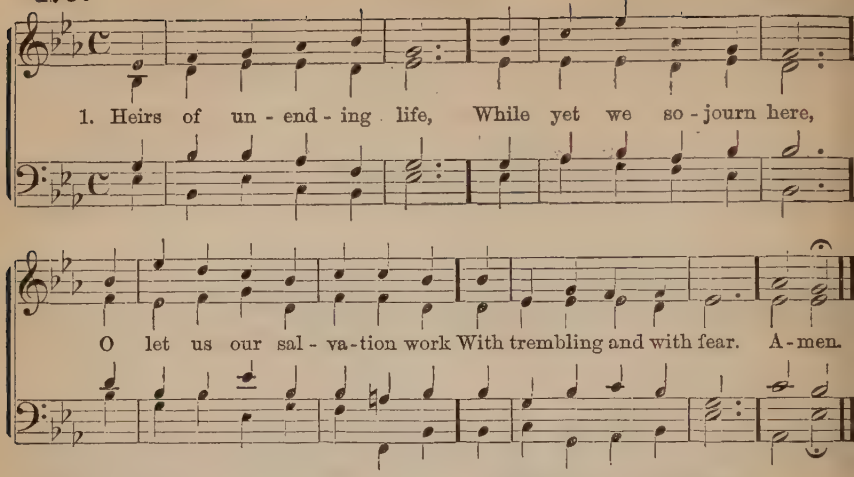

1. Since I've known a Sav-iour's name, And sin's strong fet-ters broke,
Care-ful with-out care I am, Nor feel my ea-sy yoke:
Joy-ful now my faith to show, I find his ser-vice my re-ward,
All the work I do be-low Is light, for such a Lord. A-men.

2 To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face!

Action.

479. S. M. FRANCONIA.

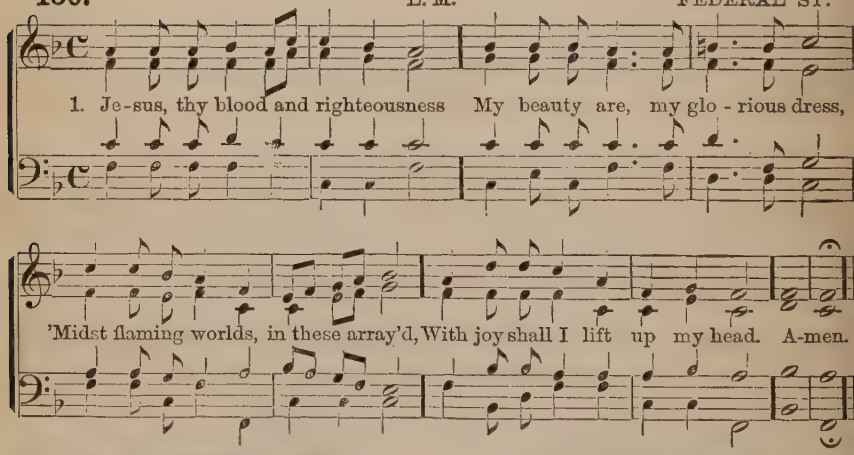


2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
He is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

The Judgment.

480. L. M. FEDERAL ST.

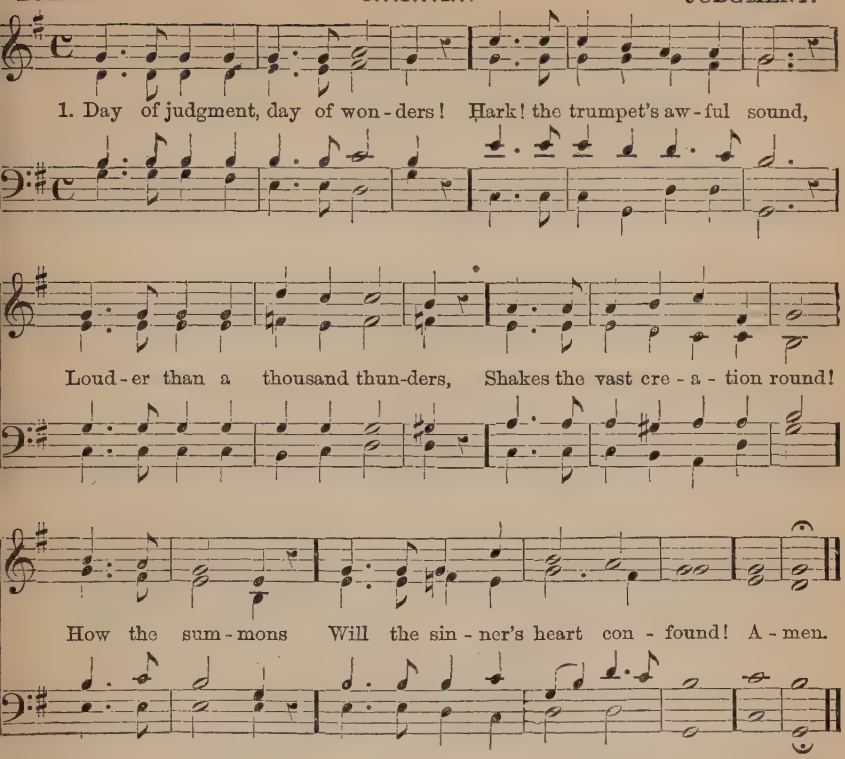

1. Je - sus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glo - rious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head. A - men.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove;
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

The Judgment.

481. 8.7.8.7.4.7. JUDGMENT.

1. Day of judgment, day of won - ders! Hark! the trumpet's aw - ful sound,
Loud - er than a thousand thun-ders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round!
How the sum - mons Will the sin - ner's heart con - found! A - men.

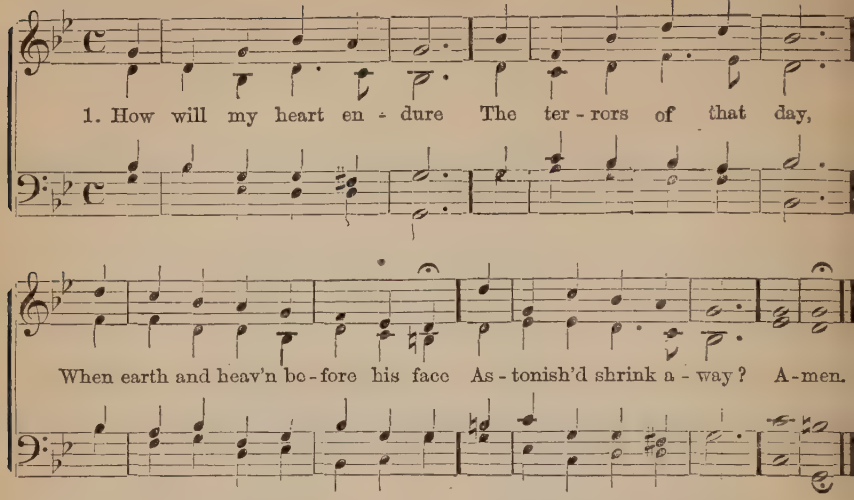
2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,
Take the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.

The Judgment.

482. First Tune. S. M. ST. BRIDE.

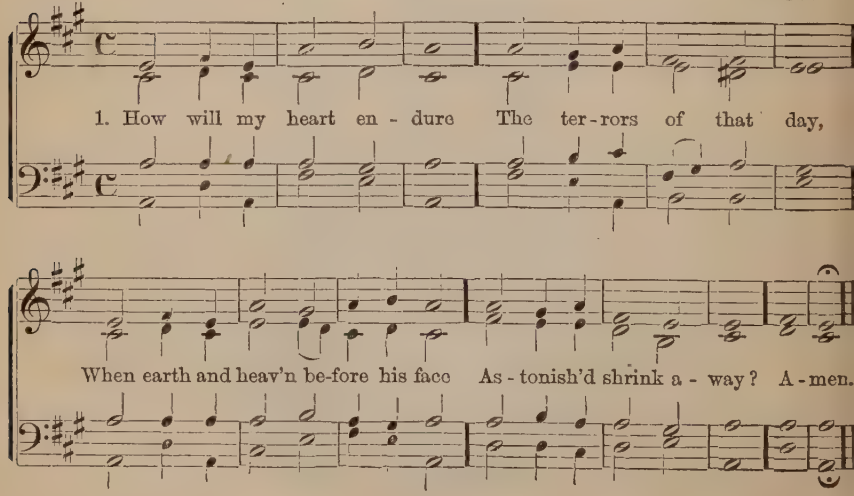


2 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

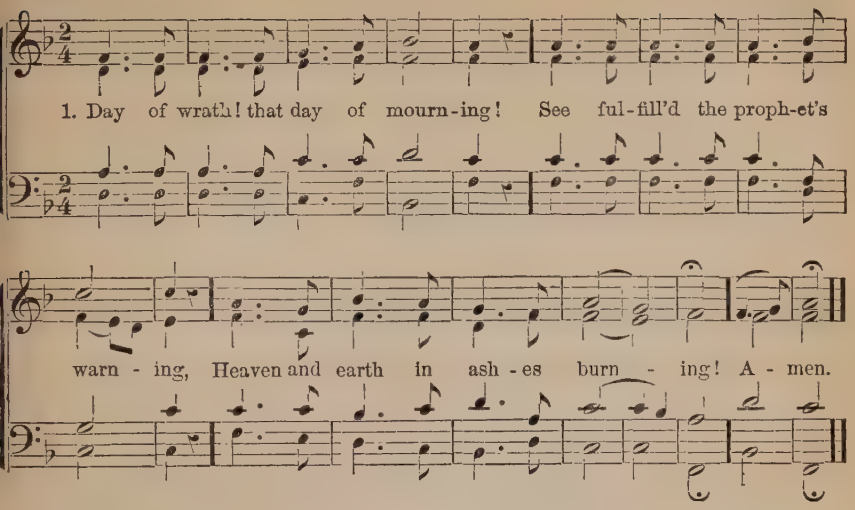
4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

482. Second Tune. S. M. OLMUTZ.



The Judgment.

483. *Slow.* Irregular Metre. DIES IRÆ.



2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Lo! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the throne compelling.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall justice be awarded.

6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 When shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Cost thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
Hopeless else were my condition.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

15 With thy favoured sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.

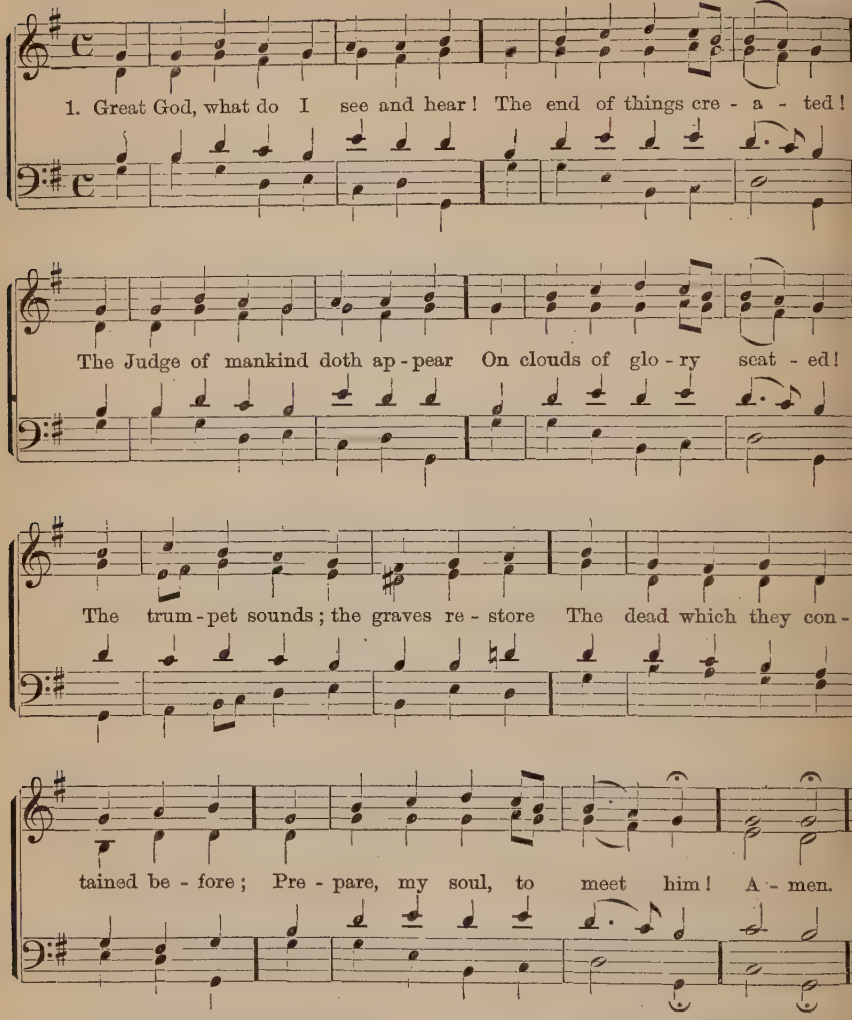
16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

17 Bow my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition;
Help me in my lost condition.

18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When, in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in thy dread keeping!

19 To the rest thou didst prepare him
By thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

The Judgment.

484. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. LUTHER'S HYMN.

1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!
The Judge of mankind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!
The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -
tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet him! A - men.

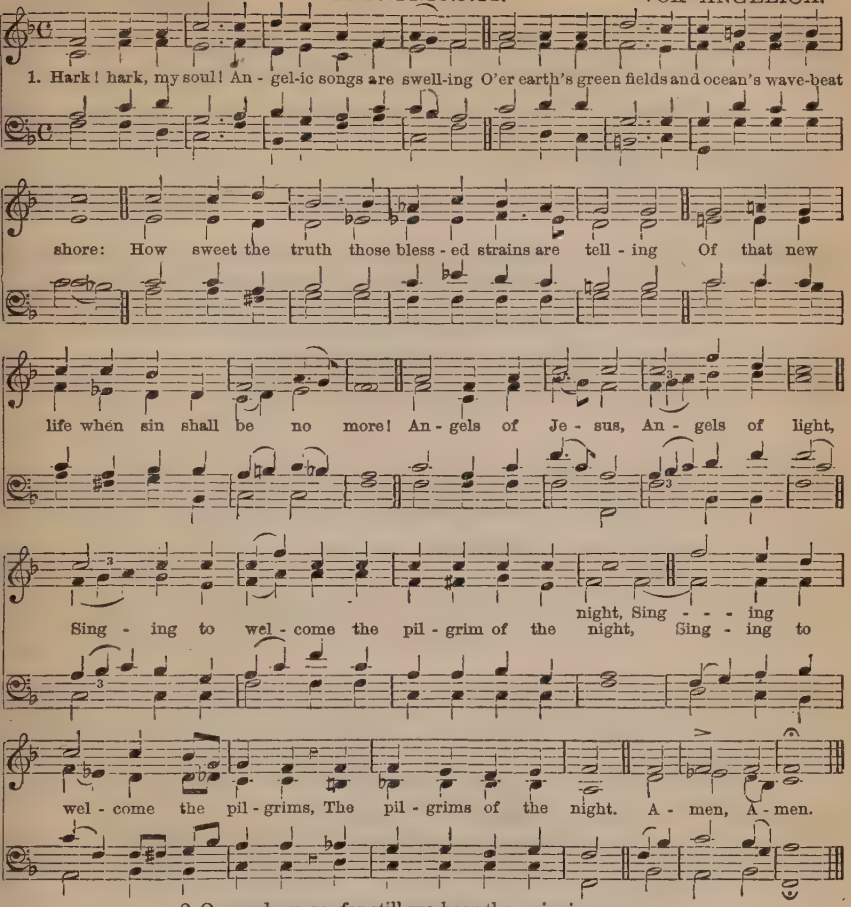
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sigh are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pas
away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

Heaven.

485. First Tune. 11.10.11.10.9.11. VOX ANGELICA.


1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new
life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,
night, Sing - - - ing
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grim of the night, Sing - ing to
wel - come the pil - grims, The pil - grims of the night. A - men, A - men.

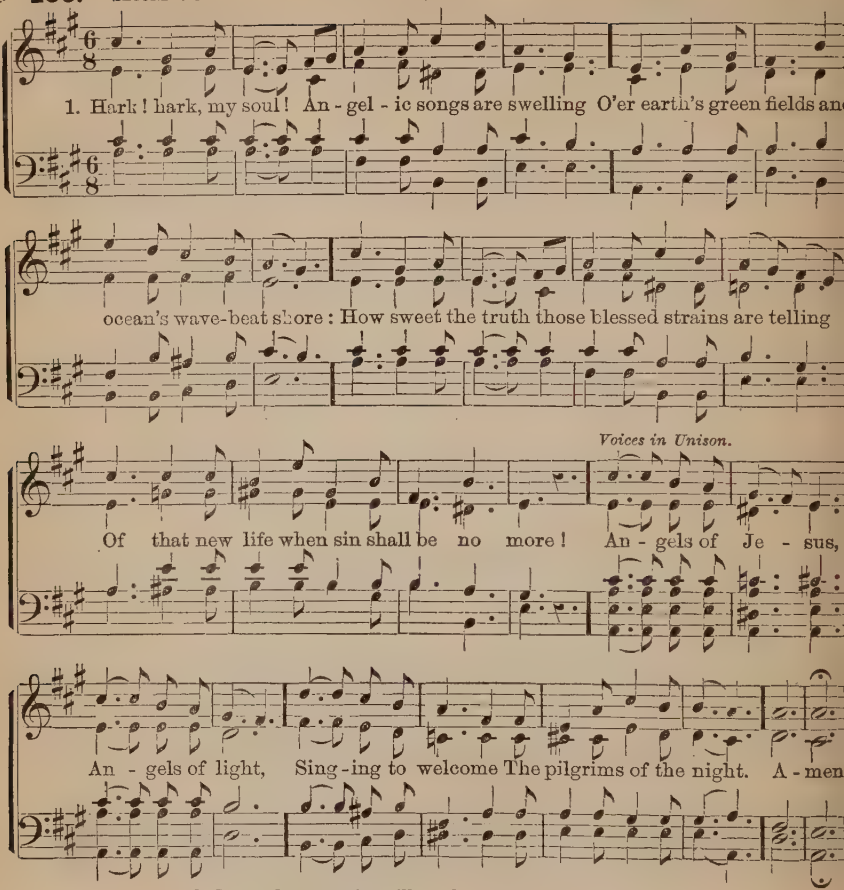
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Heaven.

485. Second Tune. 11.10.11.10.9.11. ANGELS OF JESUS.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields an
ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Voices in Unison.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome The pilgrims of the night. A - men

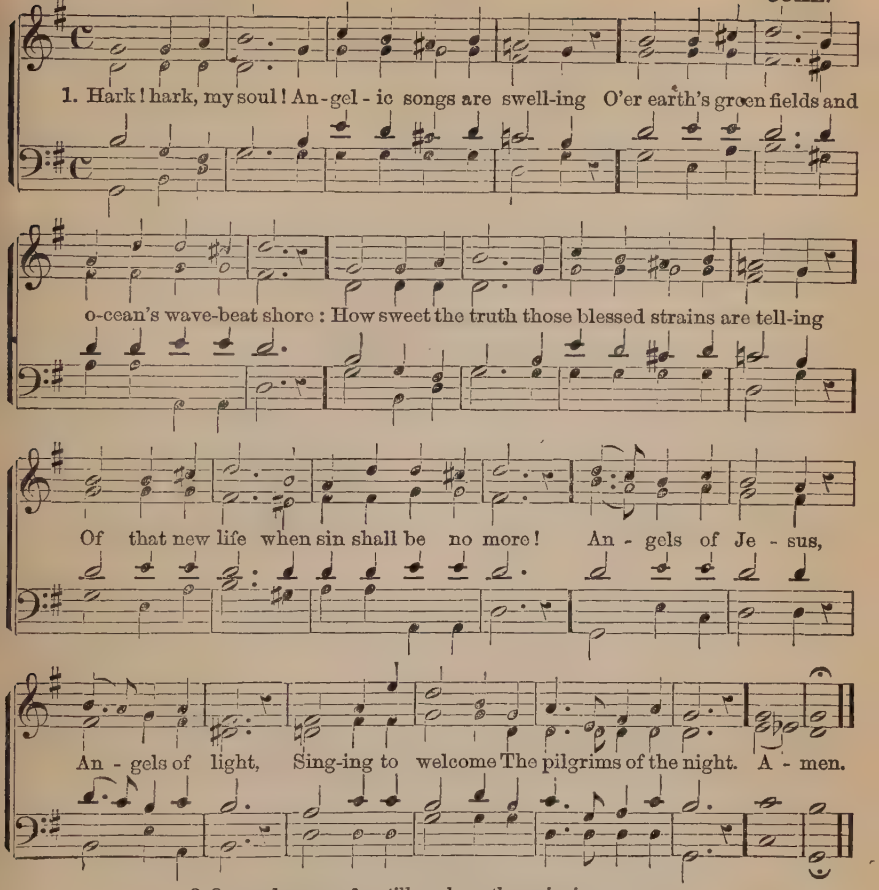
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Heaven.

485. THIRD TUNE. 11.10.11.10.9.11. COXE.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An-gels of Je-sus,
An-gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome The pilgrims of the night. A-men.

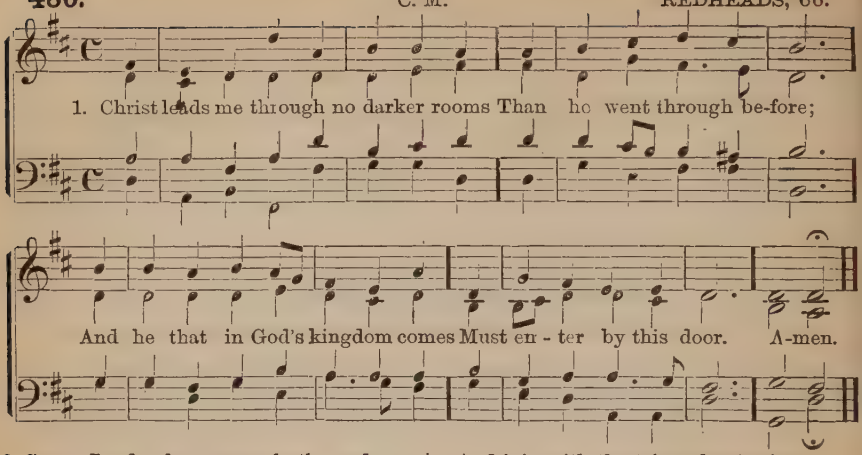
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

486. C. M. REDHEADS, 66.

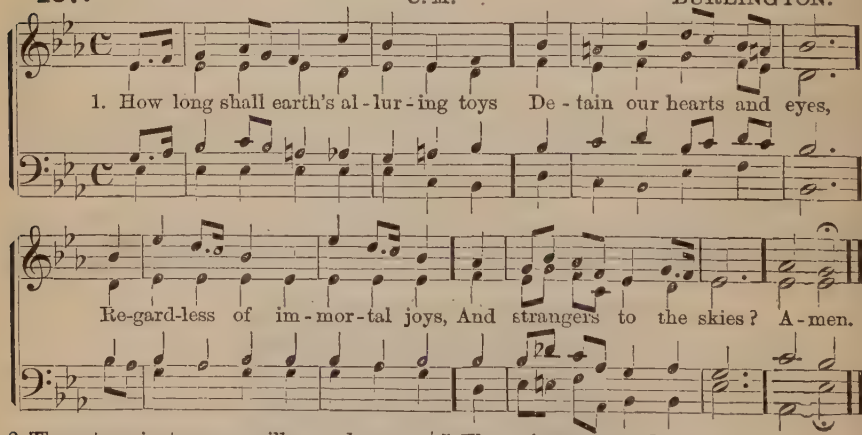

1. Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than he went through be-fore;
And he that in God's kingdom comes Must en - ter by this door. A-men.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be!

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him!

487. C. M. BURLINGTON.


1. How long shall earth's al - lur - ing toys De - tain our hearts and eyes,
Re-gard-less of im - mor - tal joys, And strangers to the skies? A - men.

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas! how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades,—

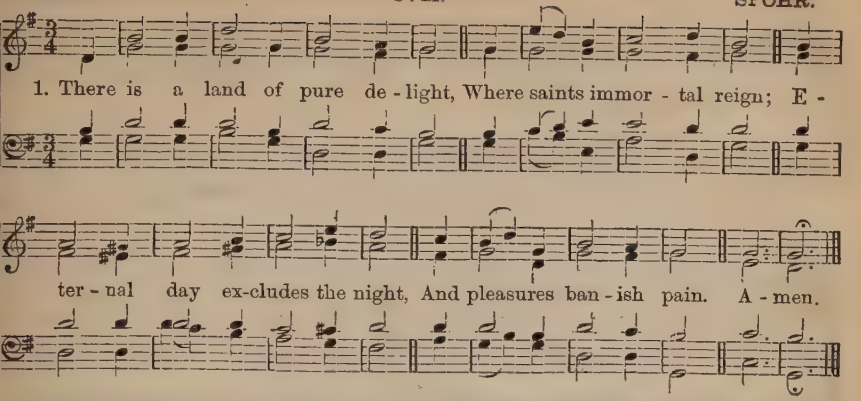
5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim:
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

Heaven.

488. C. M. SPOHR.


1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints immor - tal reign; E -
ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. A - men.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

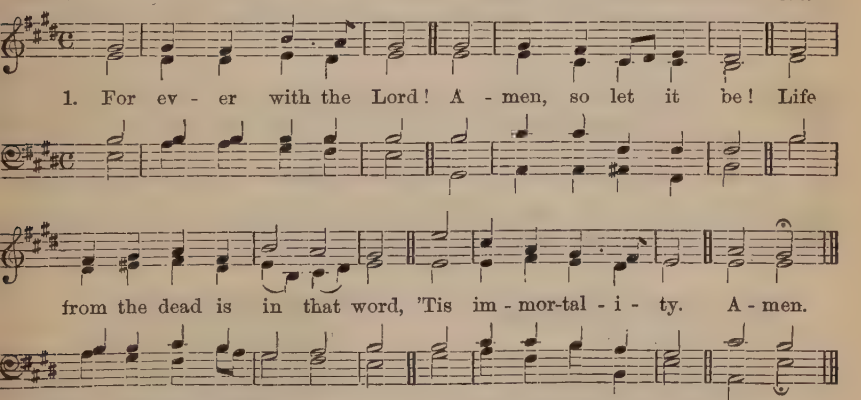
3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumin'd eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

489. S. M. SCRANTON.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

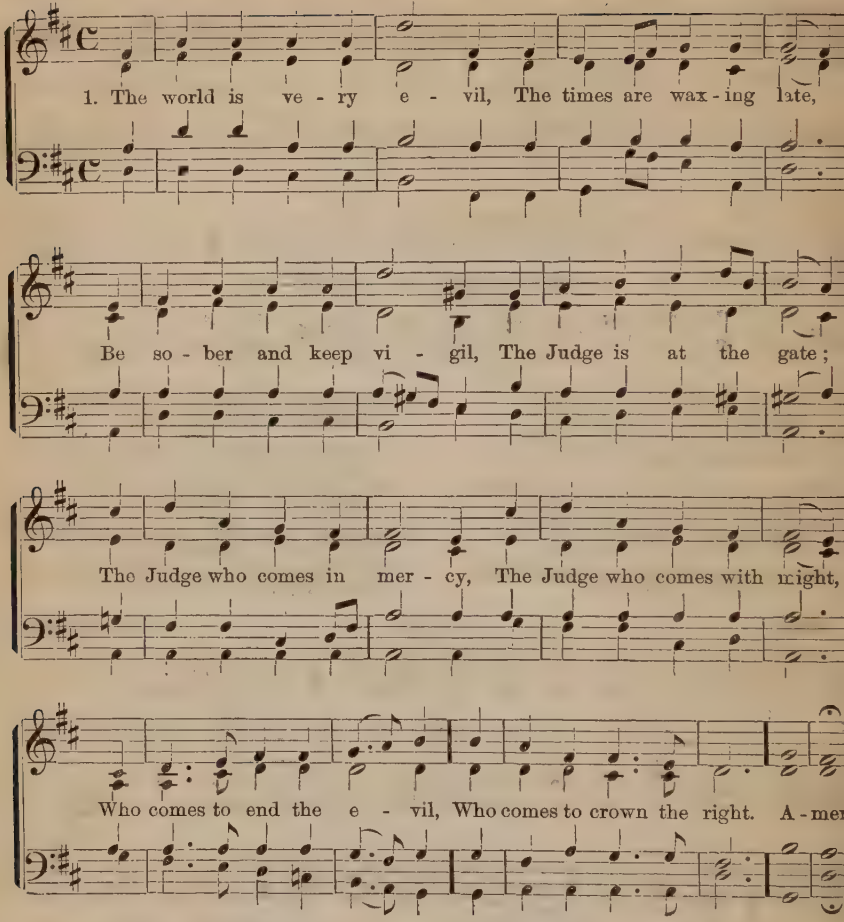
4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love.
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Heaven.

490. *Not too fast.* 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. LAUSANNE.


1. The world is ve - ry e - vil, The times are wax - ing late,
Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mer - cy, The Judge who comes with might,
Who comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right. A - men

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

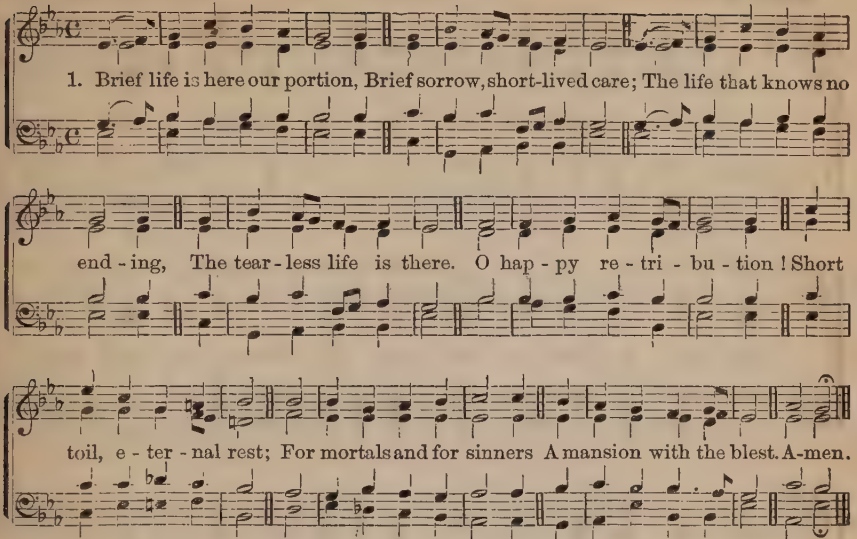
3 O Home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest;
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Heaven.

491. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. MUNICH.

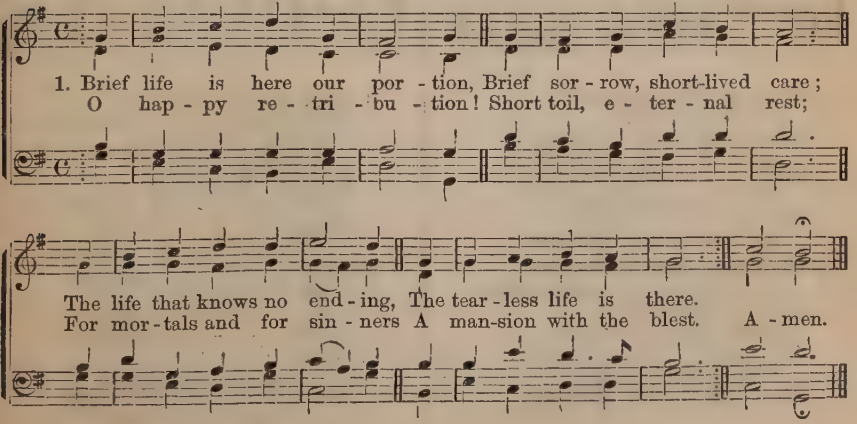

1. Brief life is here our portion, Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that knows no
end-ing, The tear-less life is there. O hap-py re-tri-bu-tion! Short
toil, e-ter-nal rest; For mortals and for sinners A mansion with the blest. A-men.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known:
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

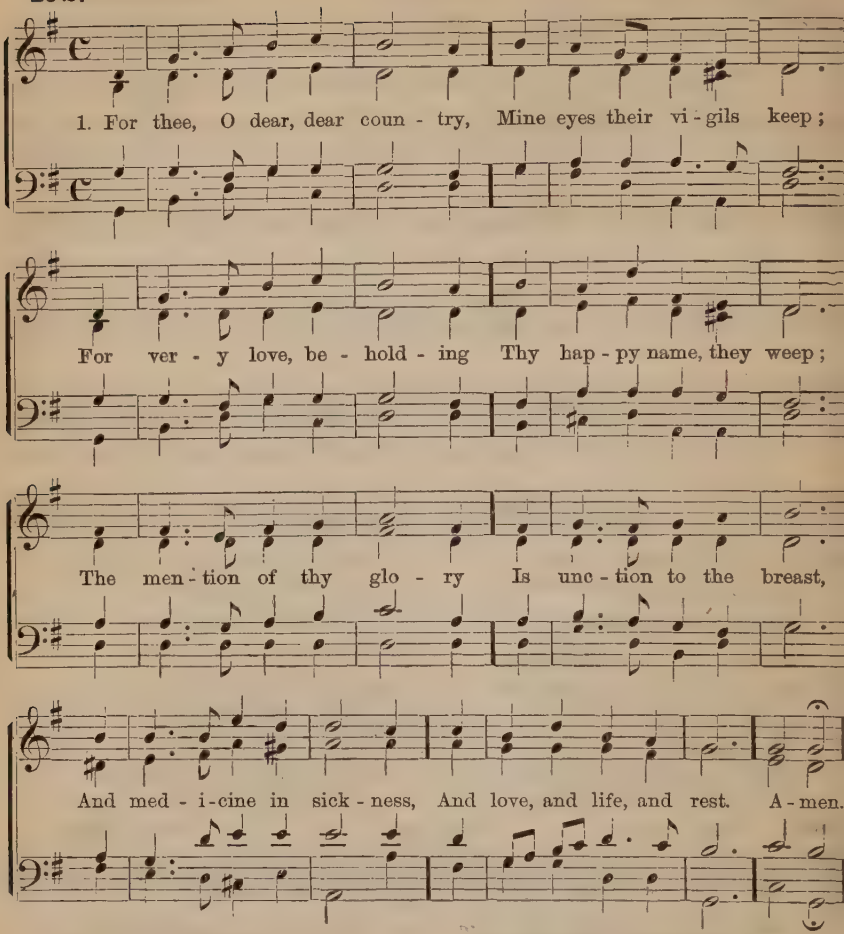
3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

491. Second Tune. 7.6.7.6. ST. ALPHEGE.


1. Brief life is here our por-tion, Brief sor-row, short-lived care;
O hap-py re-tri-bu-tion! Short toil, e-ter-nal rest;
The life that knows no end-ing, The tear-less life is there.
For mor-tals and for sin-ners A man-sion with the blest. A-men.

Heaven.

492. First Tune. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. For thee, O dear, dear Country.

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep;
For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep;
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

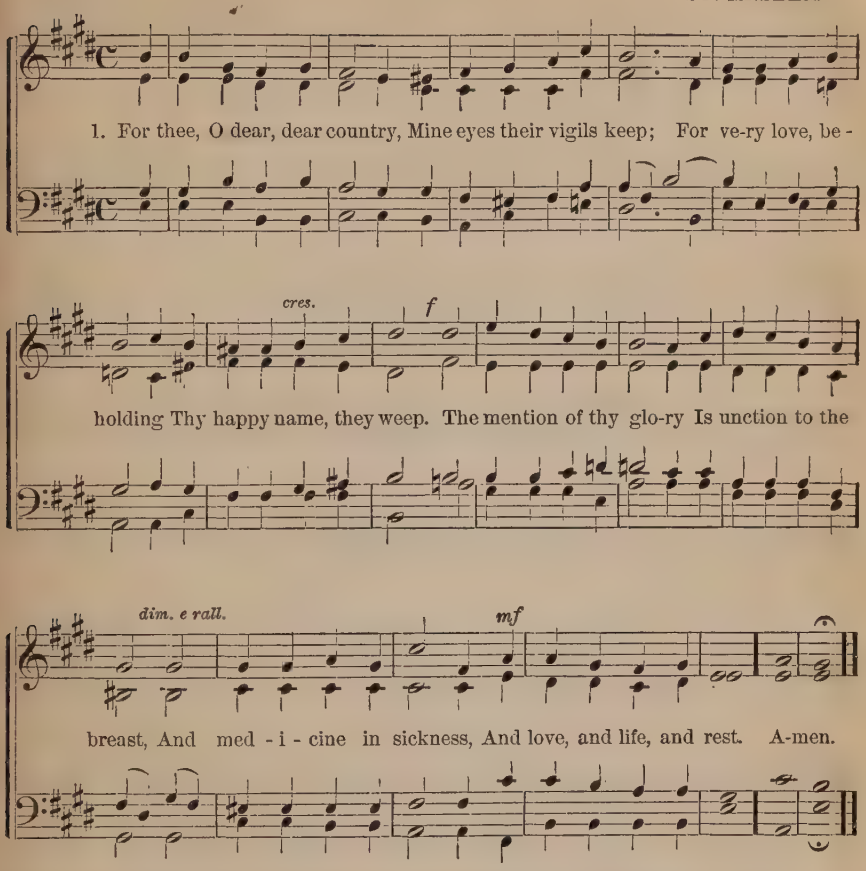
2 O one, O only mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect?
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

492. SECOND TUNE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ST. ANSELM.


1. For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep; For ve-ry love, be -
cres.
f
holding Thy happy name, they weep. The mention of thy glo-ry Is unction to the
dim. e rall.
mf
breast, And med - i - cine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest. A-men.

2 O one, O only mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

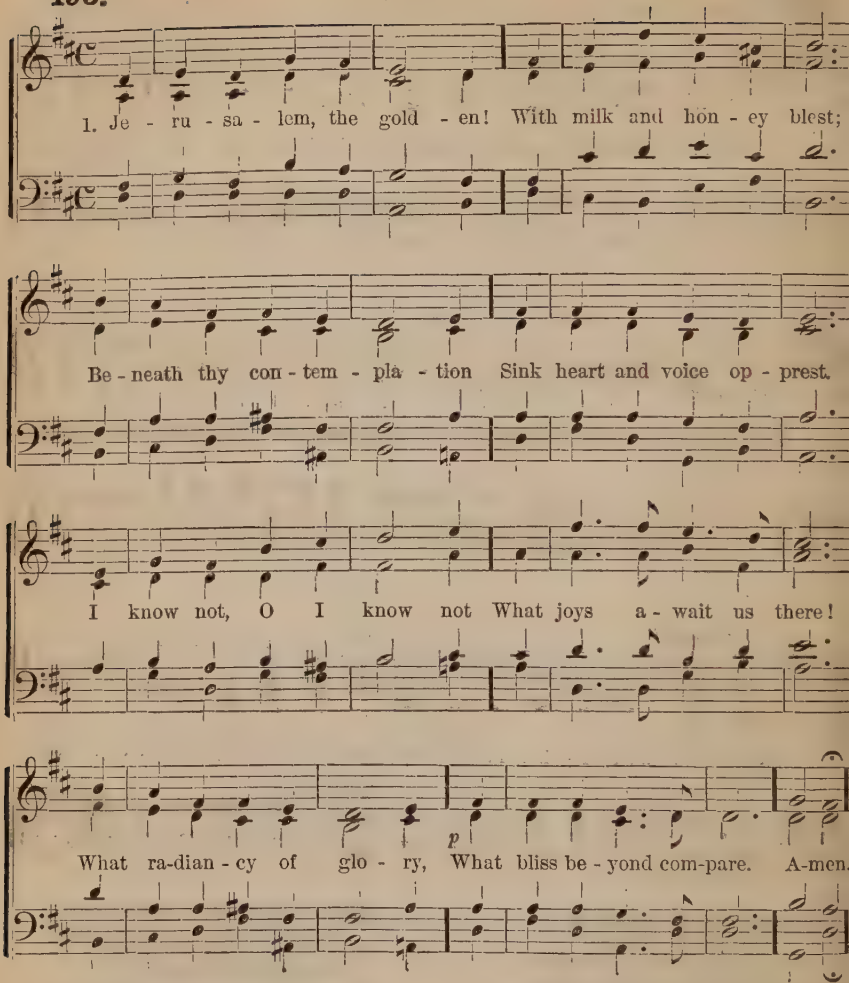
3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise their holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Heaven.

493. 7.6.7.6.7.6. EWING.

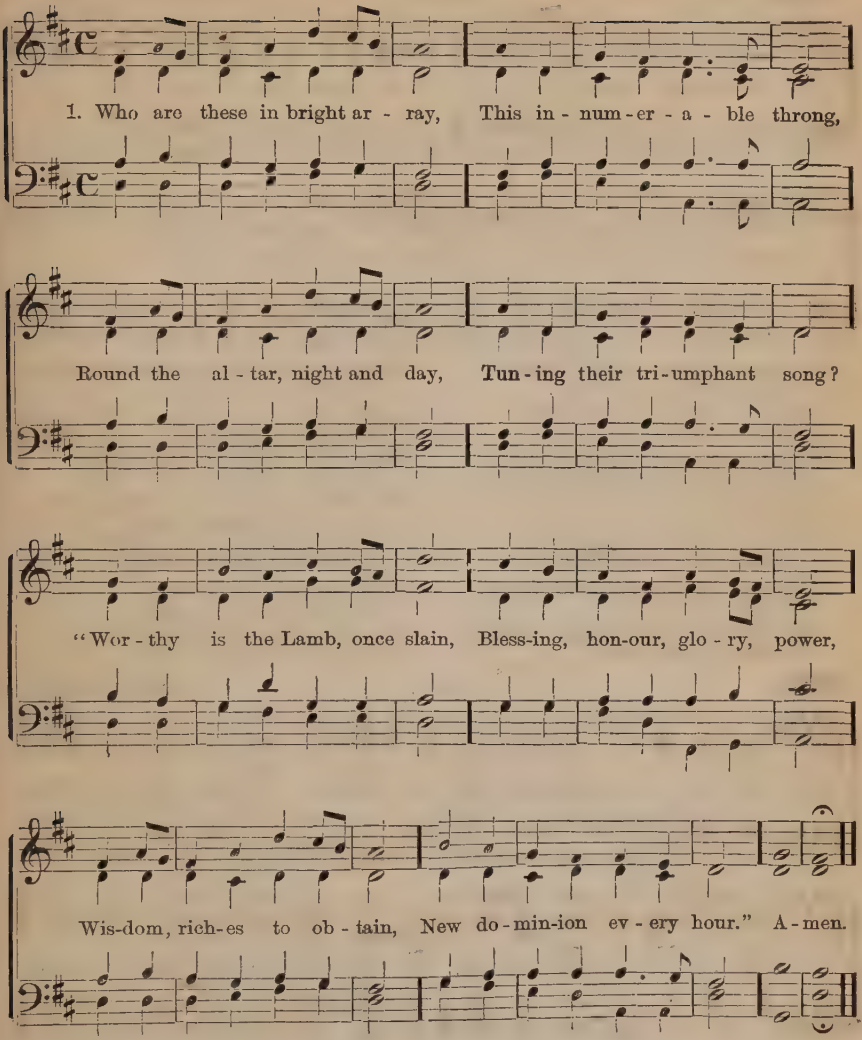

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there!
p
What ra-dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com-pare. A-men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there. from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

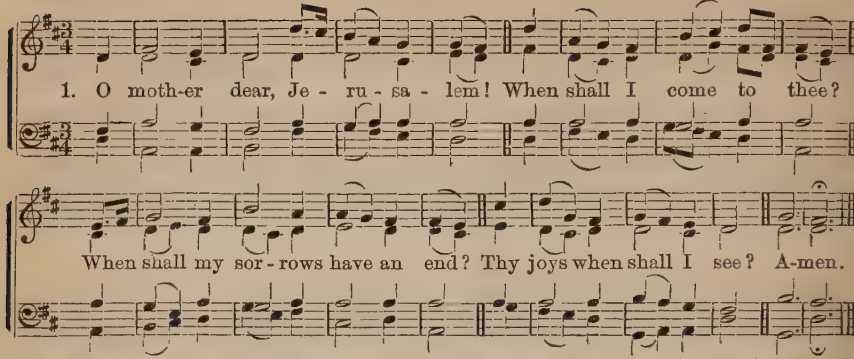
Heaven.

494. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. TICHFIELD.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - num - er - a - ble throng,
Round the al - tar, night and day, Tun - ing their tri - umphant song?
"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon-our, glo - ry, power,
Wis-dom, rich-es to ob - tain, New do - min-ion ev - ery hour." A - men.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

495. C. M. MANCHESTER NEW.



2 O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity?

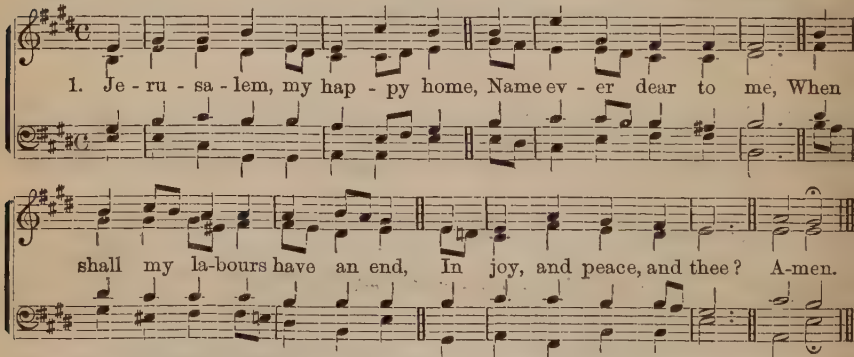
5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit;
For ever more they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.

8 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

496. C. M. SOUTHWELL.



2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

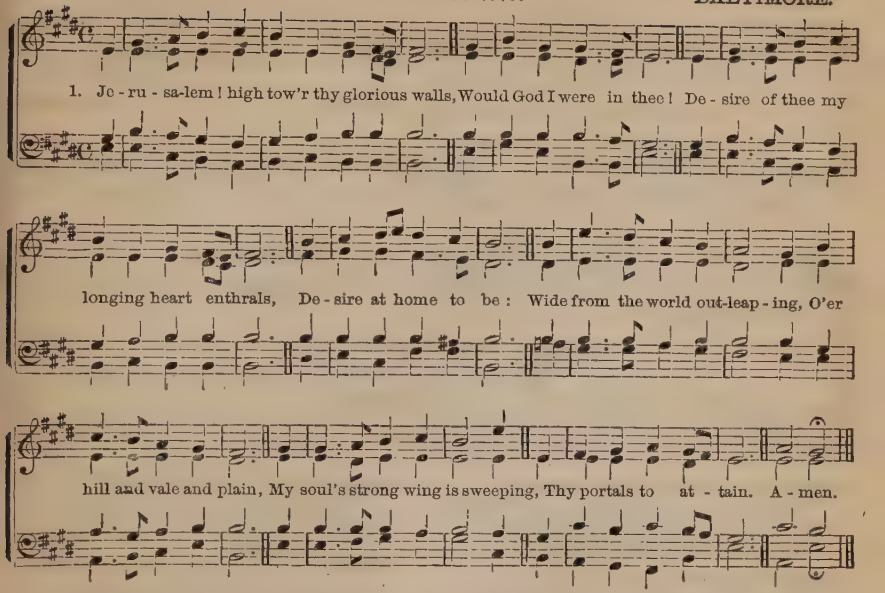
4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Heaven.

497. 10.6.10.6.7.6.7.6. BALTIMORE.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem! high tow'r thy glorious walls, Would God I were in thee! De - sire of thee my
longing heart enthrals, De - sire at home to be: Wide from the world out-leap - ing, O'er
hill and vale and plain, My soul's strong wing is sweeping, Thy portals to at - tain. A - men.

2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome
When shall that hour have come, [hour!
When my rejoicing soul its own free power
May use in going home?
Itself to Jesus giving,
In trust to his own hand,
To dwell among the living,
In that blest Fatherland.

3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,
Shall be enough to soar,
In buoyant exultation, through the sky,
And reach the heavenly shore.
Elijah's chariot bringing
The homeward traveller there;
Glad troops of angels winging
It onward through the air.

4 Great fastness thou of honour! thee I
Throw wide thy gracious gate, [greet!
An entrance free to give these longing feet;
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning
And life's long, weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

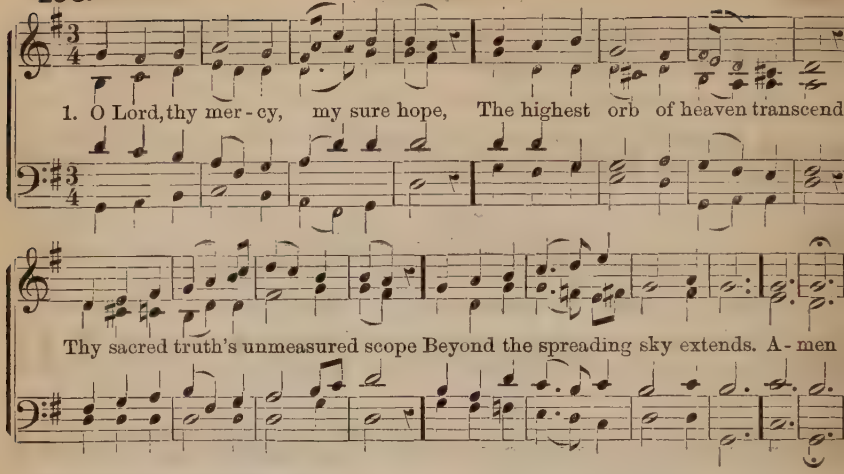
5 What throng is this, what noble troop,
Arrayed in beauteous guise, [that pours,
Out through the glorious city's open doors,
To greet my wondering eyes?
The hosts of Christ's elected,
The jewels that he bears
In his own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.

6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a
That once has borne the cross, [band
With all the company that won that land,
By counting gain for loss,
Now float in freedom's lightness,
From tyrants' chains set free;
And shine like suns in brightness,
Arrayed to welcome me.

7 One more at last arrived they welcome
To beauteous Paradise, [there,
Where sense can scarce its full fruition
Or tongue for praise suffice; [bear,
Glad alleluias ringing
With rapturous rebound,
And rich hosannas singing
Eternity's long round.

8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne
There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
In blissful ecstacy:
A hundred thousand voices
Take up the wondrous song;
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong.

498. L. M BOWEN.


1. O Lord, thy mer - cy, my sure hope, The highest orb of heaven transcend
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope Beyond the spreading sky extends. A - men

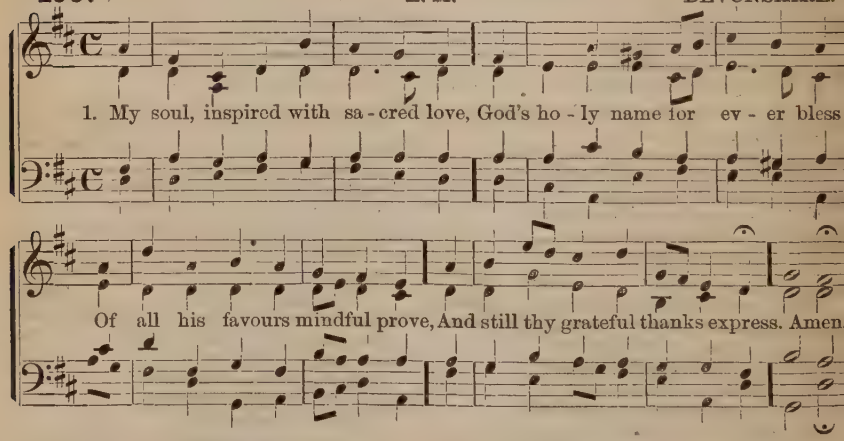
2 Thy justice like the hills remain,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display

499. L. M. DEVONSHIRE.


1. My soul, inspired with sa - cred love, God's ho - ly name for ev - er bless
Of all his favours mindful prove, And still thy grateful thanks express. Amen

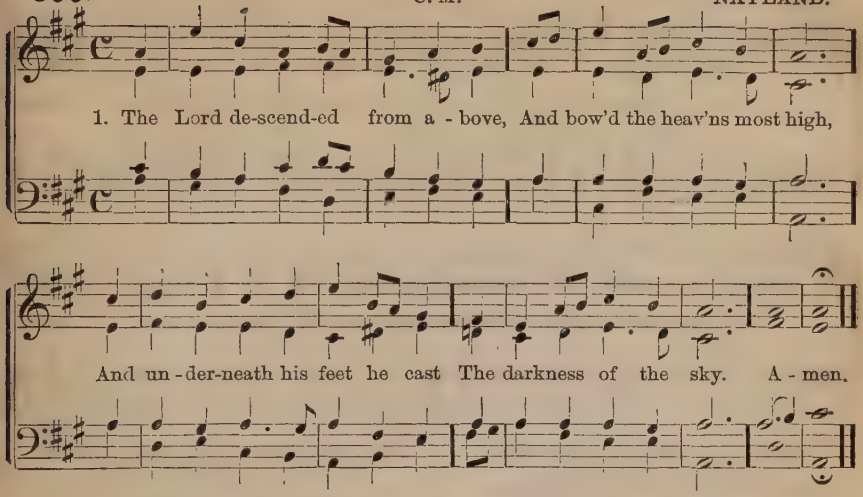
2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishment to guide
More by his love than our desert.

5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always loved.

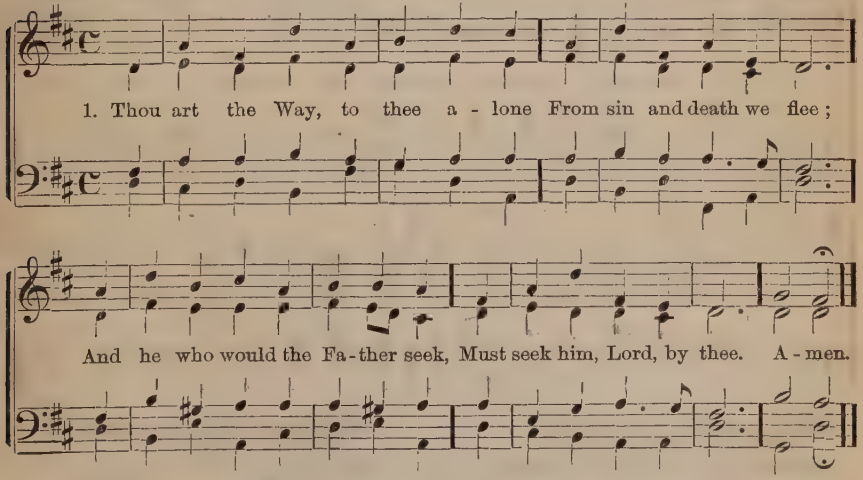
500. C. M. NAYLAND.



2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

501. First Tune. C. M. LONDON NEW.



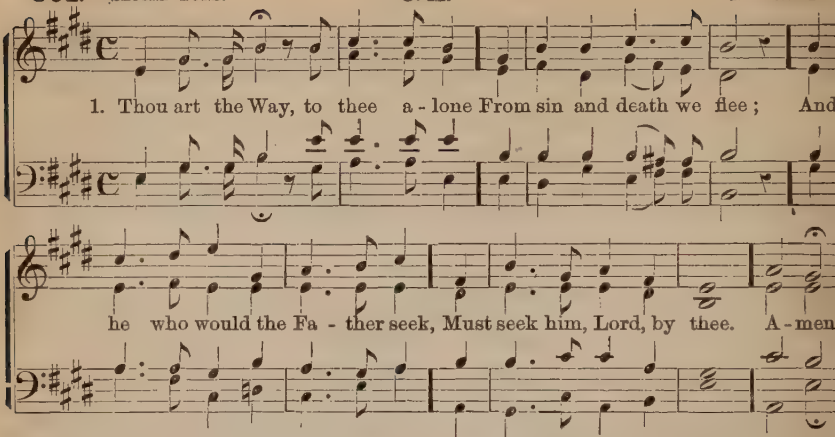
2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Miscellaneous.

501. SECOND TUNE. C. M. HAIGHT.

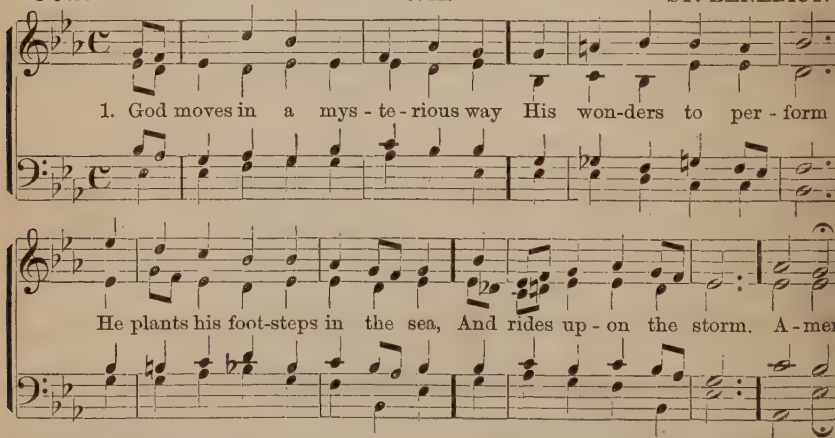


2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

502. FIRST TUNE. C. M. ST. BENEDICT.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

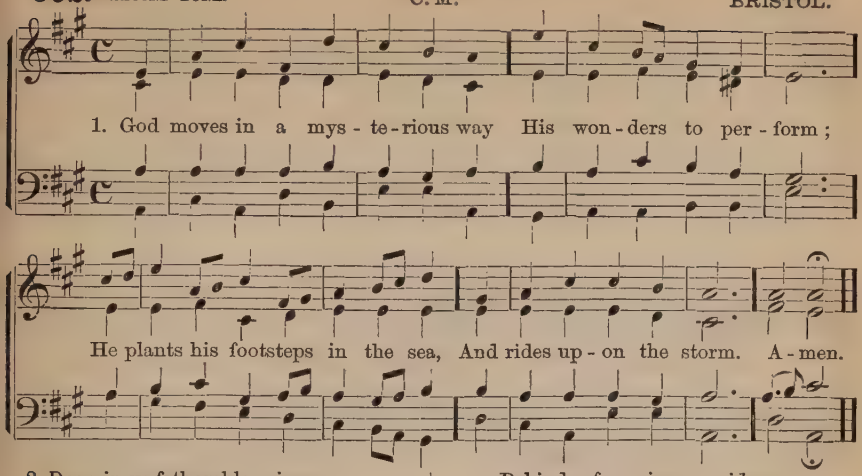
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

502. SECOND TUNE. C. M. BRISTOL.



2 Deep in unfathomble mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

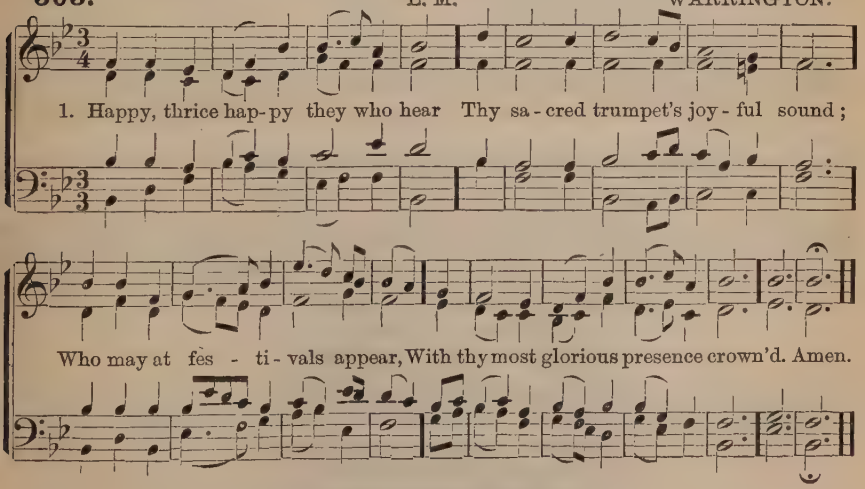
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

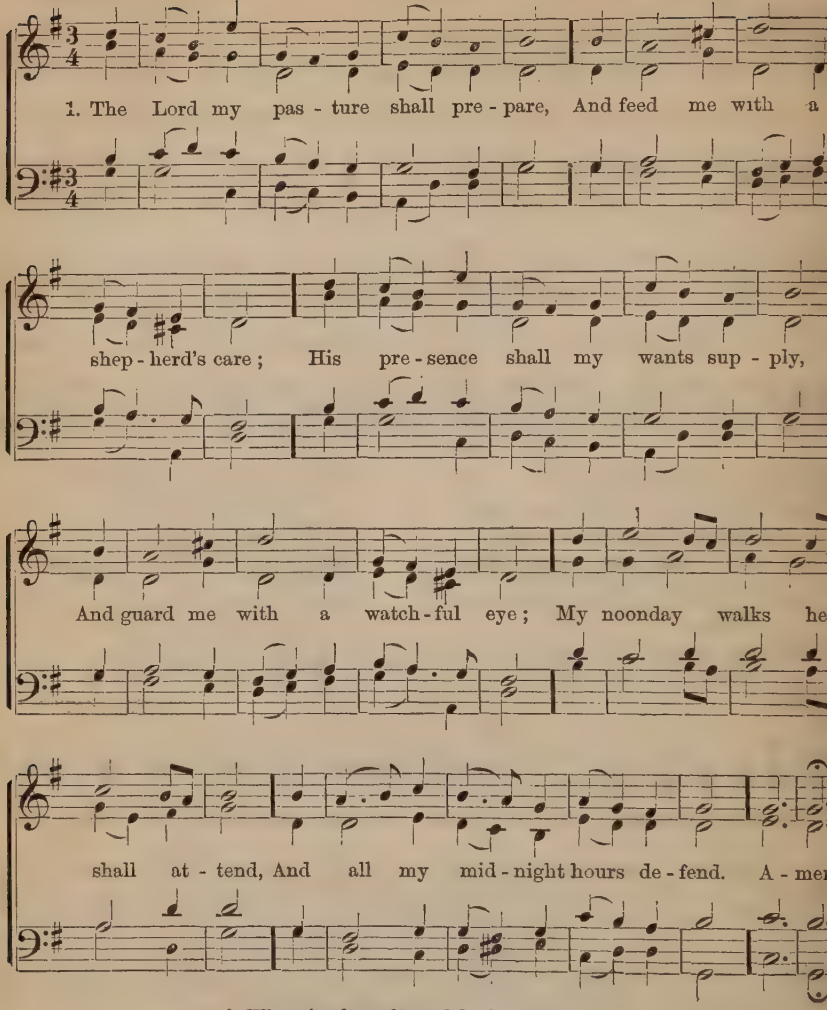
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

503. L. M. WARRINGTON.


1. Happy, thrice hap - py they who hear Thy sa - cred trumpet's joy - ful sound;
Who may at fes - ti - vals appear, With thy most glorious presence crown'd. Amen.

2 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring:
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

504. 8.8.8.8.8.8. CAREYS

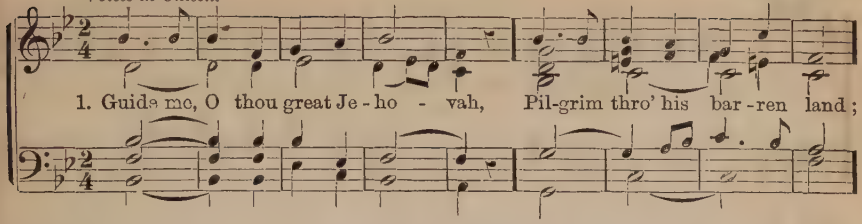
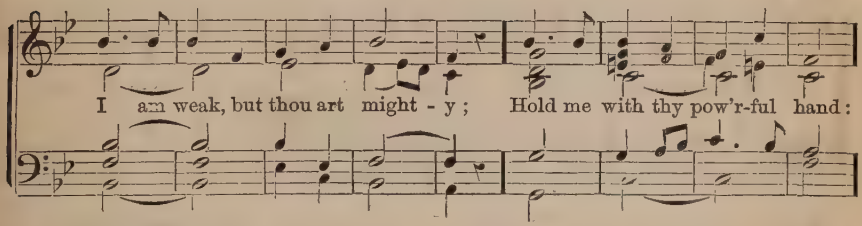

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a
shep - herd's care; His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply,
And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noonday walks he
shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend. A - men

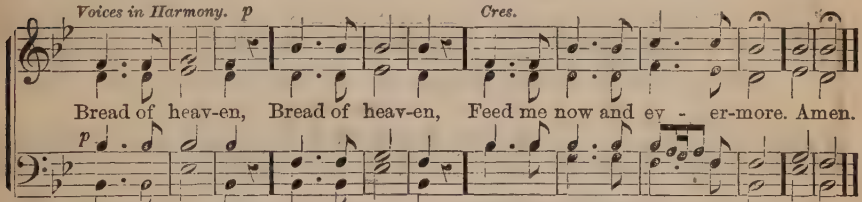
2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

505. First Tune. 8.7.8.7.4.7. GILBERTS.

Voices in Unison.

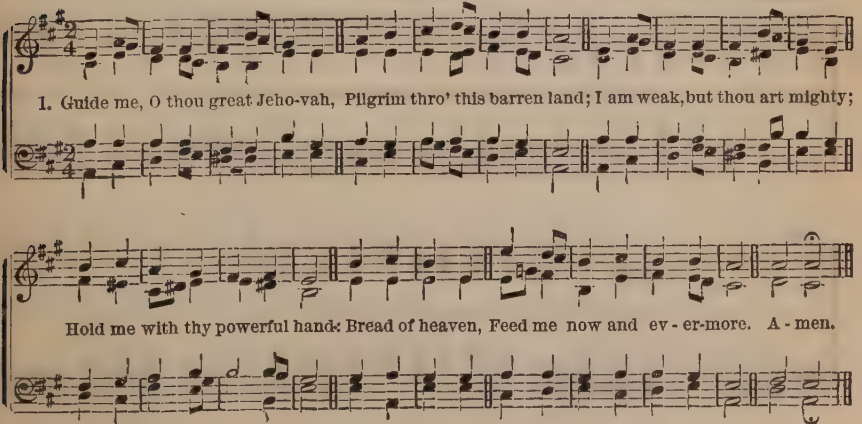




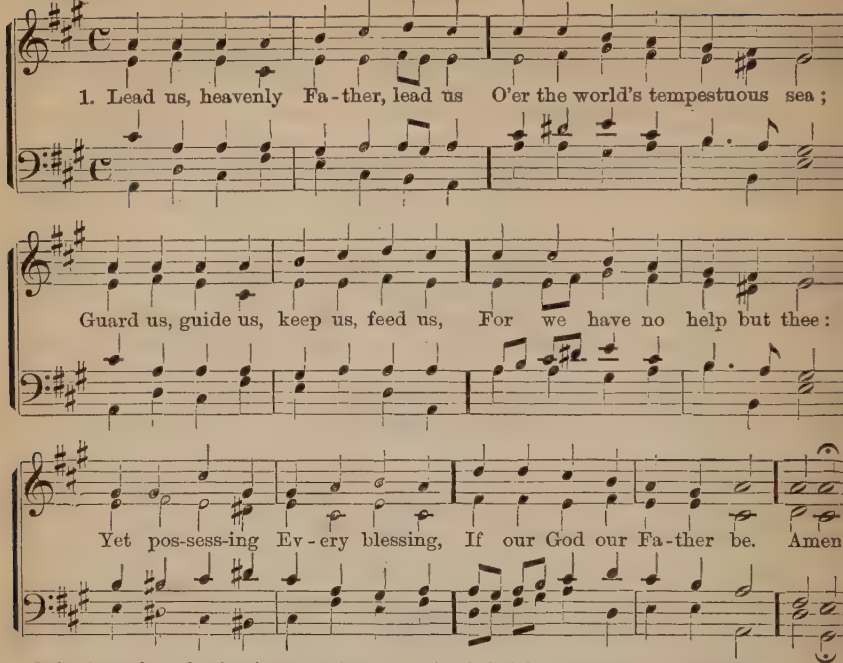
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

505. Second Tune. 8.7.8.7.4.7 STORL.


1. Guide me, O thou great Jeho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Feed me now and ev - er-more. A - men.

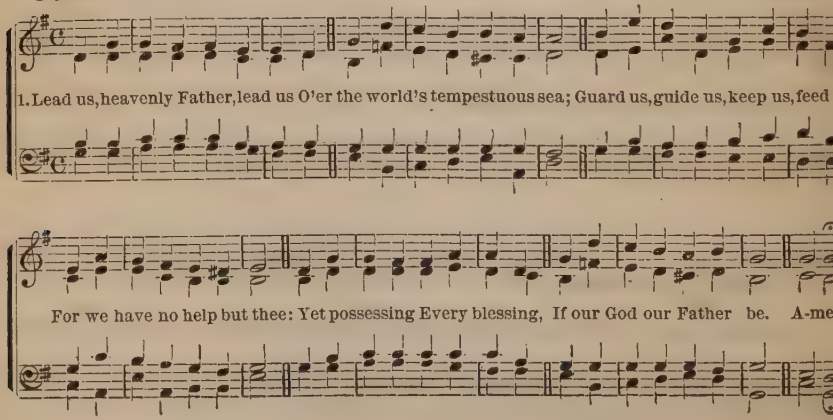
506. First Tune. 8.7.8.7.4.4.7. ORIEL.


1. Lead us, heavenly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee:
Yet pos-sess-ing Ev-ery blessing, If our God our Fa-ther be. Amen

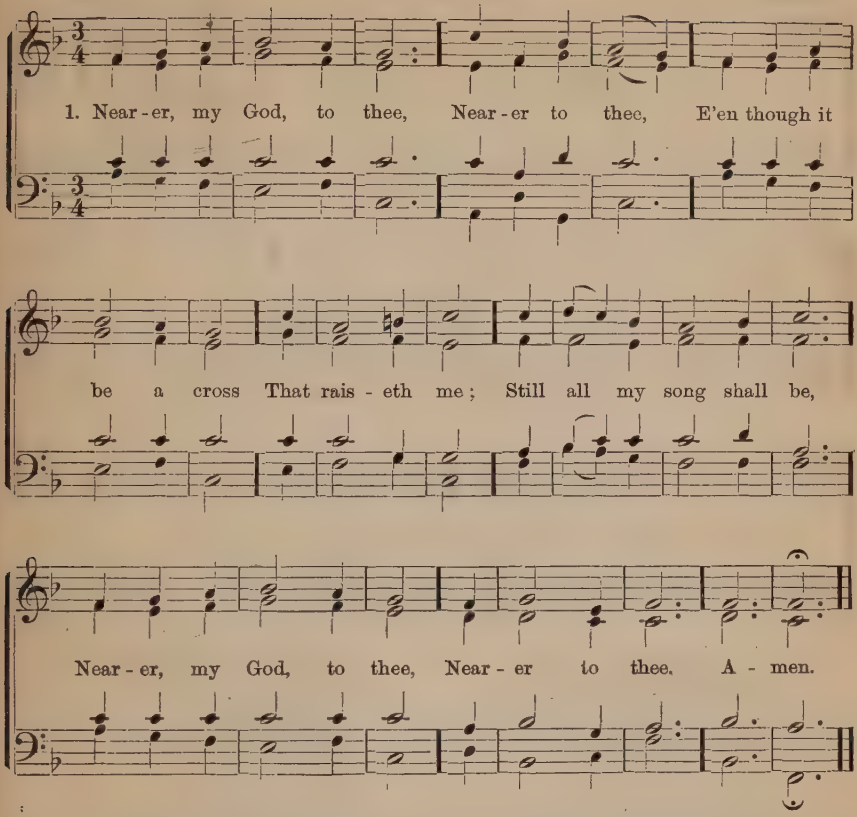
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

506. Second Tune. 8.7.8.7.4.4.7. VERONA.


1. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed
For we have no help but thee: Yet possessing Every blessing, If our God our Father be. A-me

507. First Tune. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. ST. CHAD.


1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee, E'en though it
be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee. A-men.

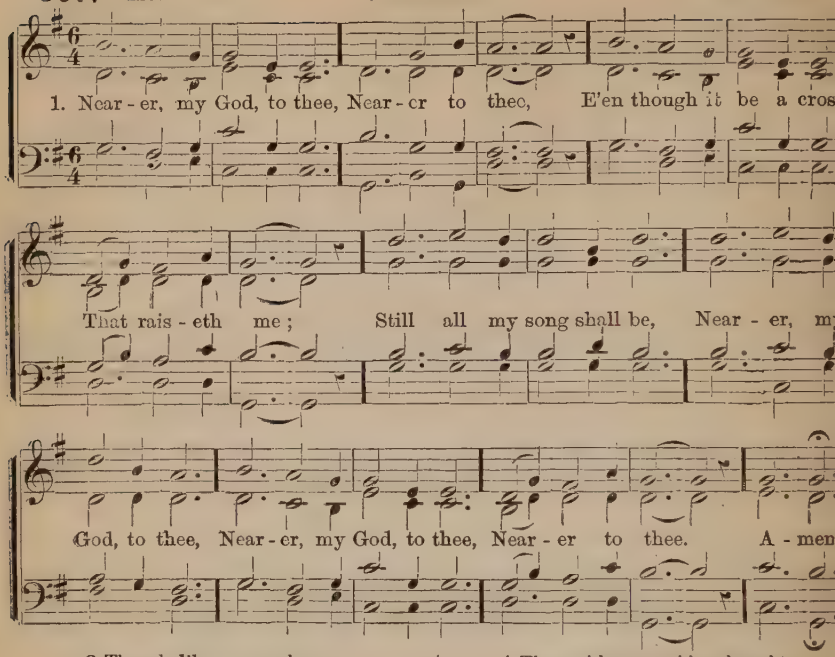
2 Though like the wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

507. SECOND TUNE. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. BETHANY.


1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee, E'en though it be a cros
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, m
God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee. A - men

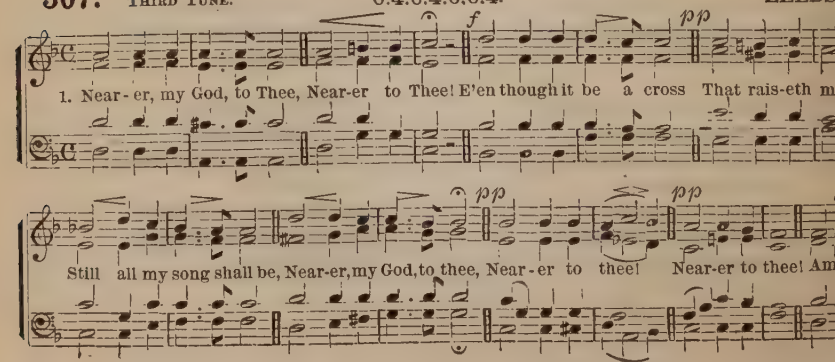
2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes o'er me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee.

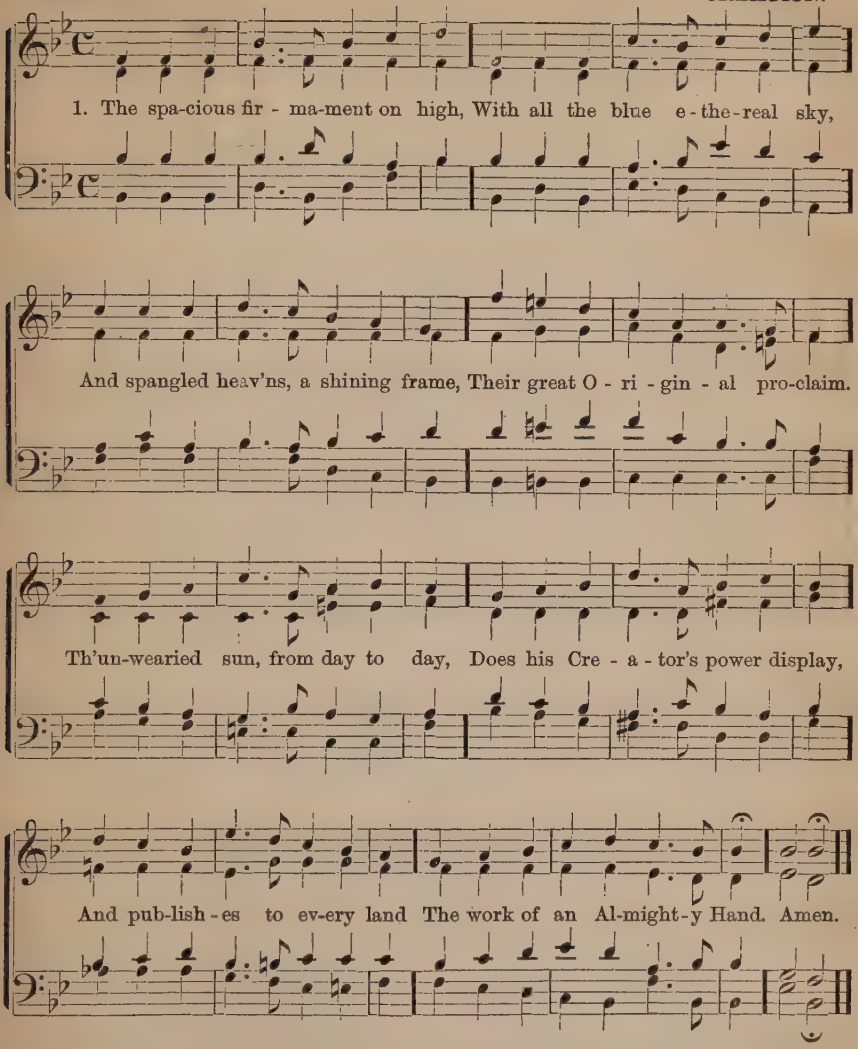
3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

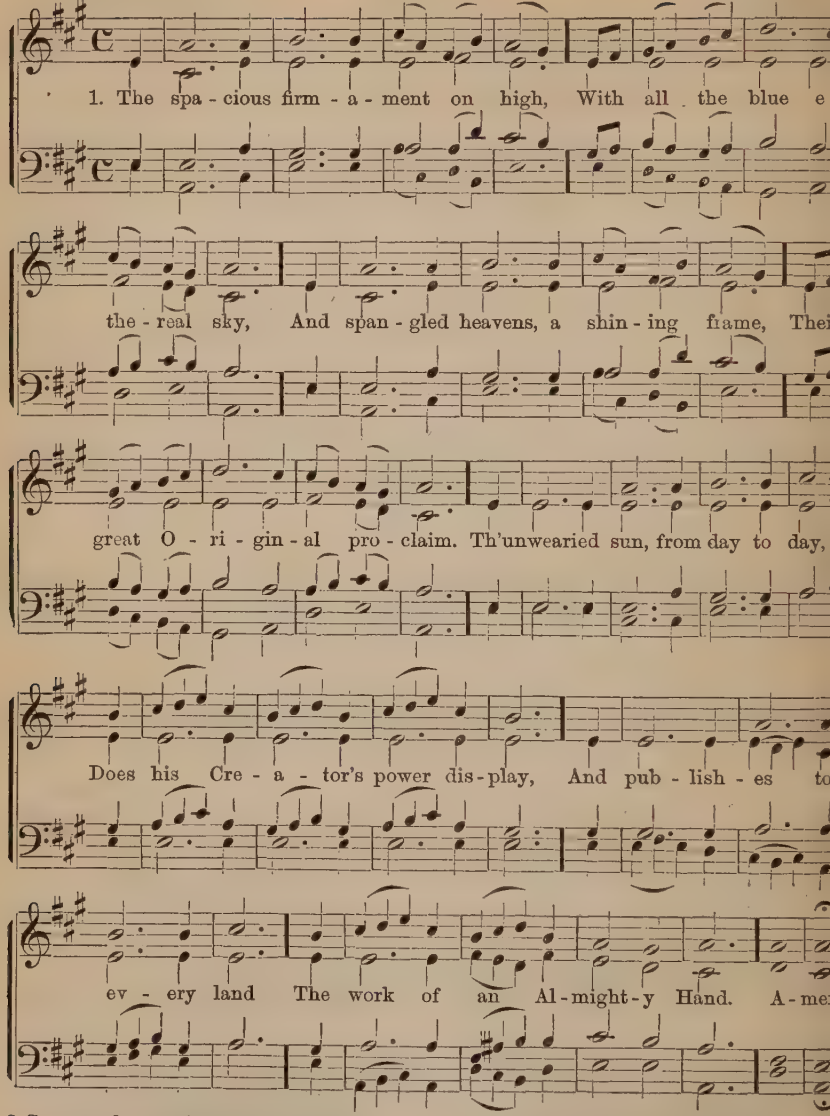
507. THIRD TUNE. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. LEEDS


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth m
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! Near-er to thee! Am

508. First Tune. D. L. M. CREATION.

1. The spa-cious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O - ri - gin - al pro-claim.
Th'un-wearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power display,
And pub-lish - es to ev-ery land The work of an Al-might-y Hand. Amen.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

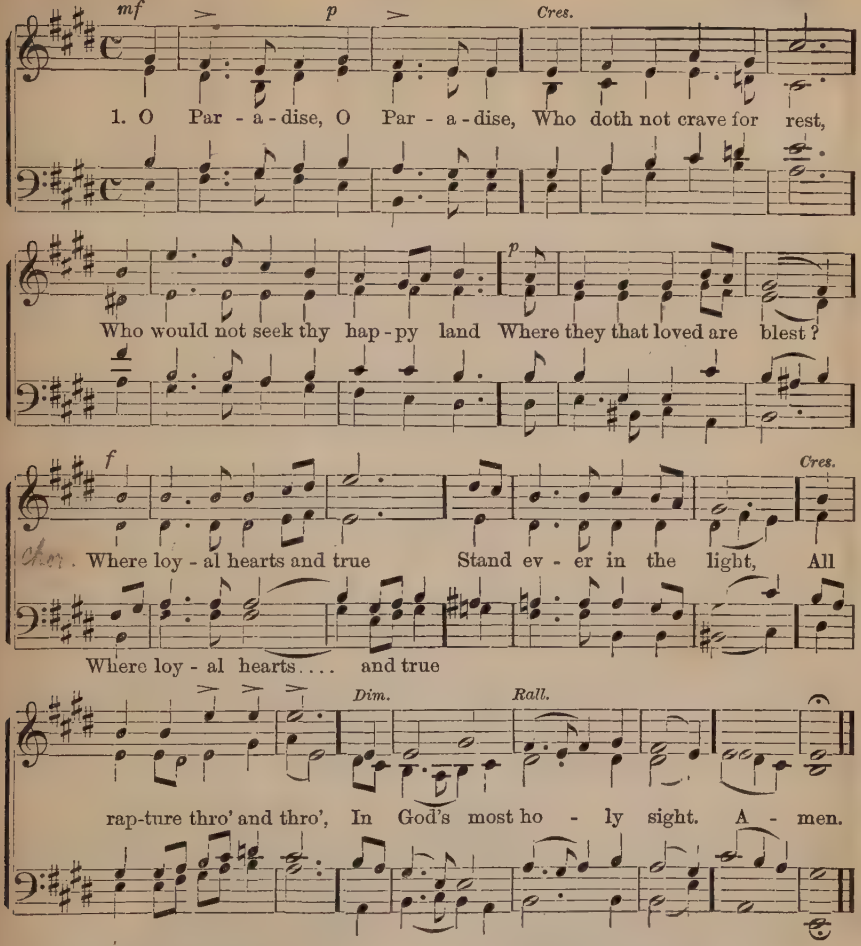
3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

508. SECOND TUNE. D. L. M. CREATION.

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e
the - real sky, And span - gled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Thei
great O - ri - gin - al pro - claim. Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to
ev - ery land The work of an Al - might - y Hand. A - me

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll.
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

509. First Tune. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. **PARADISE.**


mf
p
Cres.
1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest,
p
Who would not seek thy hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
f
Cres.
Cho. Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All
Where loy - al hearts.... and true
Dim.
Rall.
rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

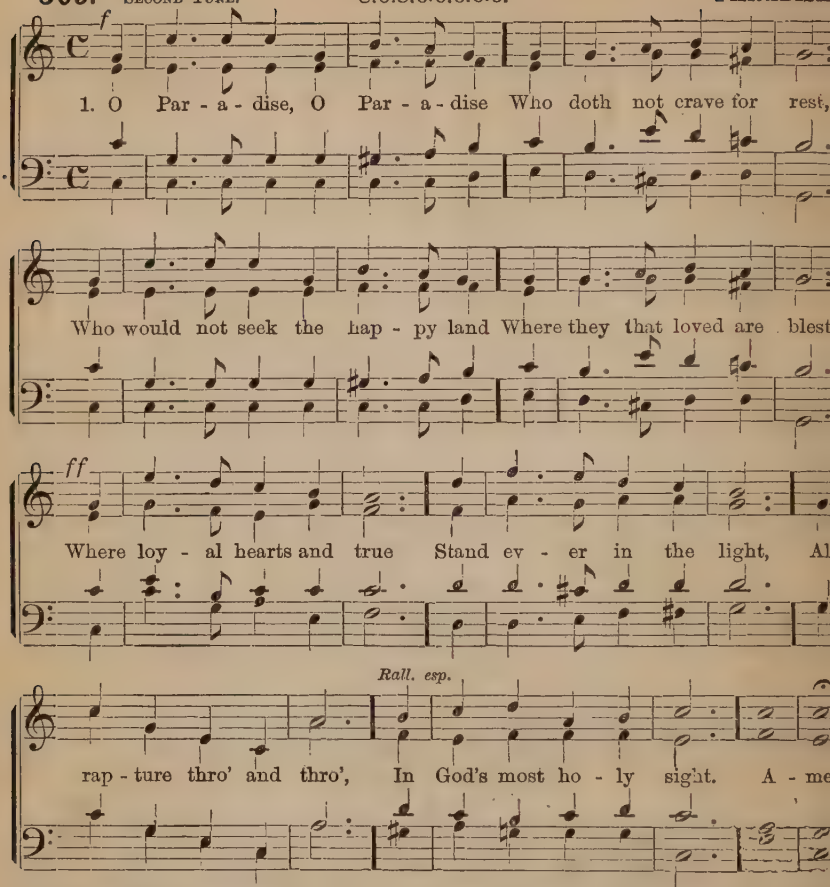
2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

509. SECOND TUNE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. PARADISE

f
1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest
ff
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, Al
Rall. esp.
rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - me

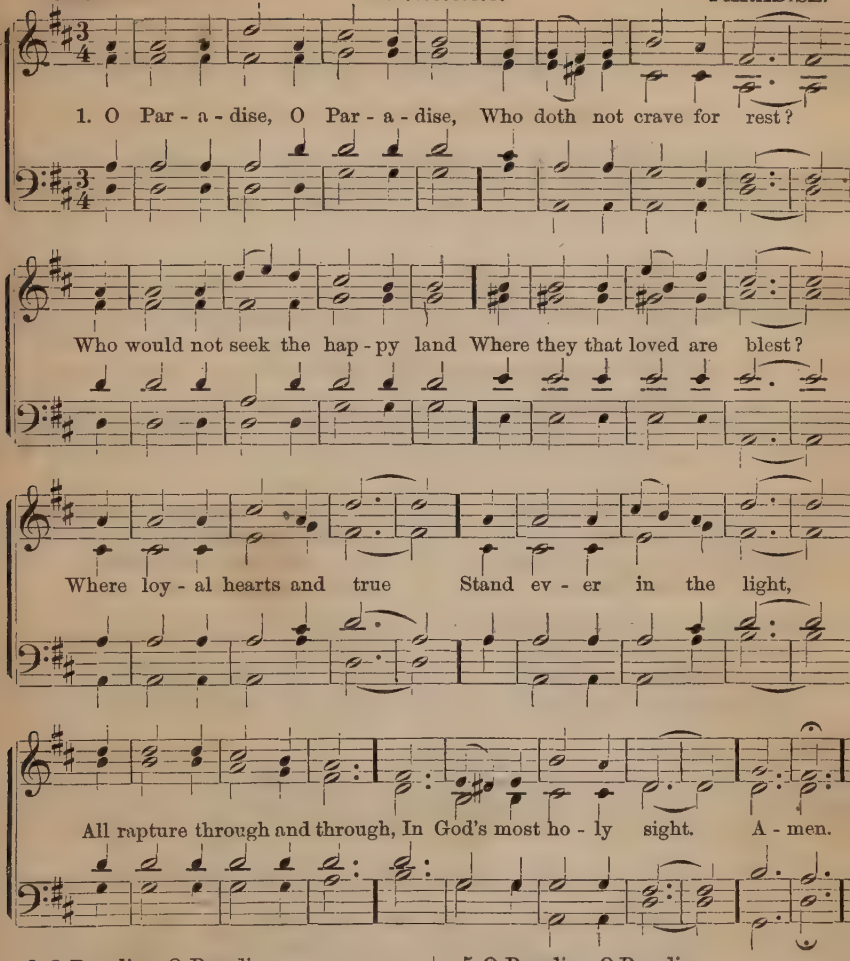
2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

509. THIRD TUNE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.8.6. PARADISE.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rapture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

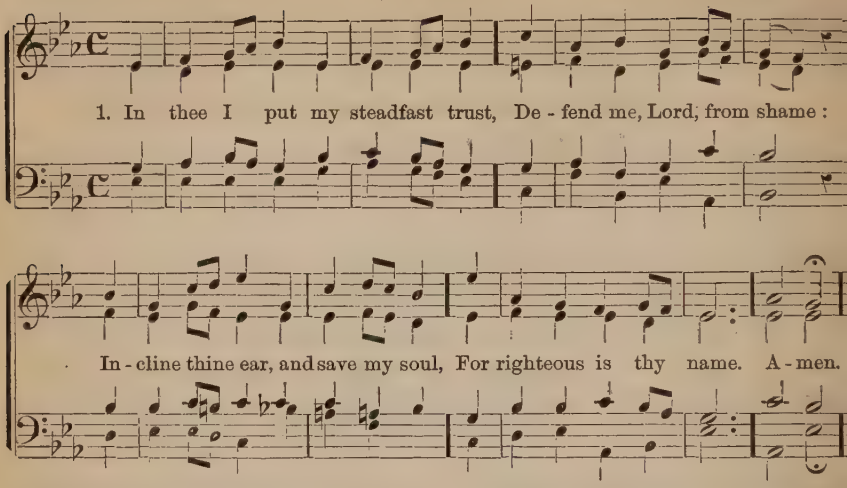
3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

510. First Tune. C. M. BRIGHTON.


1. In thee I put my steadfast trust, De - fend me, Lord, from shame :
In - cline thine ear, and save my soul, For righteous is thy name. A - men.

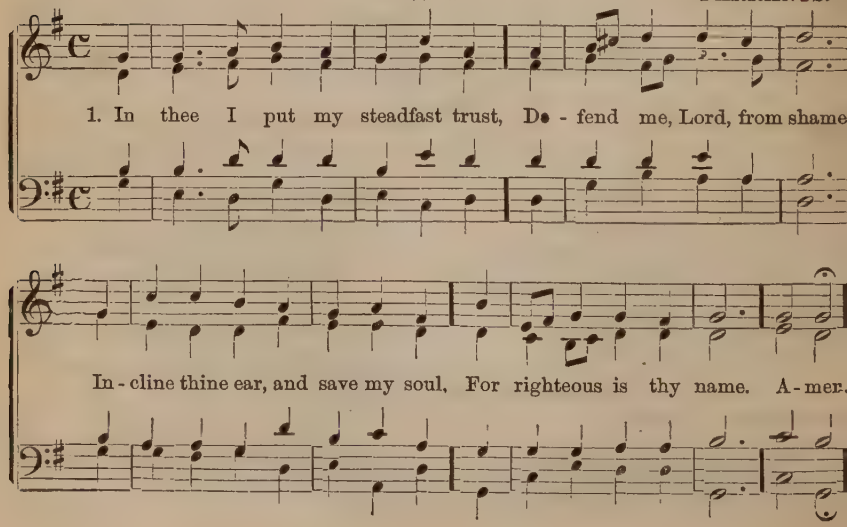
2 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort:
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.

3 My steadfast and unchanging hope
Shall on thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

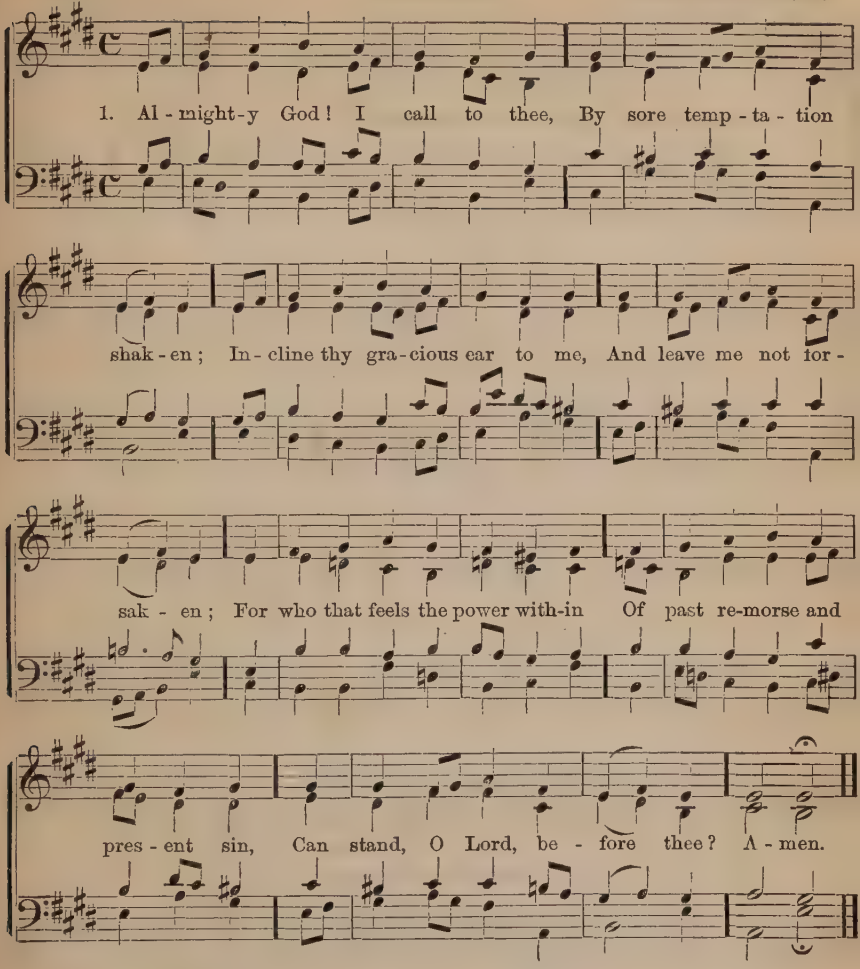
4 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

5 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.

510. Second Tune. C. M. FARRANTS.


1. In thee I put my steadfast trust, De - fend me, Lord, from shame
In - cline thine ear, and save my soul, For righteous is thy name. A - men.

511. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. ATTOLLE PAULUM.

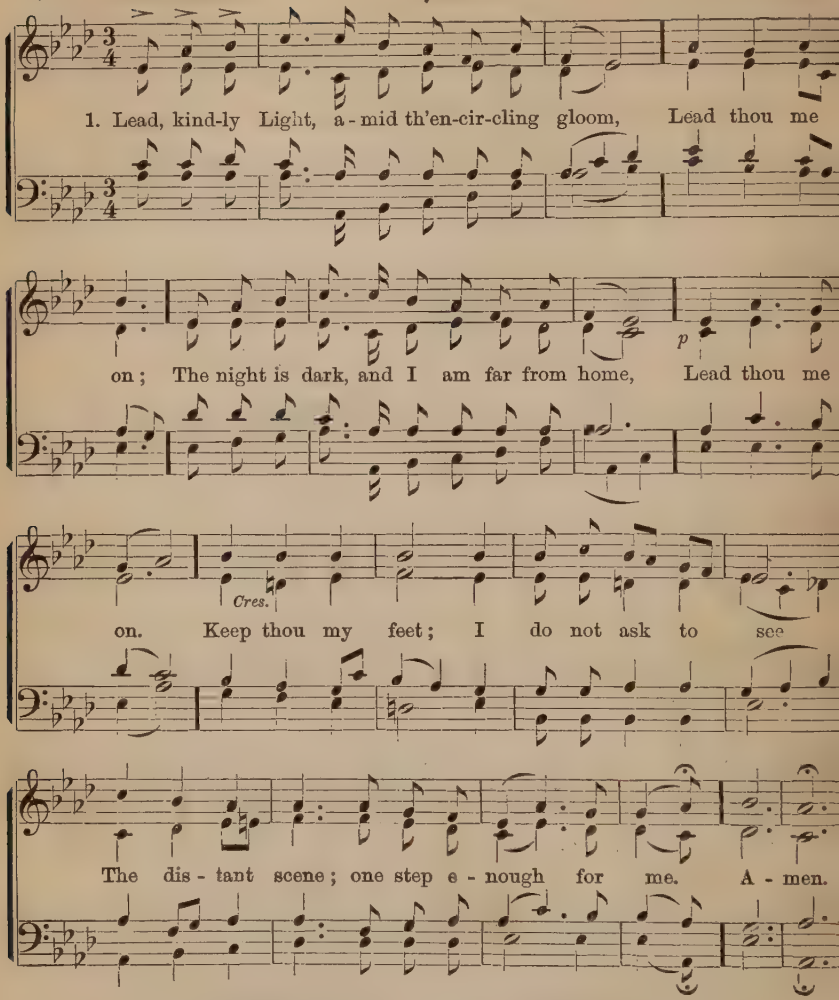

1. Al - might-y God! I call to thee, By sore temp - ta - tion
shak - en; In - cline thy gra - cious ear to me, And leave me not for -
sak - en; For who that feels the power with-in Of past re-morse and
pres - ent sin, Can stand, O Lord, be - fore thee? A - men.

2 On thee alone my stay I place,
All human help rejecting;
Relying on thy sovereign grace,
Thy sovereign aid expecting,
I rest upon thy sacred word,
That thou'lt repel him not, O Lord,
Who to thy mercy fleeth.

3 And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might,
My triumph in my sorrow;
Forgetting not that thou of old
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold;
When weakest then most loving!

4 What though my sinfulness be great,
Redeeming love is greater;
What though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator;
And he my rock and fortress is,
And when most helpless, most I'm his,
My strength and my Redeemer.

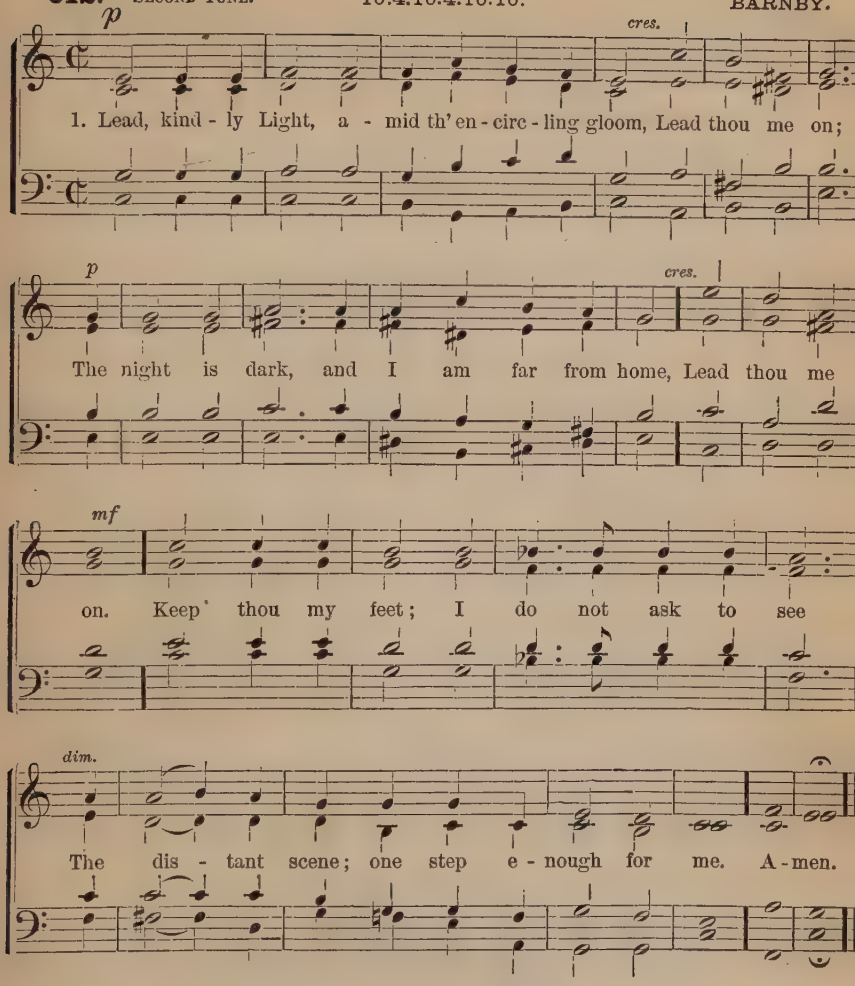
512. FIRST TUNE. 10.4.10.4.10.10. LUX BENIGNA.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me
Cres.
on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

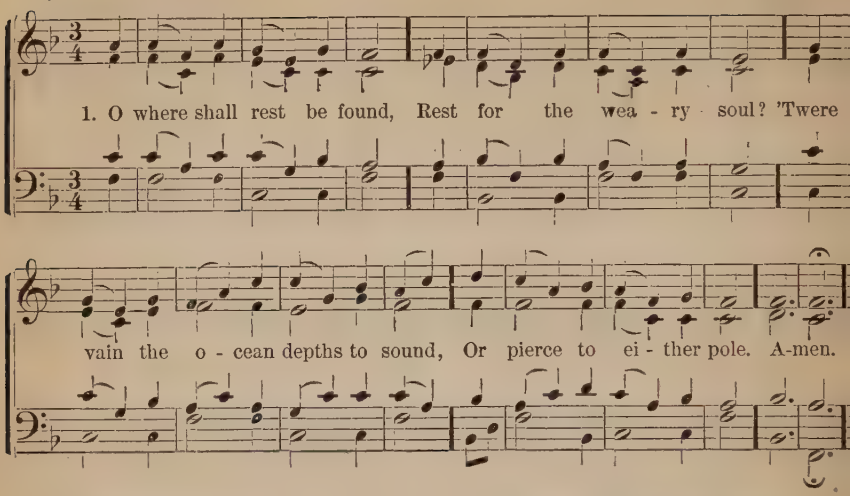
512. SECOND TUNE. 10.4.10.4.10.10. BARNBY.


p
cres.
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - circ - ling gloom, Lead thou me on;
p
cres.
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me
mf
on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
dim.
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

513. First Tune. S. M. DENNIS.



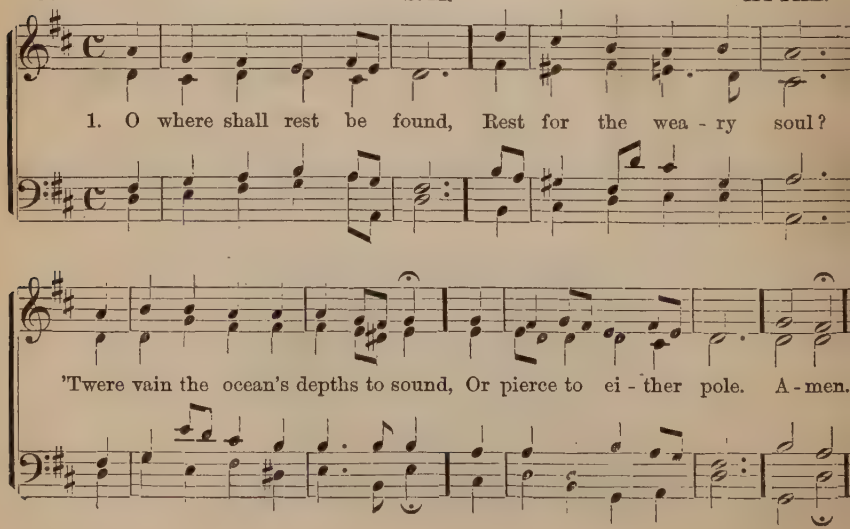
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

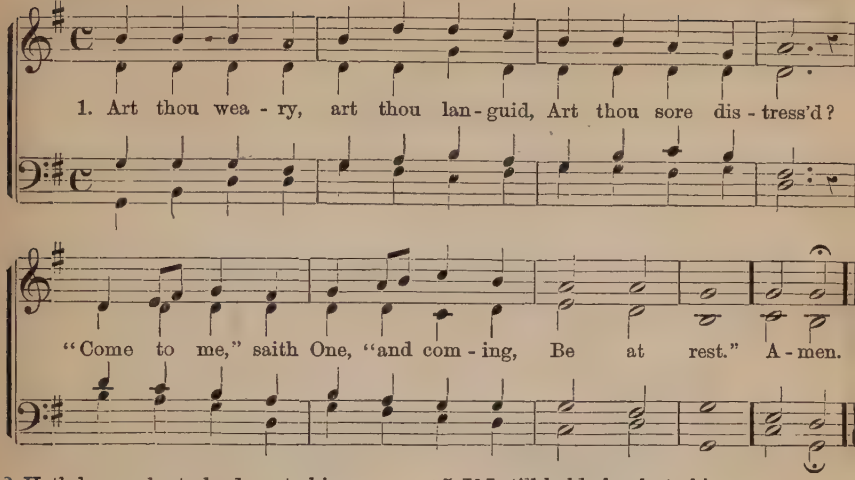
4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

513. Second Tune. S. M. HYTHE.



514. First Tune. 8.5.8.3. STEPHANOS.



2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints;
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

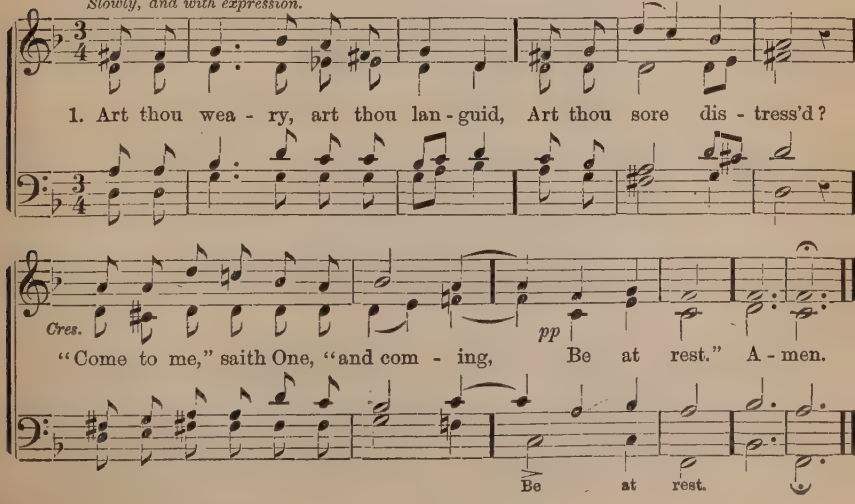
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

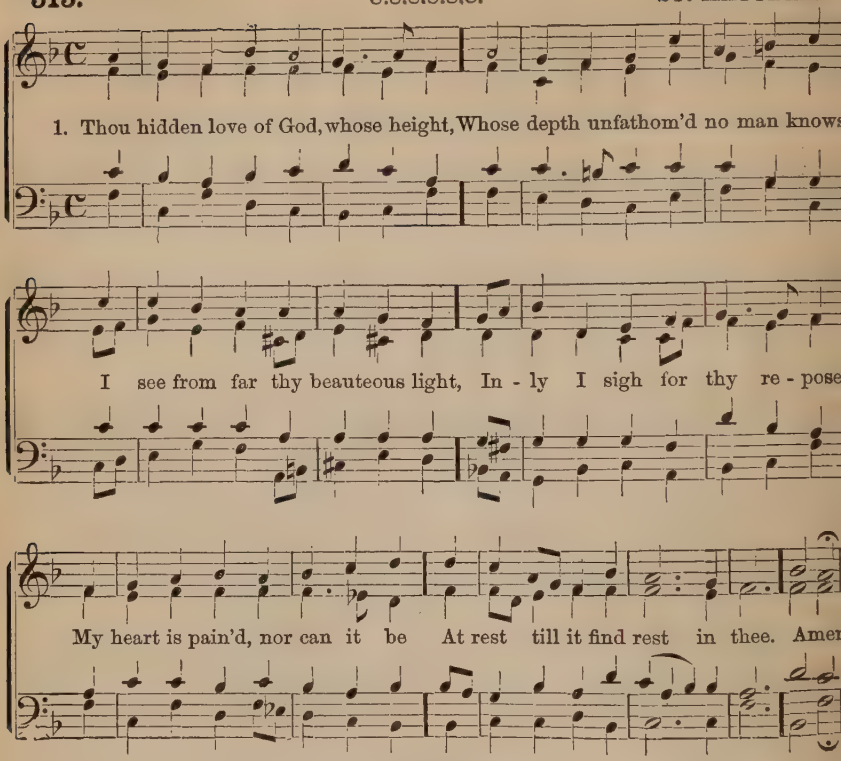
7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

514. Second Tune. 8.5.8.3. CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

Slowly, and with expression.



515. 8.8.8.8.8.8. **ST. MATTHIAS.**

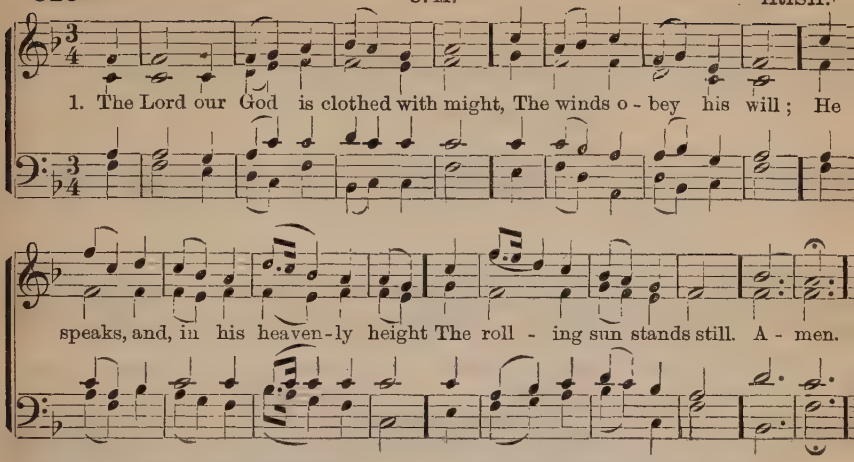

1. Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows
I see from far thy beauteous light, In - ly I sigh for thy re - pose
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest till it find rest in thee. Amen

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

516. C. M. IRISH.


1. The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o - bey his will; He
speaks, and, in his heaven-ly height The roll - ing sun stands still. A - men.

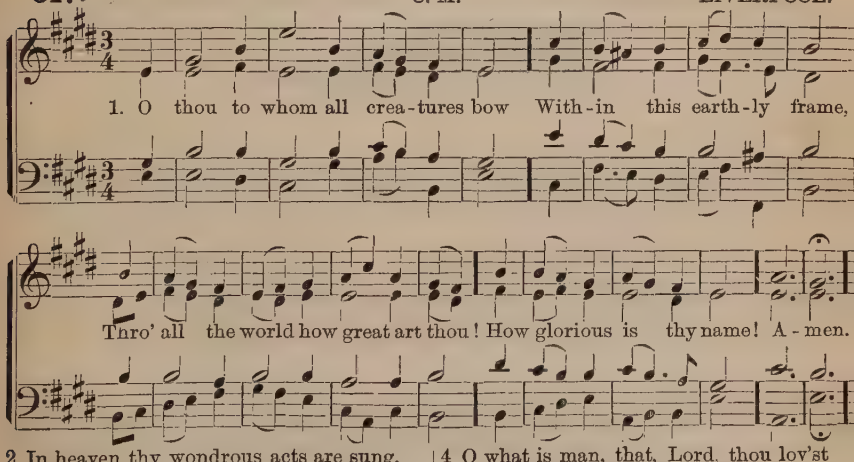
2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

517. C. M. LIVERPOOL.


1. O thou to whom all crea-tures bow With-in this earth-ly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name! A - men.

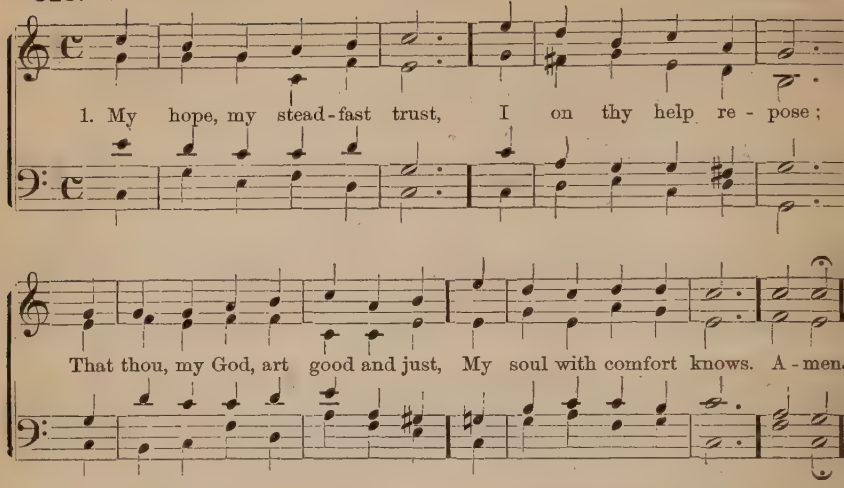
2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 O what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 O thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

518. First Tune. S. M. NARENZA.



2 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

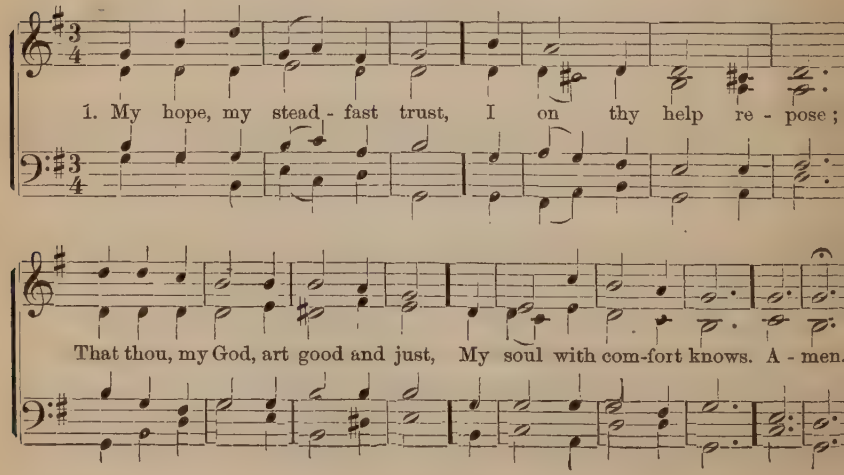
3 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

4 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care
Dost to the world proclaim!

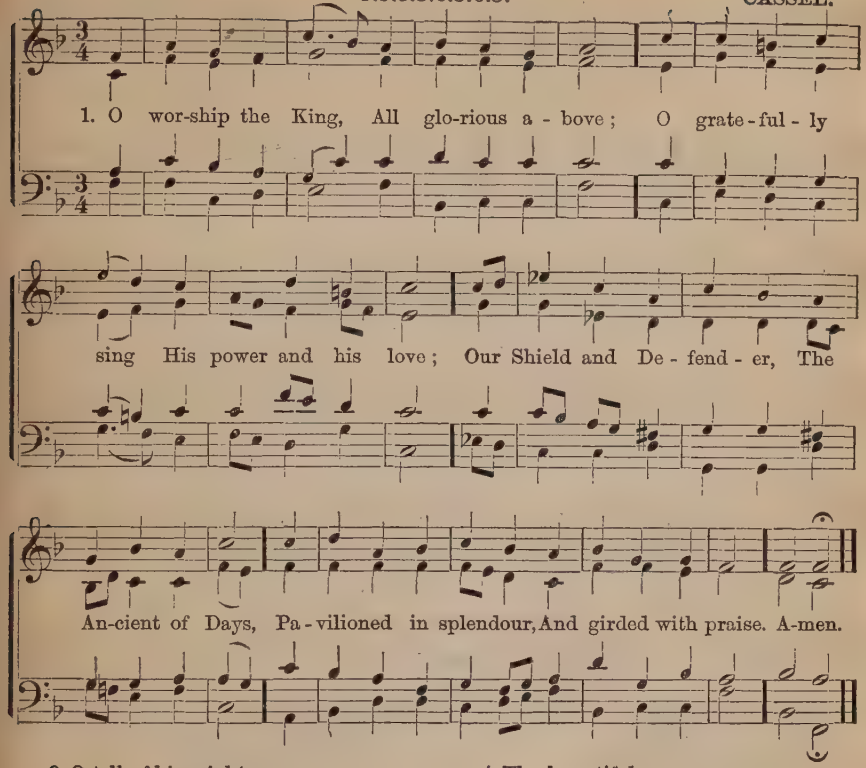
5 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

6 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

518. Second Tune. S. M. BANKFIELD.



519. First Tune. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. CASSEL.


1. O wor-ship the King, All glo-rious a - bove; O grate-ful - ly
sing His power and his love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, The
An-cient of Days, Pa-vilioned in splendour, And girded with praise. A-men.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light;
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

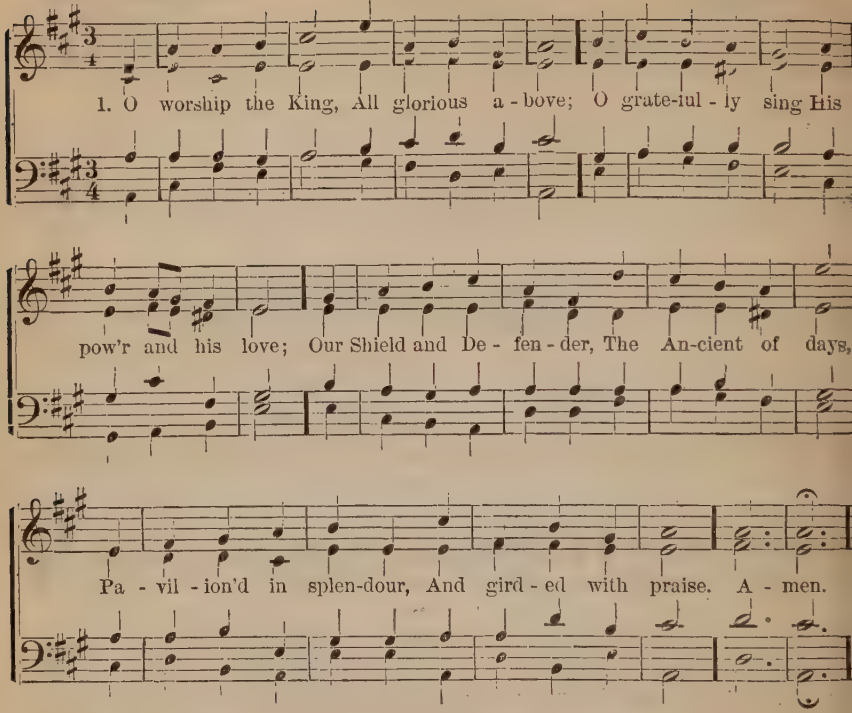
3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The ransom'd creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise.

519. SECOND TUNE. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. HANOVER.


1. O worship the King, All glorious a - bove; O grate-ful - ly sing His
pow'r and his love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, The An-cient of days,
Pa - vil - ion'd in splen-dour, And gird - ed with praise. A - men.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light;
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

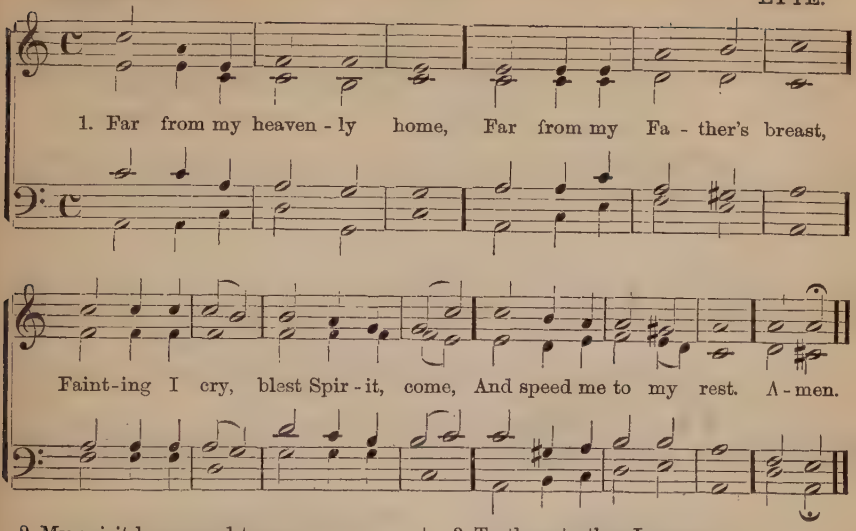
3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The ransom'd creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise.

520. First Tune. S. M. LYTE.

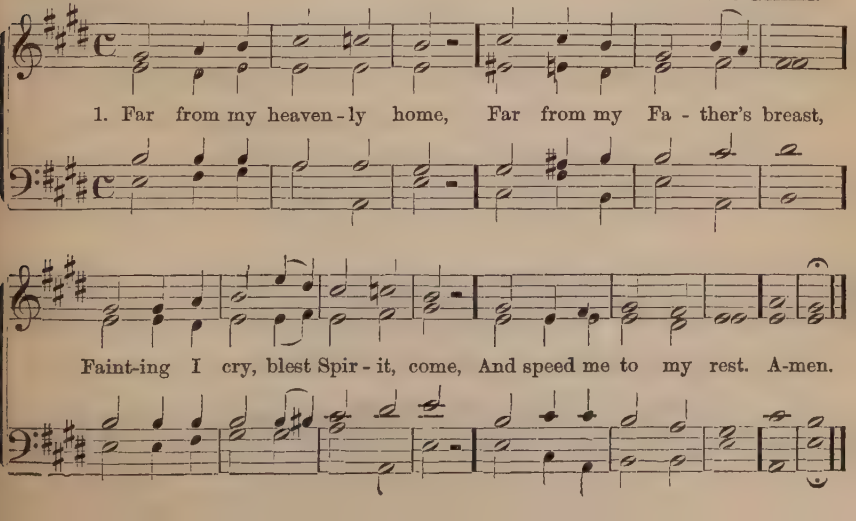


2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

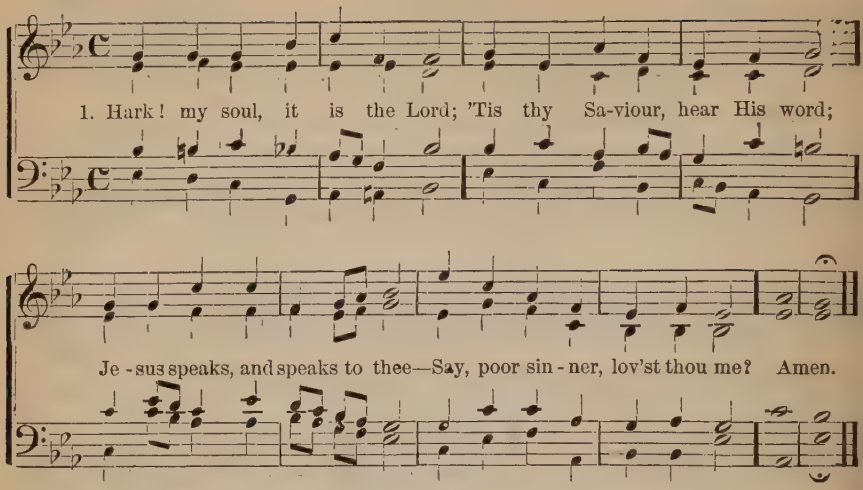
3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

520. Second Tune. S. M. BRIGHAM.



521. First Tune. 7.7.7.7 WIGAN


1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sa-viour, hear His word;
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee—Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me? Amen.

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

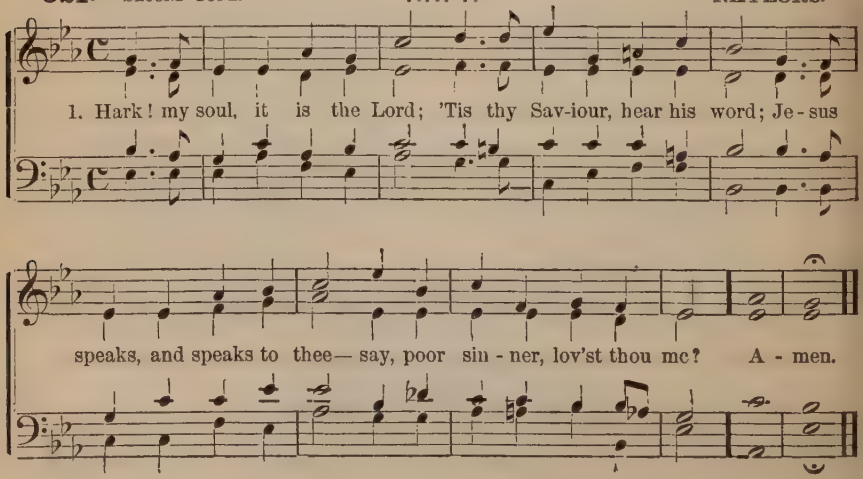
3 Can a woman's tender care,
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

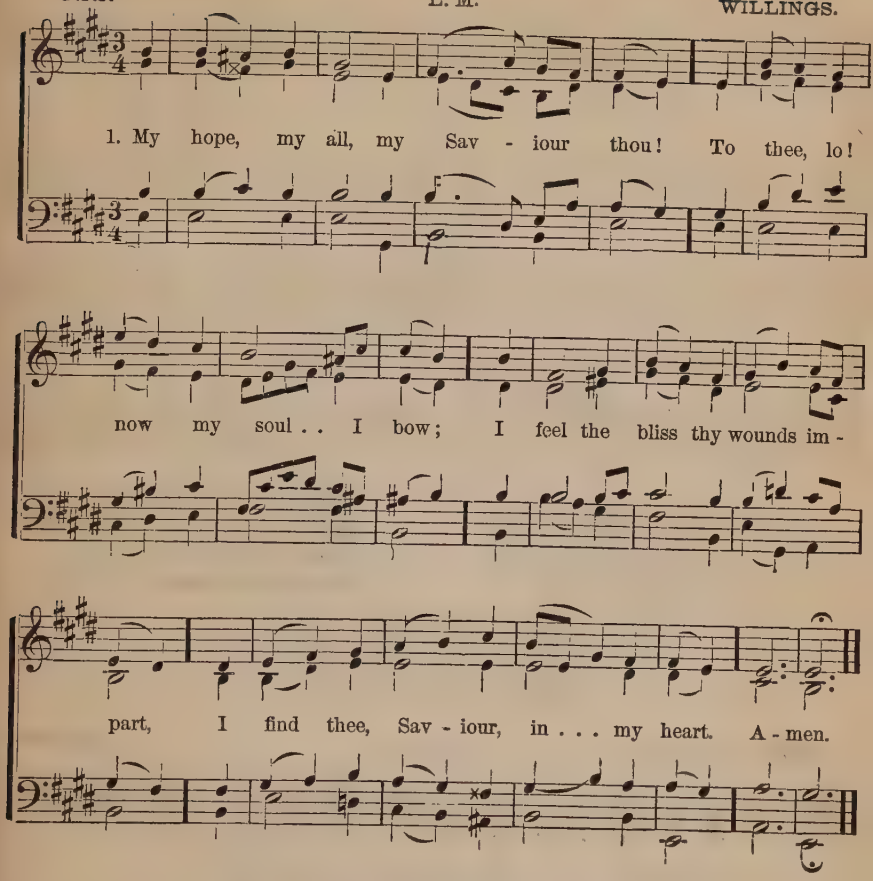
521. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. NAYLORS.


1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear his word; Je - sus
speaks, and speaks to thee— say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me? A - men.

522.

L. M.

WILLINGS.

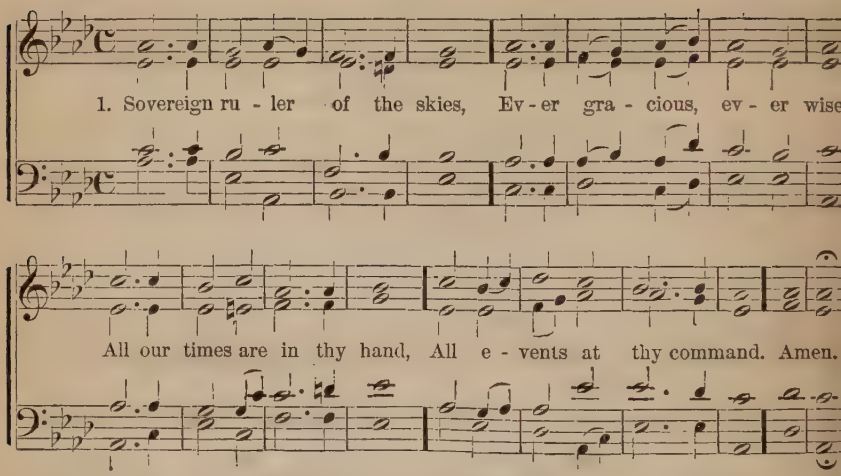

1. My hope, my all, my Sav - iour thou! To thee, lo!
now my soul . . I bow; I feel the bliss thy wounds im -
part, I find thee, Sav - iour, in . . . my heart. A - men.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me thro' my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be;
And if I should from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

523. First Tune. 7.7.7.7. SHORE.

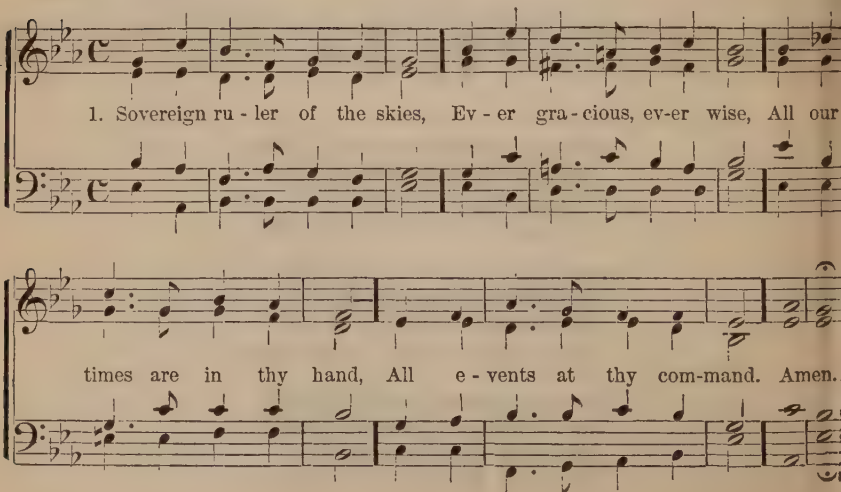


2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

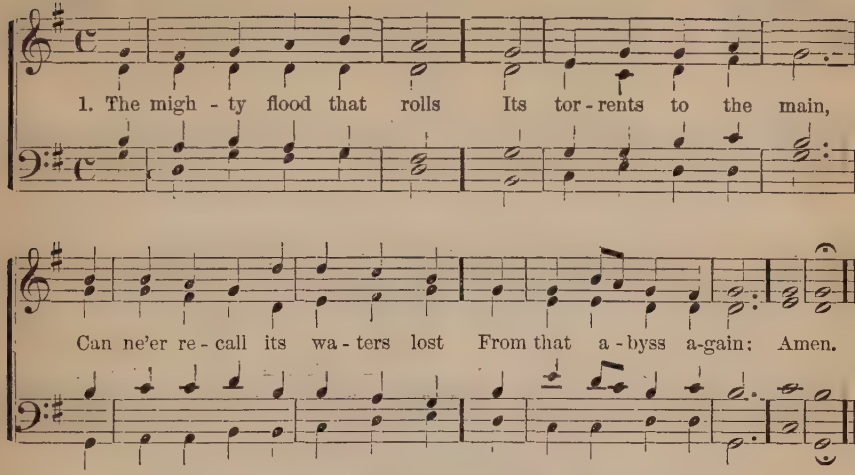
3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own!

523. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. GARRETTS.



524. First Tune. S. M. WESLEYS.



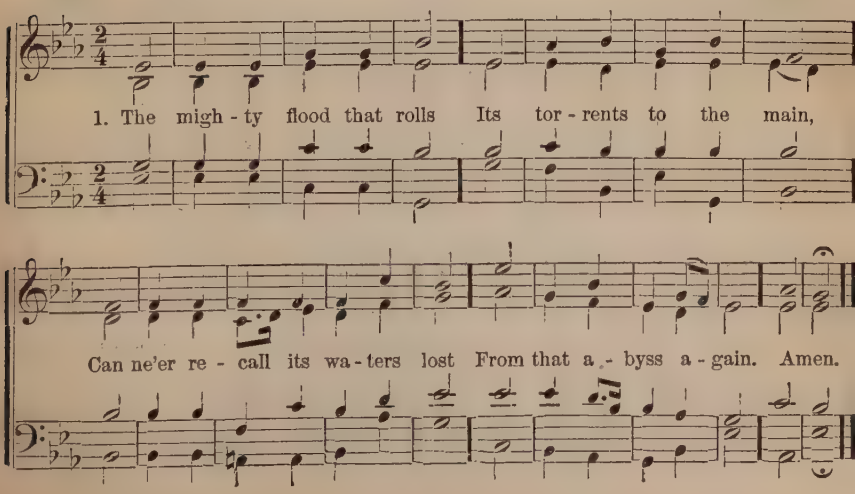
2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:

3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

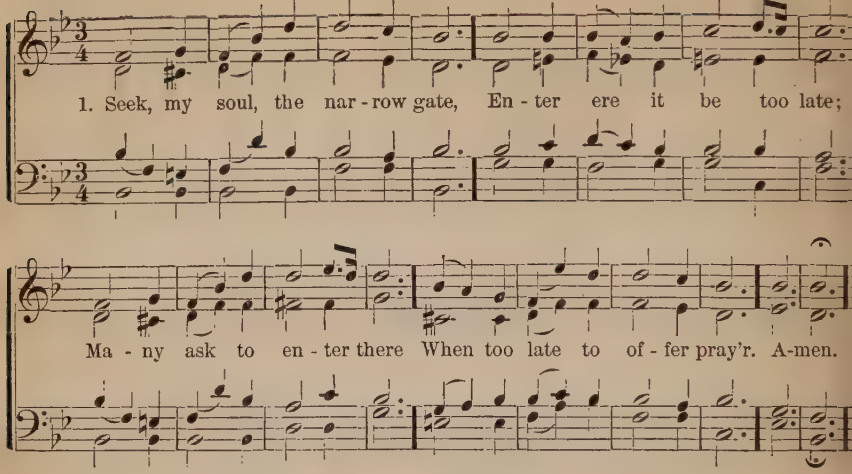
4 O may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from woe and sin; till call'd
To share his blest abode.

5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

524. Second Tune. S. M. ATTWOODS.



525. First Tune. 7.7.7.7. MERCY.

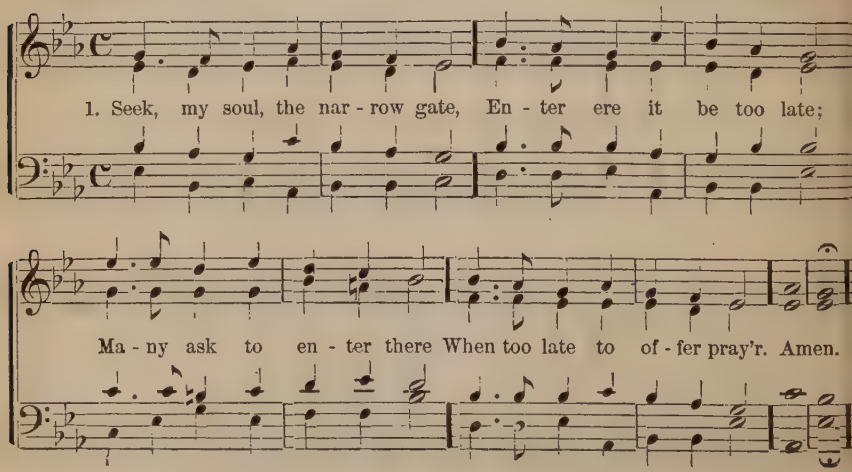


2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And forever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim:
"Lord, we have professed thy name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."

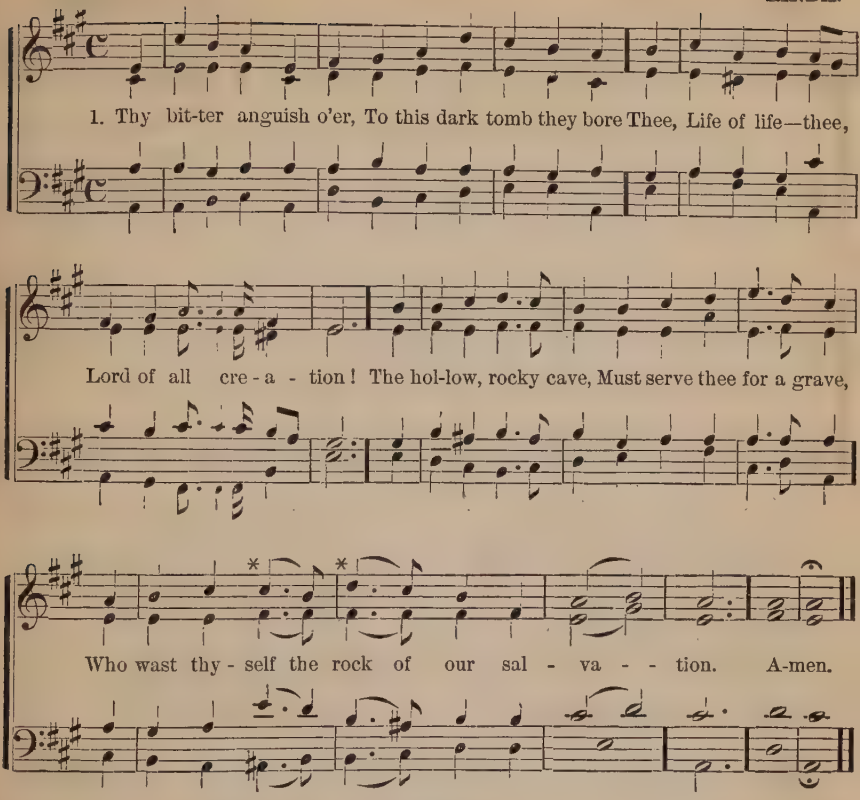
4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot;
Christ will say, "I know you not."

525. Second Tune. 7.7.7.7. ANCIENT LITANY.



Miscellaneous.

526. P. M. LINDA.


1. Thy bit-ter anguish o'er, To this dark tomb they bore Thee, Life of life—thee,
Lord of all cre-a - tion! The hol-low, rocky cave, Must serve thee for a grave,
Who wast thy - self the rock of our sal - va - - tion. A-men.

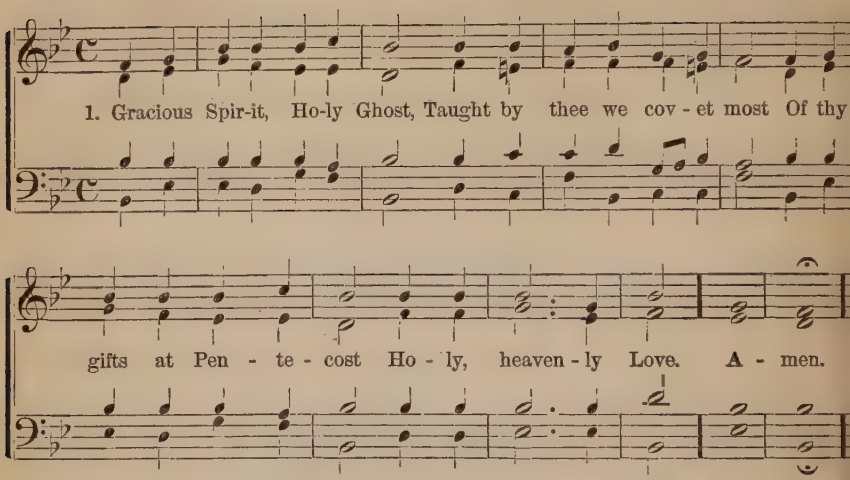
2 O Prince of Life! I know
That when I too lie low,
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken:
Wherefore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink;
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.

3 To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room,
Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free.
Thy death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour,
O Death! O Grave! where is your victory?

4 My Jesus, day by day
Help me to watch and pray
Beside the tomb wherein, my heart, thou'rt laid.
Thy bitter death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into death's awful shade.

* These slurs are intended for the last two verses.

527. First Tune. 7.7.7.5. PENTECOST.



2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

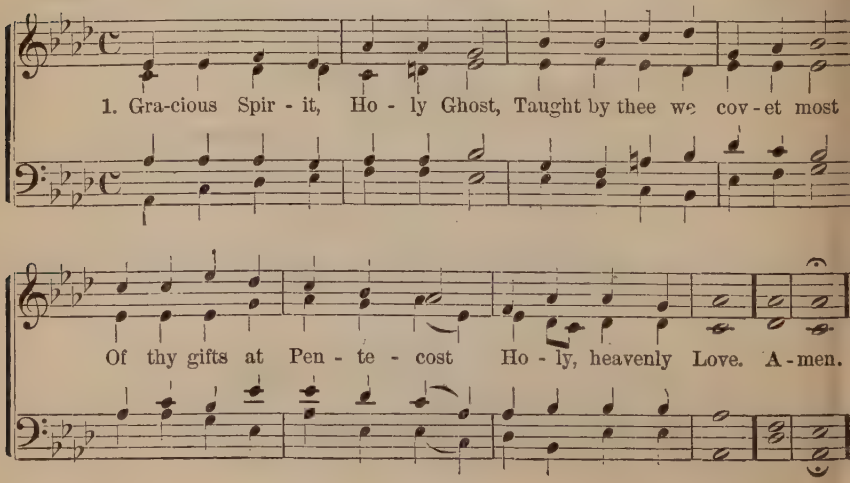
3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

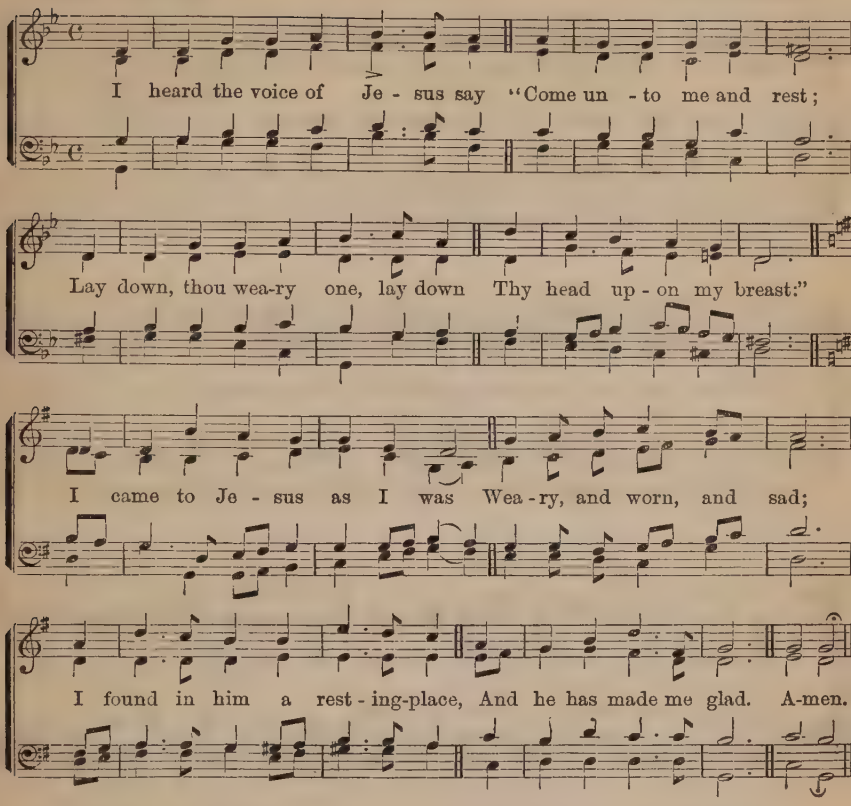
5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

527. Second Tune. 7.7.7.5. IRENE.



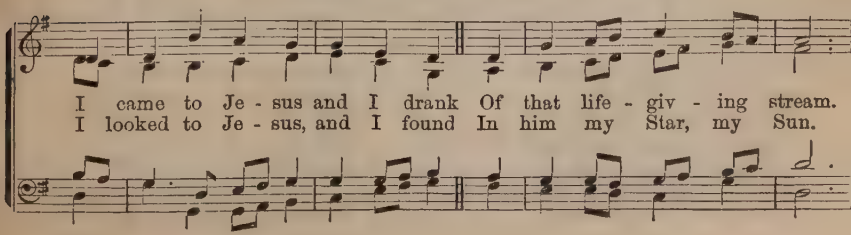
528. First Tune. D. C. M. VOX DILECTI.


I heard the voice of Je - sus say "Come un - to me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast:"
I came to Je - sus as I was Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad. A-men.

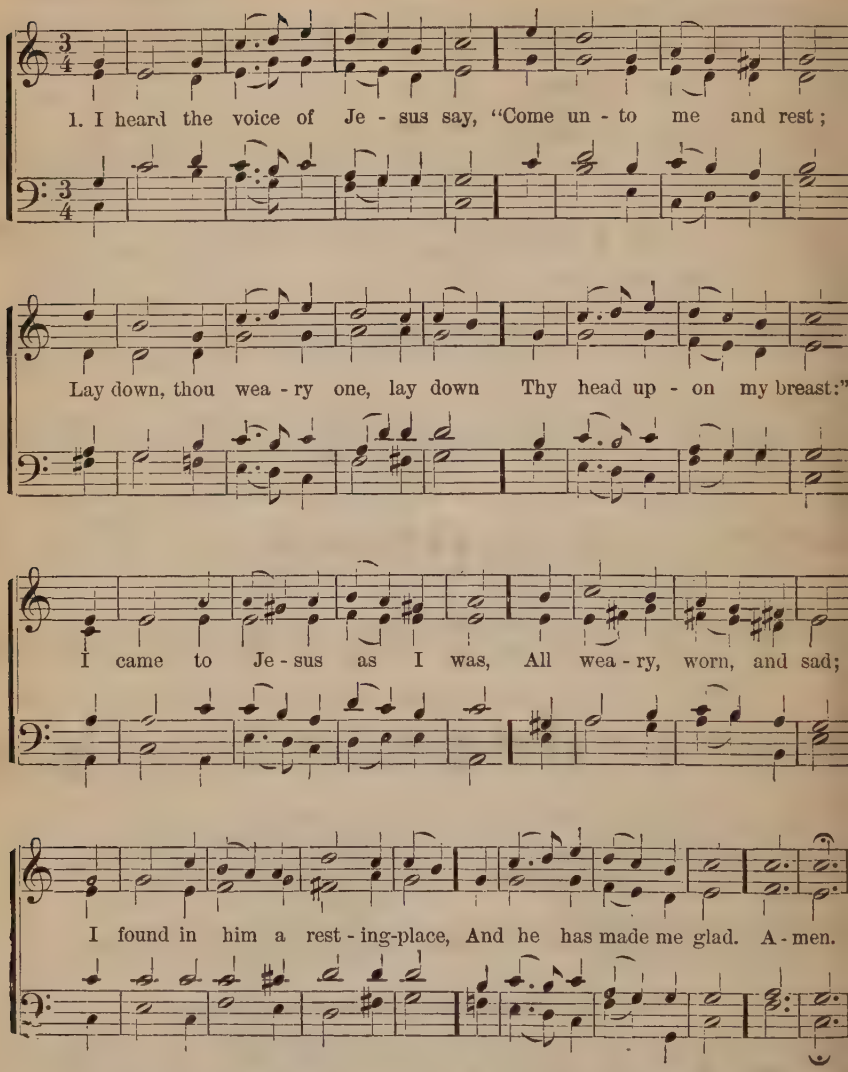
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

* *In ver.* 2 *and* 3, *for music of lines* 5 *and* 6, *substitute the following:* —



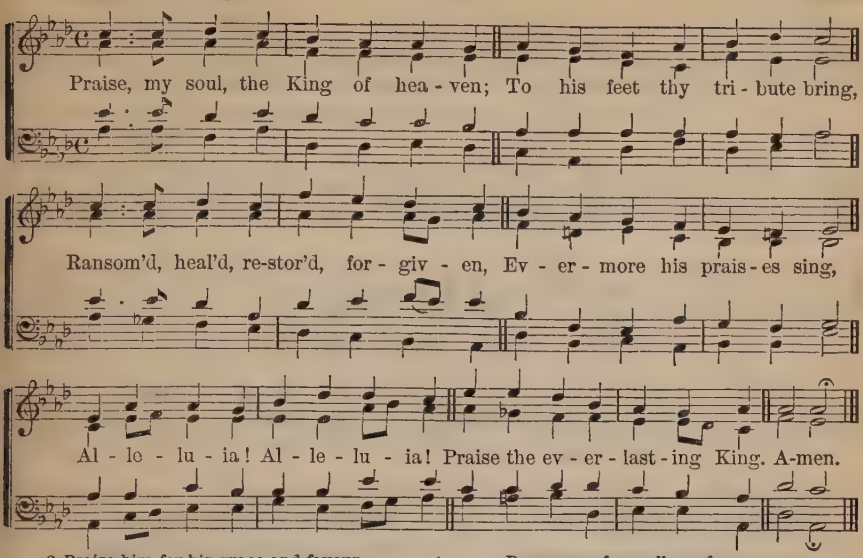
528. SECOND TUNE. D. C. M. ST. MATTHEWS.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast:"
I came to Je - sus as I was, All wea - ry, worn, and sad;
I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad. A - men.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

529. First Tune. 8.7.8.7.8.7. DAVIES.

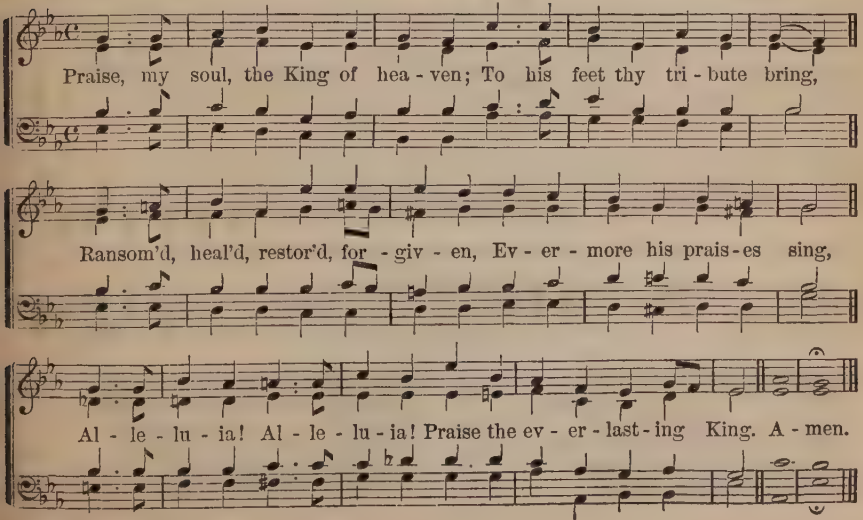

Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To his feet thy tri - bute bring,
Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing,
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A-men.

2 Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

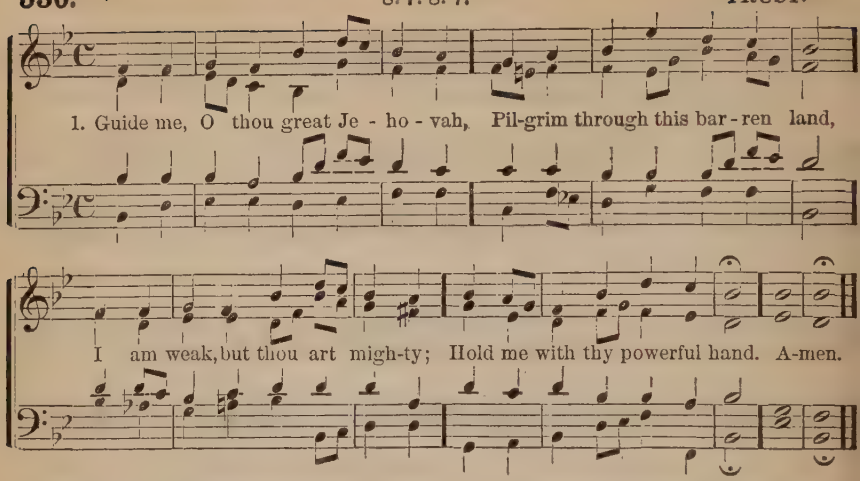
3 Father-like he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore him!
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

529. Second Tune. 8.7.8.7.8.7. STAINER.


Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To his feet thy tri - bute bring,
Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing,
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A - men.

530. 8. 7. 8. 7. TRUST.

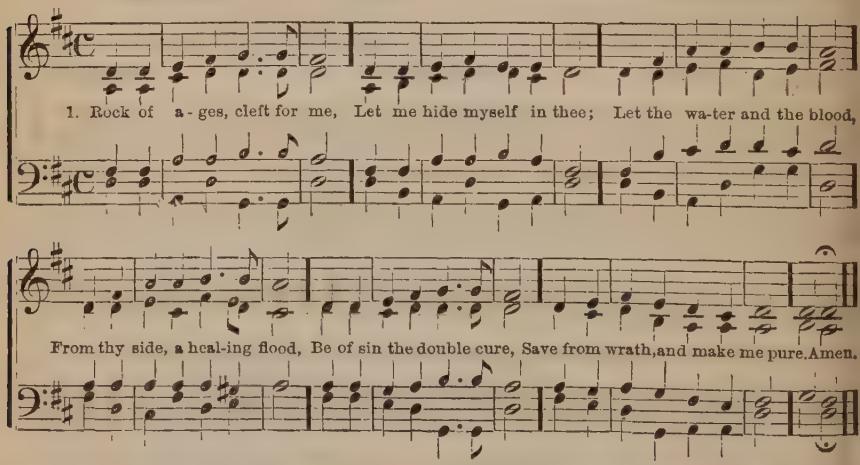

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land,
I am weak, but thou art migh-ty; Hold me with thy powerful hand. A-men.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

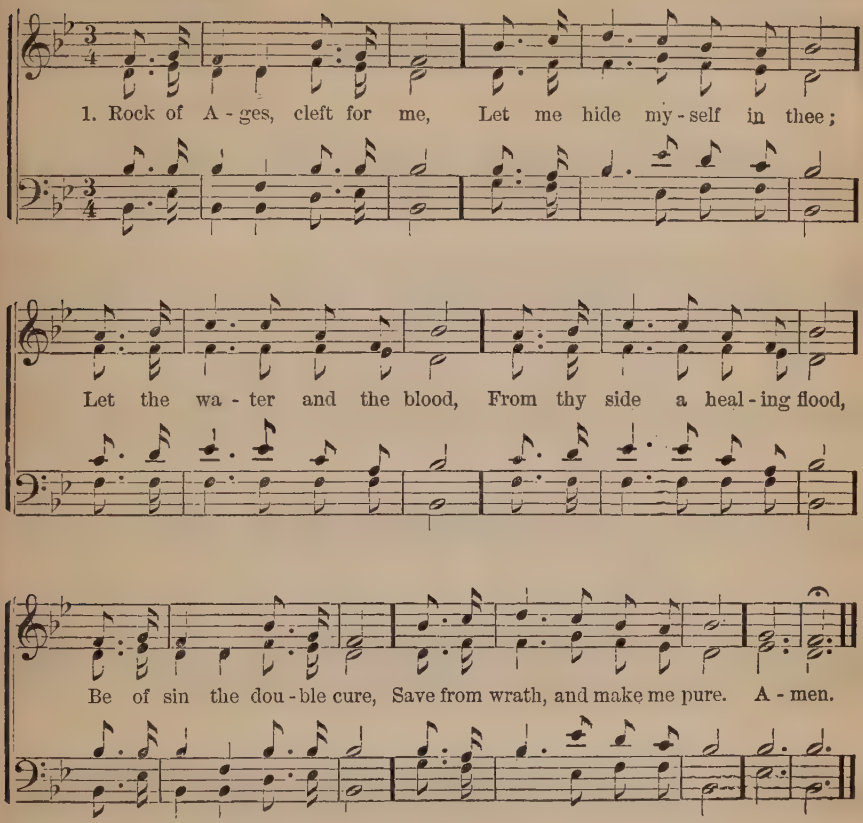
531. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7. REDHEAD, No. 76.


1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood,
From thy side, a heal-ing flood, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. Amen.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

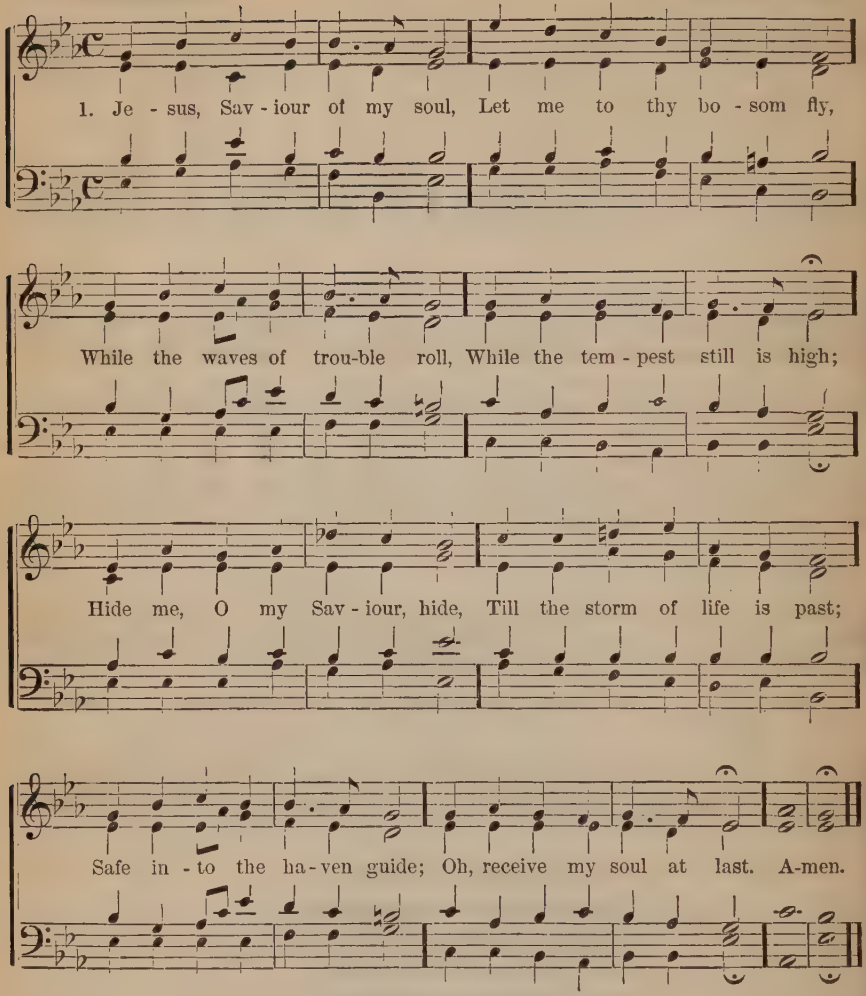
531. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. HUNTINGTON.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A - men.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

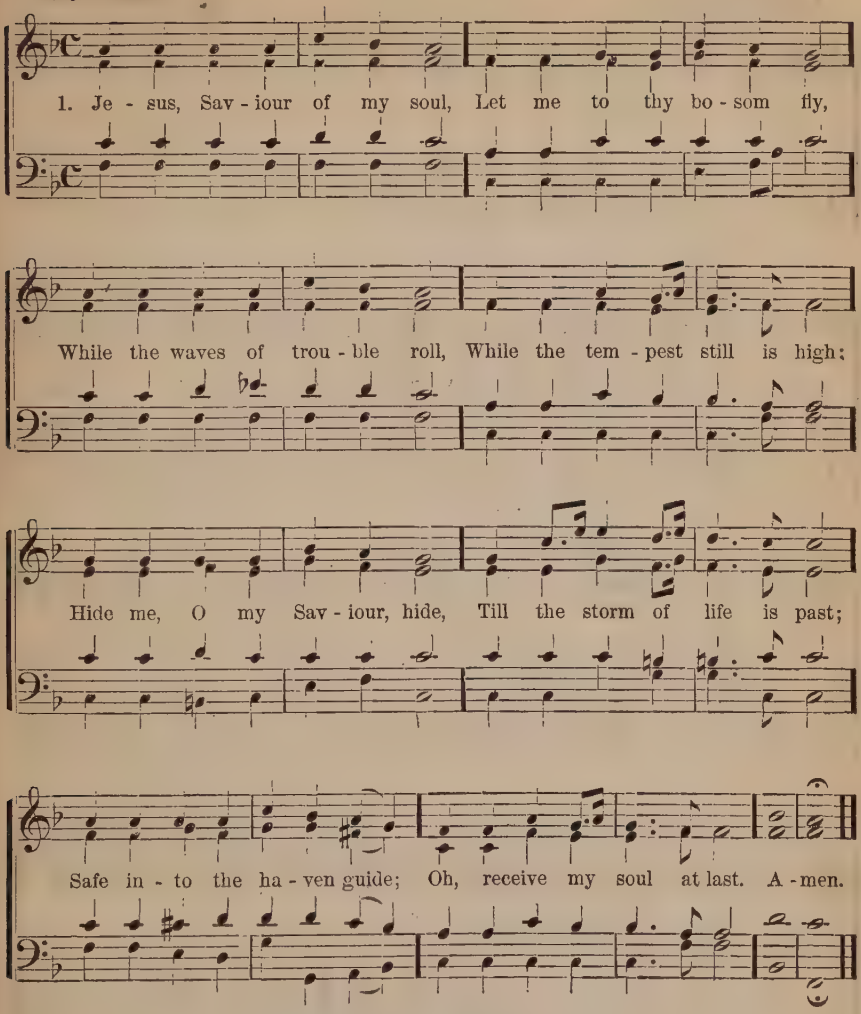
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

532. First Tune. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. HOLLINGSIDE.

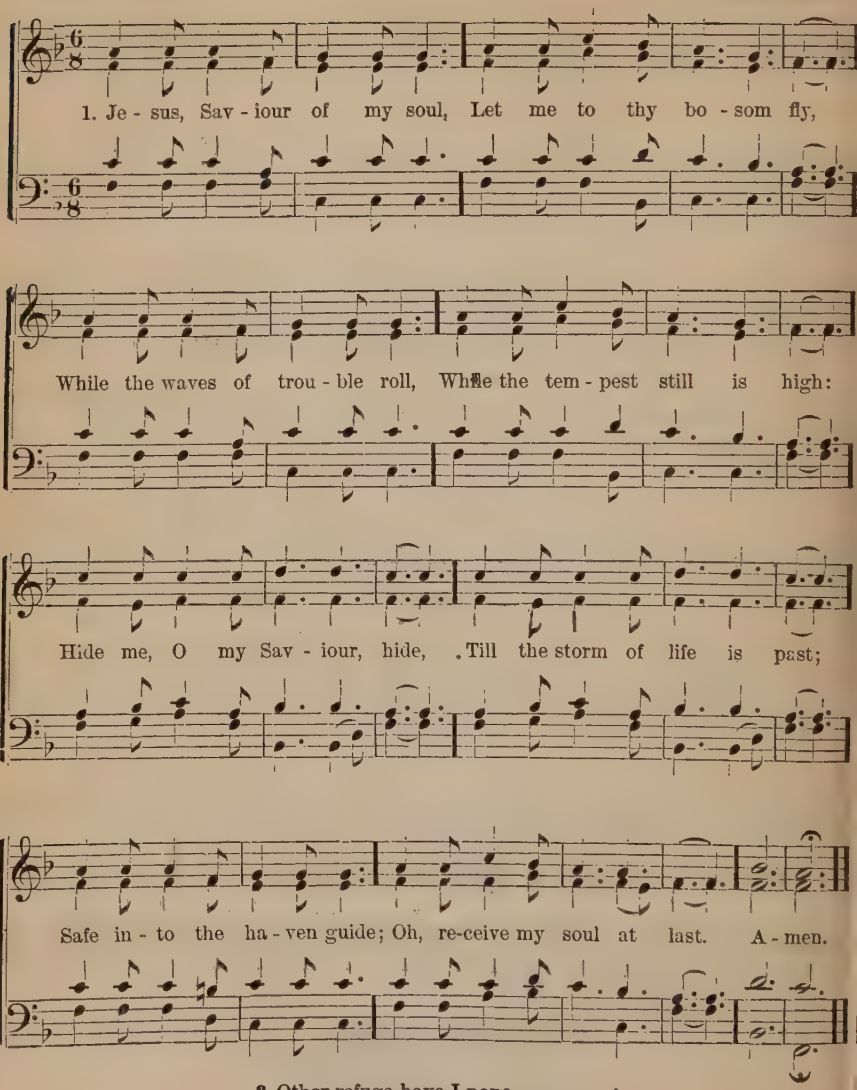

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the waves of trou-ble roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last. A-men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

532. SECOND TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. BLUMENTHAL.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the waves of trou - ble roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last. A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

532. THIRD TUNE. 7.7.7.7.7 7.7.7. MARTYN.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the waves of trou - ble roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last. A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

GLORIA PATRI.

L. M.

PRAISE God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

D. C. M.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join;—
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. Amen.

S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

D. S. M.

PRAISE as in ages past,
Praise as in glory now,
Praise while eternity shall last,
To thee, O God, we vow;
Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be glory evermore. Amen.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. Amen.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in one,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more. Amen.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

7.7.7.7.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be! Amen.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.

Gloria Patri.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

HOLY Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord. Amen.

N. B.—For metre Ten 7s. begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines, thus:—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy Father, etc.

8.7.8.7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

LET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:
Alleluias everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

8.7.8.7.4.7

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

8.7.8.7.7.7

TO the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

10.10.10.10.

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.
Amen.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

6.6.6.6.

TO Father and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be. Amen.

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

TO Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. Amen.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

O FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

TO Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore,
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. Amen.

8.6.8.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, praise
From earth and heaven ascend:
The loftiest notes that saints can rais
World without end. Amen.

7.7.7.5.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluias round Thy throne
Rise eternally. Amen.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

6.5.6.5.

GLORY to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

Gloria Patri.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

LAUD and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

8.8.8.8.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and still shall be address'd. Amen.

11.11.11.11.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heav'n,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given. Amen.

8.8.8.8.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and still shall be address'd.
Amen.

11.11.11.11.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.
Amen.

11.11.11.11 ADESTE FIDELES.

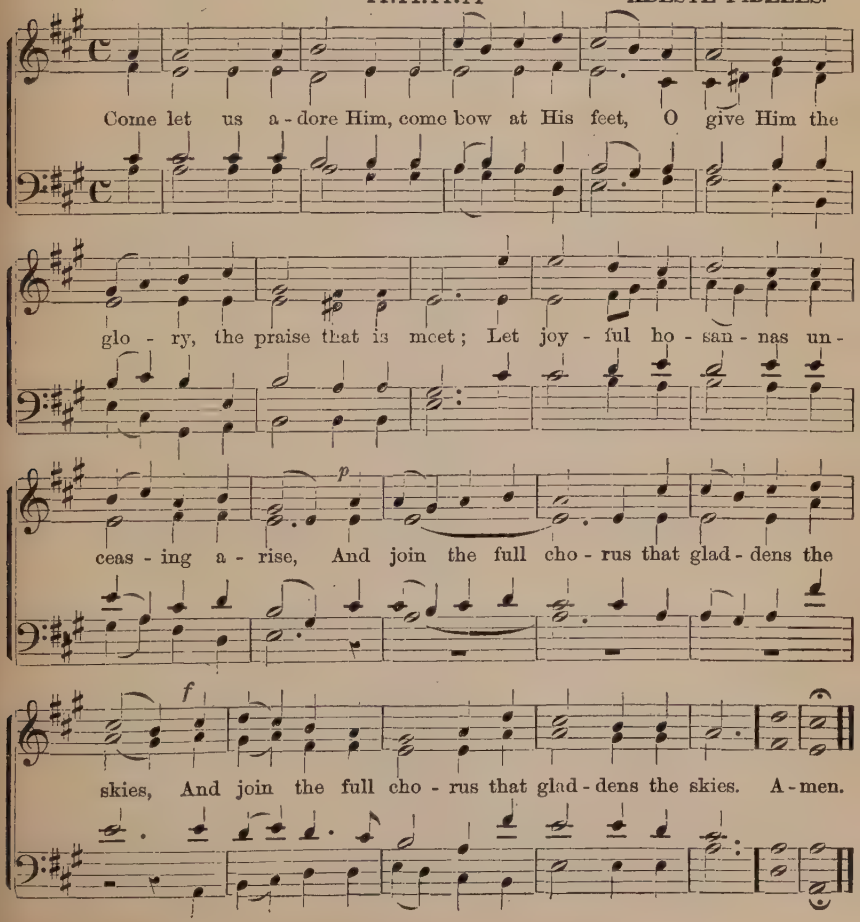

Come let us a - dore Him, come bow at His feet, O give Him the
glo - ry, the praise that is meet; Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un -
ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the
skies, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the skies. A - men.

TABLE OF SUBJECTS.

	HYMN.
I. The Christian Year—	
Advent	1– 15
Christmas	16– 27
End of the Year	28– 29
New Year	30– 31
Circumcision	32– 33
Epiphany	34– 47
Ash Wednesday and Lent	48– 71
Palm Sunday and Passion Week	72– 81
Good Friday	82– 89
Easter Even	90– 97
Easter	98–112
Ascension	113–124
Whitsuntide	125–137
Trinity Sunday	138–146
The Lord's Day	147–169
Ember Days	170–171
Rogation Days	172–174
Other Holy Days	175–182
II. The Communion of Saints	183–189
III. The Church	190–202
IV. The Sacraments—	
The Lord's Supper	203–211
Baptism	212–218
V. Offices of the Church—	
Catechism	219–233
Confirmation	234–246
Holy Matrimony	247–248
Visitation of the Sick	249–257
Burial of the Dead	258–261
Burial of a Child	262–263
For those at Sea	264–269
Ordination or Institution of Ministers	270–273
Consecration of Bishops	274
Laying of a Corner-Stone	275–276
Consecration of Churches and Chapels	277–282
VI. Missions and Charities	283–300
VII. Special Seasons—	
Thanksgiving and Harvest-Home	301–306
National Festivals	307–309
National Fasts	310–313
Family Worship	314–327
Morning	328–332
Evening	333–352
The Seven Hours	353–359
VIII. The Holy Scriptures	360–368
IX. Redemption	369–385
X. The Christian Life—	
Repentance	386–389
Faith	390–398
Prayer	399–404
Praise	405–433
Self-Consecration	434–435
Trust	436–446
Hope	447–453
Love	454–461
Joy	462–464
Humility	465–466
Peace	467–468
Courage	469–473
Action	474–479
XI. The Judgment	480–484
XII. Heaven	485–497
XIII. Miscellaneous	498–532

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN.
A charge to keep I have	474
A few more years shall roll	28
A glory gilds the sacred page	365
A mountain fastness in our God	397
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	335
According to thy gracious word	211
Adored for ever be the Lord	421
Again the Lord of life and light	156
Ah, how shall fallen man	382
Ah, not like erring man is God	379
All glorious God, what hymns of praise	371
All glory, laud, and honour	72
All hail the power of Jesus' name	424
All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow	92
All people that on earth do dwell	405
Alleluia, song of gladness	430
Almighty Father, bless the word	166
Almighty God, I call to thee	511
Almighty Lord, before thy throne	311
Although the vine its fruit deny	442
Am I a soldier of the cross	471
And are we now brought near to God	206
Angel bands, in strains sweet sounding	433
Angels, from the realms of glory	24
Angels, roll the rock away	101
Another six days' work is done	153
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat	399
Arise, my soul, with rapture rise	328
Arm of the Lord, awake awake,	287
Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord	242
Art thou weary, art thou languid	514
As by the light of opening day	246
As now the sun's declining rays	358
As o'er the past my memory strays	61
As, panting in the sultry beam	452
As pants the hart for cooling streams	451
As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs	155
As the sweet flower that scents the morn	262
As, when the weary traveller gains	450
As with gladness men of old	45
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep	260
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	100
Awake, and sing the song	463
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	332
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	476
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	429
Awake, our souls! away our fears	473
Awake, ye saints, awake	148
Before Jehovah's awful throne	409
Before the ending of the day	359
Before the Lord we bow	307
Begin, my soul, the exalted lay	419
Behold a humble train	180
Behold the glories of the Lamb	123
Behold the Lamb of God	80
Behold the morning sun	364
Behold the Savior of mankind	378
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares	249
Blest God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone	410
Blest be the tie that binds	315
Blest day of God! most calm, most bright	149
Bound upon the accursed tree	82
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed	209
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	207
Breast the wave, Christian	472
Brief life is here our portion	491
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	37
By cool Siloam's shady rill	224
Calm on the listening ear of night	26
Children of the heavenly King	449
Christ is made the sure foundation	282
Christ is our corner-stone	279
Christ leads me through no darker rooms	486
Christ the Lord is risen again	106
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	98
Christ whose glory fills the skies	331
Christian! dost thou see them	68
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	21
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	131
Come hither, ye faithful	25
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	127
Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God	274
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	137
Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son	355
Come, Holy Spirit, come	135
Come, Holy Spirit heavenly Dove	128
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	208
Come, let us join our friends above	188
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	330
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	401
Come pure hearts, in sweetest measures	272
Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all	9
Come see the place where Jesus lay	102
Come, thou Almighty King	428
Come ye that love the Lord	462
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy	381
Come, ye thankful people, come	306
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	129
Crown him with many crowns	116
Dawn purples all the East with light	354
Day of judgment, day of wonders	481
Day of wrath! that day of mourning	483
Deign this union to approve	247
Draw, Holy Ghost, thy seven-fold veil	240
Dread Jehovah, God of nations	310
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord	167
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppressed	294
Eternal Father! strong to save	267
Far from my heavenly home	520
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone	161
Father of all, whose love profound	142
Father of mercies, bow thine ear	271
Father of mercies, in thy word	360
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	440
Fierce was the wild billow	465
For all the saints who from their labours rest	187
For ever here my rest shall be	396

	HYMN.
For ever with the Lord	489
For the Apostles' glorious company	186
For thee, O dear, dear country	492
For thee, O God, our constant praise	407
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	201
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	318
Forty days and forty nights	49
Fountain of good, to own thy love	296
From all that dwell below the skies	289
From all thy saints in warfare, etc	175
From every stormy wind that blows	403
From Greenland's icy mountains	283
Glorious things of thee are spoken	190
Glory be to Jesus	74
Glory to the Father give	220
Glory to thee, my God, this night	333
Glory to thee, O Lord	179
Go forth, ye heralds, in my name	273
Go to dark Gethsemane	86
God bless our native land	309
God is our refuge in distress	194
God moves in a mysterious way	502
God, my King, thy might confessing	423
God of my life, O Lord most high	94
God of my life, to thee I call	446
God of our fathers, by whose hand	326
God shall charge his angel legions	469
God that madest earth and heaven	344
God's perfect law converts the soul	363
God's temple crowns the holy mount	193
Grace! 'tis a charming sound	376
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	527
Great God, this sacred day of thine	151
Great God, to thee my evening song	343
Great God, what do I see and hear	484
Great God, with wonder and with praise	367
Great is our guilt, our fear is great	174
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	505
Hail, thou long expected Jesus	16
Hail, thou once despised Jesus	76
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	34
Happy, thrice happy they, who hear	503
Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling	485
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	521
Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes	15
Hark! the herald angels sing	17
Hark! the song of jubilee	42
Hark! the sound of holy voices	189
Hark! the voice of love and mercy	88
Hark! what mean those holy voices	20
Hasten, sinner! to be wise	58
Hasten the time appointed	291
Have mercy, Lord, on me	60
He is risen! he is risen!	107
He that has God his guardian made	319
Head of the hosts in glory	198
Hear what the voice from heaven declares	259
Heirs of unending life	479
He's blest, whose sins have pardon gained	377
He's come, let every knee be bent	125
High on the bending willows hung	295
His mercy and his truth	243
Holy Father, great Creator	145
Holy, holy, holy Lord	140
Holy, holy, holy Lord	144
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty	138
Hosanna to the living Lord	4
How beauteous are their feet	44
How bless'd are they who always keep	221
How bright these glorious spirits shine	177
How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord	398
How long shall earth's alluring toys	487
How oft alas! this wretched heart	56
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	395
How vast must their advantage be	185
How will my heart endure	482
How wondrous and great	35
I heard the voice of Jesus say	528
I love my God, but with no love of mine	457
I love thy kingdom, Lord	191
I sing the almighty power of God	417
I think when I read that sweet story of old	226
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay	93
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	420
I'll wash my hands in innocence	278
In loud exalted strains	152
In mercy, not in wrath	50
In the hour of trial	443
In the vineyard of our Father	227
In thee I put my steadfast trust	510
In token that thou shalt not fear	214
Inspirer and hearer of prayer	339
Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord	368
Is there a lone and dreary hour	444
It came upon the midnight clear	22
It is not death to die	97
Jehovah reigns, let all the earth	418
Jerusalem! high tow'r thy glorious walls	497
Jerusalem, my happy home	496
Jerusalem, the golden	493
Jesus, meek and gentle	225
Jesus, the very thought of thee	455
Jesus, and shall it ever be	218
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	99
Jesus, I my cross have taken	236
Jesus lives: no longer now	104
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	394
Jesus, my strength, my hope	434
Jesus! Name of wondrous love	33
Jesus, lover of my soul	393
Jesus, Saviour of my soul	532
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	284
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	352
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness	480
Joy fills the dwelling of the just	112
Joy to the world! the Lord is come	40
Just as I am,—without one plea	392
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	512
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	506
Let me with light and truth be bless'd	162
Lift up your heads, eternal gates	121
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high	108
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	39
Like Noah's weary dove	195
Lo, he comes, with clouds descending	1
Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth	38
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses	183
Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious	115
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee	251
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	165

	HYMN.
Lord, forever at thy side	466
Lord, for the just thou dost prepare	269
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	130
Lord God, we worship thee	308
Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear	154
Lord, in this thy mercy's day	63
Lord, in thy name thy servants plead	172
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	300
Lord, let me know my term of days	258
Lord of the harvest, hear	170
Lord of the worlds above	157
Lord, pour thy spirit from on high	270
Lord, shall thy children come to thee	241
Lord, spare and save our sinful race	173
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	400
Lord, when this holy morning broke	351
Lord, when we bend before thy throne	69
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee	454
Love divine, all love excelling	456
Magnify Jehovah's name	408
May God accept our vow	241
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	168
My faith looks up to thee	237
My God, accept my heart this day	234
My God, and is thy table spread	205
My God, how endless is thy love	324
My God, how wonderful thou art	460
My God, I love thee not because	458
My God, my Father, while I stray	256
My God, permit me not to be	57
My God! thy covenant of love	217
My grateful soul shall bless the Lord	95
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou	522
My hope, my stedfast trust	518
My opening eyes with rapture see	158
My Saviour hanging on the tree	75
My sins, my sins, my Saviour	64
My soul be on thy guard	470
My soul, for help on God rely	439
My soul, inspired with sacred love	499
My soul with patience waits	55
Nearer, my God, to thee	507
New every morning is the love	329
No change of time shall ever shock	437
Not for the dead in Christ we weep	261
Not to the terrors of the Lord	184
Now from the altar of our hearts	347
Now may he who from the dead	164
Now may the God of grace and power	313
Now thank we all our God	303
O all ye people, clap your hands	120
O bless the Lord, my soul	413
O come, all ye faithful	19
O come and mourn with me awhile	89
O come, loud anthems let us sing	301
O come, O come, Emmanuel	13
O could I speak the matchless worth	374
O day of rest and gladness	160
O for a closer walk with God	435
O for a heart to praise my God	467
O God, creation's secret force	357
O God, my gracious God, to thee	320
O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent	414
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	245
O God of love, O King of peace	312
O God of truth, O Lord of might	3
O God, our help in ages past	
O gracious God, in whom I live	
O happy day that stays my choice	2
O happy is the man who hears	2
O holy, holy, holy Lord	1
O in the morn of life, when youth	2
O Jesus, thou art standing	
O Jesus, Saviour of the lost	3
O let triumphant faith dispel	3
O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills	2
O Lord, the Holy Innocents	1
O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope	4
O mother dear, Jerusalem	4
O Paradise, O Paradise	5
O praise the Lord in that blest place	4
O praise ye the Lord	4
O render thanks to God above	4
O sacred Head, now wounded	
O Spirit of the living God	1
O that my load of sin were gone	3
O thou, from whom all goodness flows	
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	3
O thou to whom all creatures bow	5
O thou to whose all-searching sight	
O thou who didst prepare	2
O to grace how great a debtor	3
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear	2
O where shall rest be found	5
O with due reverence let us all	2
O Wisdom! spreading mightily,	
O Root of Jesse! Ensign thou,	
O Israel's Sceptre! David's Key,	Advent Anthems,
O Day-Spring and Eternal Light,	
O King! Desire of nations! come,	
O Lawgiver! Emmanuel! King,	
O Word of God Incarnate	3
O worship the King	5
O write upon my memory, Lord	2
O'er mountain-tops the mount of God	
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	2
Oft in danger, oft in woe	4
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	
On Sion and on Lebanon	2
One sole baptismal sign	1
Once in royal David's city	2
Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be	
Once more the solemn season calls	
Once the angel started back	1
Onward, Christian soldiers	2
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	1
Our Lord is risen from the dead	1
Pain and toil are over now	
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan	3
Pleasant are thy courts above	2
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	5
Praise, O praise our God and King	3
Praise to God, immortal praise	3
Praise to God who reigns above	1
Praise we the Lord this day	1
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	4
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	4
Rejoice, rejoice, believers	
Resting from his work to-day	
Rich are the joys which cannot die	2

	HYMN.
Ride on! ride on in majesty	73
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise	36
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	447
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	391
Round the Lord in glory seated	431
Ruler of Israel, Lord of might (Advent Anthem)	14
Safely through another week	350
Salvation doth to God belong	304
Salvation, O the joyful sound	369
Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise	169
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	229
Saviour, source of every blessing	370
Saviour, when in dust to thee	53
Saviour, when night involves the skies	325
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding	213
See the destined day arise	81
Seek, my soul, the narrow gate	525
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve	402
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless	210
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing	23
Since I've known a Saviour's name	478
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	432
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love	373
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep	59
Sinners! turn, why will ye die	54
Softly now the light of day	340
Soldiers of Christ, arise	216
Songs of praise the angels sang	422
Sons of men, behold from far	47
Souls in heathen darkness lying	292
Sovereign ruler of the skies	523
Sow in the morn thy seed	298
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	133
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	124
Star of peace, to wanderers weary	264
Stay, thou long-suffering Spirit, stay	387
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	336
Supreme in wisdom as in power	475
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	150
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	338
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	84
Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled	263
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	3
The ancient law departs	32
The atoning work is done	118
The Church's one foundation	202
The day is gently sinking to a close	349
The day is past and gone	334
The day is past and over	341
The day of praise is done	346
The day of resurrection	105
The gentle Saviour calls	212
The Head that once was crowned with thorns	114
The God of Abraham praise	141
The God of life, whose constant care	30
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	361
The King of love my Shepherd is	464
The Lord descended from above	500
The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God	11
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord	438
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	504
The Lord our God is clothed with might	516
The Lord, the only God, is great	196
The Lord unto my Lord thus spake	6
The Lord will come; the earth shall quake	2
The mighty flood that rolls	524
The rising God forsakes the tomb	119
The royal banners forward go	79
The servants of Jehovah's will	122
The shadows of the evening hours	337
The Son of God goes forth to war	176
The spacious firmament on high	508
The Spirit in our hearts	134
The strain upraise of joy and praise	425
The strife is o'er, the battle done	103
The sun is sinking fast	345
The voice of free grace	384
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	248
The winged herald of the day	353
The world is very evil	490
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	461
There is a blessed home	317
There is a fold whence none can stray	468
There is a fountain fill'd with blood	383
There is a green hill far away	231
There is a land of pure delight	488
Thine for ever:—God of love	238
This is the day of light	159
This life's a dream, an empty show	96
This stone to thee in faith we lay	275
Thou art gone up on high	113
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord	253
Thou art the Way, to thee alone	501
Thou, God, all glory, honour, power	203
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	515
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	52
Thou, whom my soul admires above	459
Thou, whose almighty word	146
Through all the changing scenes of life	415
Through the day thy love has spared us	342
Thus God declares his sovereign will	110
Thy bitter anguish o'er	526
Thy chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain	51
Thy kingdom come, O God	7
Thy presence, Lord hath me supplied	448
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	254
Thy word is to my feet a lamp	366
Time hastens on, ye longing saints	348
'Tis finished: so the Saviour cried	85
'Tis my happiness below	445
To bless thy chosen race	285
To hail thy rising, Sun of life	27
To him who for our sins was slain	109
To Jesus, our exalted Lord	204
To our Redeemer's glorious name	372
To Sion's hill I lift my eyes	316
To thy temple I repair	163
To-morrow, Lord, is thine	327
Triumphant Sion! lift thy head	192
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes	321
Watchman! tell us of the night	43
We build with fruitless cost, unless	322
We give immortal praise	143
We give thee but thine own	299
We sing the praise of him who died	78
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	67
Weary of wandering from my God	70
Welcome, sweet day of rest	147
What a strange and wondrous story	223

	HYMN.
Whate'er my God ordains is right	257
When all thy mercies, O my God	426
When gathering clouds around I view	250
When God of old came down from heaven	136
When his salvation bringing	219
When I can read my title clear	453
When I can trust my all with God	323
When I survey the wondrous cross	83
When Jesus left his Father's throne	230
When, Lord, to this our western land	293
When, marshall'd on the nightly plain	46
When musing sorrow weeps the past	255
When our heads are bowed with woe	252
When, streaming from the eastern skies	314
When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming	266
When wounded sore, the stricken soul	380
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	18
While thee I seek, protecting Power	441
While with ceaseless course the sun	31
Who are these in bright array	494
Who is this that comes from Edom	77
Who place on Sion's God their trust	436
With broken heart and contrite sigh	71
With glory clad, with strength arrayed	427
With joy shall I behold the day	199
With one consent let all the earth	277
Witness, ye men and angels, now	239
Ye boundless realms of joy	411
Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim	290
Ye servants of the Lord	171

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

L. M.

	No.
Alfreton	153 (2)
Alstone	228
Angels	204, 235, 276, 412
Angelus	94
Antiphon	354
Atlantic	304
Babylon Streams	71 (1)
Bavaria	356
Benevolence	437
Bexfield	96, 389 (1)
Bowen	122, 450, 498
Breslau	78
Chantry	361 (2)
Clarke	178
Cologne	459
Devonshire	410, 499
Duke Street	117, 284 (2)
Eden	131
Eisenach	427
Emmanuel	192 (2)
Evening Hymn	333
Exmouth	324
Federal Street	57, 270, 444, 480
German Air	387
Germany	295
Gower Street	166
Grace Church	79, 271, 343, 429.
Griswold	158 (2), 389 (2)
Hamburgh, 62, 284 (1), 328 (1) 386	
Hatfield	414 (2)
Hebron	162, 409, 439 (2)
Hope	448
Hosanna (with Chorus)	4
Hursley	336
Leigh	30
Lentz	2
Luton	361 (2) 473
Melcombe, 85 (2), 126, 167, 218 (1), 240, 329, 377.	
Missionary Chant	273, 290 403.
Montgomery	371
Morning Hymn	332
Norfolk	318, 439 (1)
Nuremburg	71 (2)
Old 100th	277, 289, 405
Park Street	414 (1)
Proal	312
Quebec	325 (2)
Raymond	260
Redhead (No. 4)	353
Rockingham	83, 446
St. Bernard	119, 355
St. Cross	89
St. Crispin (Just as I am)	392 (2)
St. Gabriel	321
St. Gregory	325 (1)
St. Luke	313 (2)
St. Olave	158 (1)
St. Pancras	124, 418
St. Patrick	357
St Sepulchre	351
St. Vincent	52 (1)
Sacrament	218 (2)
Saxony	3 (2)
Selby	153 (1)
Shepherds	3 (1)
Stonefield	407
Sumner	161
Te Lucis	359
Trinity	150, 205 (2)
Truro	120, 192 (1), 287
Wareham, 52 (2), 142, 205 (1) 249, 275, 416 (2).	
Warrington, 46, 133, 294, 416 (1), 503.	
Wells	313 (1)
Whiteland	328 (2)
Willings	379, 522
Winchester New, 12, 73, 139 301.	
Woolmer's	85 (1)

D. L. M.

Creation (Hopkins)	508 (1)
Creation (Haydn)	508 (2)
Hayes	242

C. M.

Abridge	95, 475 (2)
Albano	110
Alexandria	128
Arlington	27, 203 (2), 255
Arnold	66
Asylum	368
Ashley	369 (2)
Attwood	467
Balerma	222
Barby	390 (1), 421
Bedford	245
Belgrave	286
Belmont	174 (2), 426
Bellfield	348
Benediction	154 (1)
Bishopsthorpe	316
Boston	438
Brighton	26, 510 (1)
Bristol	123, 208, 502 (2)
Burlington	234, 297, 487
Chesterfield	15, 460 (2)
Christmas	112, 476
Claremont	114 (1)
Clarendon	173

No.

Colchester.....41 (2), 366
Coronation..... 424 (1)
Coventry.....183, 280

Dedham.....210, 214 (2)
Dublin.....399, 415
Dundee.....51 (2), 196, 259
Dunfermline..... 188
Dutchess..... 460 (1)

Eckardtsheim.....61, 246
Expectation..... 40

Farrant..... 510 (2)

Gloucester..... 174 (1)

Haight..... 501 (2)
Holy Cross.....224, 396 (2)
Holy Innocents..... 322
Holy Trinity..... 347
Horsley..... 231
Howard..... 380

Irish.....269, 516

Jarvis.....149

Leicester..... 396 (1)
Liverpool..... 517
London, New.....365, 501 (1)

Manchester, New, 127, 390 (1), 495.
Manoah.....230, 455 (2)
Marlow..... 471
Martyrdom..75 (1), 451, 395 (2)
Mear.....154 (2), 274, 281
Messiah..... 373
Miles Lane..... 424 (2)

Naomi.....435, 440
Nassau..... 360
Nayland, 125, 185, 206, 372, 500.
Newton..... 41 (1)
Northampton..... 311
Norwich..... 48

Palestine..... 388
Peace..... 261
Redhead (No. 66), 217, 455, 486.
Rome..... 402
Russell..... 296

St. Agnes..69 (1), 172, 383, 400.
St. Ann's..29, 184, 239, 251
St. Benedict..... 501 (1)
St. Bernard..... 404
St. David's..... 363
St. Flavian..... 75 (2)
St. Fulbert..... 278 (2)
St. George..... 156
St. James..... 221
St. Mary's.....51, 258
St. Martin's..... 203 (1)
St. Martin's Old..... 278 (1)
St. Peter's (Reinagle) 358, 395
Salisbury.....56, 458
Salvation (with Chorus) 369
Serenity..... 440 (2)
Southwell..... 496
Spohr..... 488
Stockton..... 136 (2)
Swanwick..... 367

No.

Tallis' Ordinal..... 211
Tiverton..... 38
Tottenham.....121, 475 (1)

Warwick.....326, 453
Wiltshire.....215, 337, 468
Winchester, Old, 136 (1), 214 (1)
Windsor..... 69 (2)
York..... 436

D. C. M.

Brattle Street..... 441
Castle Rising..... 177 (1)
Flensburgh.....18, 114 (2)
Giornivichi..... 177 (2)
Old Tune..... 65
Old 81st..... 176
Stuyvesant..... 22
St. Leonard.....8, 300
St. Matthews.....253, 528 (2)
St. Nicholas..... 176 (2)
Tolland..... 417
Vox Delecti..... 528 (1)

S. M.

Attwood..... 524 (2)
Aynhoe..... 364
Bankfield.....147 (1), 518 (2)
Benedictus..... 181
Bethlehem..... 382
Boylston..... 315
Brigham..... 520 (2)

Cambridge..... 171
Carlisle..... 413 (1)
Connington..... 191 (1)

Dennis..... 513 (1)

Egham..... 97

Franconia..... 479
Friendship..... 434 (2)

Howland..... 55
Huddersfield....159 (2), 170
Hythe..... 513 (2)

Leipsig..... 50 (1)
Lyte..... 520

Marshall..... 334
Mt. Ephraim...243, 268, 474, 299.

Narenza..... 518 (1)

Olmutz..50 (2), 135 (2), 346, 482 (2).

Pentonville..... 463

St. Benedict..... 130 (2)
St. Bride.....60, 482 (1)
St. Ethelwald..... 180
St. Helena..... 179
St. Michael's.....32, 470
St. Thomas..191 (2), 195, 285
Sandford..... 44
Scranton..... 489
Shumann.....212, 474 (2)
Shawmut..... 327
Shirland..... 244
Sienna..... 159 (1)
Silver Street.....216, 376

No.

Silchester..... 298
Stathams..... 262

Thatcher.....413 (2), 462
Thetford..... 135 (1)
Trenton..... 147 (2)

Utica..... 134

Venice..... 434 (3)

Wesleys..... 524 (1)

D. S. M.

Chalvey..... 28 (2)
Diademata..... 116
Leominster..... 28 (1)
Moscow..... 130 (1)
Old 25th..... 434 (1)
Trinity Chapel..... 113

7.7.7.7.

Ancient Litany..... 525 (2)

Culbach..... 466 (2)

Durham (or Innocents), 47, 220, 422.

Evermore..... 238

Ferrier..... 58

Garretts..... 523 (2)
German Hymn (Pleyel's) 59, 449, 477 (2).
Guisborough..... 252 (2)

Hernlein..... 49

Lubeck..... 182

Mercy..... 525 (1)
Monkland..... 305 (2)
Mozart..... 98 (1)

Naylors..... 521 (2)
Nomen..... 33
Nuremburg.....373, 445

Posen..... 164
Pruen..... 91

Redhead (No. 47)..... 252 (1)

Sharon..... 81
Shore..... 523 (1)
St. Edmund..... 401
St. Lucian..... 163

University College..... 477 (1)

Vespers..... 340 (1)
Vienna..... 98 (2)

Weber.....466 (1), 340 (2)
Weldon..... 408
West Chester..... 305 (1)
Worgan (with Alleluia)..... 99
Wigan..... 521 (1)
Wirtemburg (with Alleluia)..... 106

7.7.7.7.7.7.

Clapham..... 209 (2)
Devon.....247, 465 (1)
Dix.....45, 302 (2)

Huntington.....391 (2), 531 (2)

Italy.....209 (3), 465 (2)

Lindsay..... 140

Martinis..... 302 (1)

No.

Ouseley..... 86 (1)
Ratisbon..... 209, (1) 331
Redhead (No. 76,) 90, 86, (2) 391, 531, (1)
Shepherds.....111, 350

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

Benevento.....54, 31 (2)
Blumenthal.....532, (2) 393 (2)
Choral..... 42
Hollingside.....393, (1) 532 (1)
Litany..... 53 (1)
Maidstone.....200, 422 (1)
Martyn..... 532 (3)
Masons..... 43 (2)
Sanctus..... 144
Spanish Chant..... 53 (3)
St. George..... 306 (1)
Syria..... 100
Thanksgiving..... 306 (2)
Tichfield..31, (1) 53, (2) 494
Watchman..... 43 (1)

7.7 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

Barden..... 82
Mendelssohn..... 17

7.7.7.

St. Philip..... 63

7.7.7.5.

Irene..... 527 (2)
Pentecost..... 527 (1)

8.7.8.7.

Batty.....84, 310
Bloomingdale..... 464
Canterbury..... 39
Debenham..... 168
Lenham..... 20
New Jersey..... 433
Peace..... 352
Rathbun.....213, (2) 454 (2)
Stutgard.....16, 223, 385
Tranby..... 213 (1)
Trust.....370, 423, 530
Worthing.....190, (2) 469

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Davies..... 529 (1)
Oriel..... 506 (1)
Patterson..... 430
Stainer..... 529 (2)
Tilleard..... 282
Verona..... 506 (2)

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

Austria..... 190 (1)
Benediction.....236, 456
Gloriam..... 431

No.

Langran's..... 189
Sorrento..... 454 (1)
St. Hilary..... 76 (1)
Smart..... 76 (2)

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Calvary..... 88
Diadem..... 115
Dismission..... 165 (2)
Gilbert's.....24, (1) 505 (1)
Goss..... 1 (1)
Helmsley..... 1 (2)
Hemans..... 229
Judgment..... 481
Little Clusters..... 227
Regent Square...24, (2) 145
Sicily (or Mariner's)..... 165 (1)
Storl..... 505 (2)
St. Enoch.....1, (3) 292
St. Louis..... 288
St. Raphael..... 381

8.7.8.7.7.7.

Dretzel..... 342
Edom..... 77
Irby..... 233
Kœnigsberg..... 92
Unser Herrscher..... 107

8.8.8.8.8.8.

Benison..... 338 (2)
Braine..... 420
Carey's 13, (1) 250, 461, 504
Christ Church (Ouseley) 201, 320.
Compline..... 14
Creation (Haydn)..... 193
Darmstadt..... 194
Eaton....9, (2) 129, 151, 375
Jackson (or Salisbury). 314, 452
Melita..... 267
Raleigh.....6, 241
Rochester.....11, 319
Stella..... 338 (3)
St. Matthias.....338 (1), 515
Swiss Tune..... 70
Veni Cito..... 9
Veni Emmanuel..... 13 (2)

8.8.6.8.8.6.

Cantate (with Alleluia). 109
Carmine..... 102
Habakkuk..... 442 (1)
Harwood.....199, 374, 419
Mission..... 293

7.6.7.6.

St. Alphege.....248, 491 (2)
St. Theodulph (with Chorus)..... 72

No.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

All Saints..... 175
Amsterdam..... 447 (1)
Aurelia..... 202
Danestre..... 160 (1)
Endsleigh.....10 (2), 291
Ewing..... 493
"For thee, O dear, dear, Country"..... 492 (1)
Lancashire.....87 (2), 362
Lausanne..... 490
Magdalena..... 10
Medway..... 34 (2)
Missionary Hymn..... 283
Munich.....105 (2), 491 (1)
Passion Chorale..... 87 (1)
Romaine..... 34 (1)
Salvation (with Chorus) 219
St. Anselm..... 492 (2)
St. Hilary..... 447 (2)
St. Margaret..... 160 (2)
Stainer..... 175 (2)
Tours..... 105 (1)
Virginia..... 64
Zoan..... 5

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

Brevoort..... 472
Cassel..... 519 (1)
Hanover.....406 (1), 519 (2)
Houghton..... 406 (2)
Lyons..... 35

6.4.6.4.5.4.6.4.

Tinsley..... 265

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Bethany..... 507 (2)
Leeds..... 507 (3)
St. Chad..... 507 (1)

6.4.6.6.

St. Columba..... 345

6.5.6.5.

Stainey..... 225

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

Fance..... 74
Milburn (with Chorus). 232 (2)
Norcott..... 25
Onward (with Chorus). 232 (1)
St. Andrew of Crete..... 68
St. Fabian..... 443
Sullivans..... 232 (3)

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

America..... 309
Fidelis..... 237 (1)
Italian Hymn.....146 (2), 428
Orient..... 146 (1)
Olivet..... 237 (2)

No.

6.6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Italian Hymn....146 (2), 428

6.6.6.4.8.8.4.

Lexington..... 80

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

Christ Church (Steggall) 157 (2)
Darwell....157 (1), 307, 411
Harewood..... 279
St. Cecilia..... 7 (1)
Quam Delecta..... 7 (2)

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

St. Margaret..... 254
Pax..... 317

6.6.6.6.8.8.

Bickleigh..... 197
Collipriest..... 148 (1)
Peyton..... 152
St. Mildred..... 143
St. Swithen..... 118
Stathams..... 262
Stainers..... 148 (2)

6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

Leoni..... 141

6.6.10.5.6.7.7.10.

Adeste Fidelis..... 19

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

Nun Danket..... 303
Rose Strect..... 308

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

Baden..... 478

7.6.7.6.8.8.

St. Anatolius..... 341

7.7.4.6.6.6.4.

Caput..... 198

7.7.7.7.8.7.

Angelica..... 101

7.8.7.8.

St. Albinus (with Chorus)..... 104

7.8.7.8.7.7.

Consolation..... 263

8.4.7.8.4.7.

Courtland..... 330

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

Southgate..... 344

8.5.8.5.

Christus Consolator.... 514 (2)
Stephanos..... 514 (1)

No.

8.6.8.6.4.4.8.

Varick Street..... 257

8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.

Paradise (Dykes)..... 509 (1)
Paradise (Gilbert) 509 (2)
Paradise (Henry)..... 509 (3)

8.6.8.4.

St. Cuthbert..... 132

8.6.8.6.8.8.

Resignation..... 323

8.7.8.7.5.5.5.6.7.

Worms..... 397

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Attolle Paulum 511
Luther's Hymn..... 484

8.8.7.8.8.7.

Evangelists..... 272

8.8.8.4.

Dykes..... 394 (2)
St. Lawrence..... 394 (1)
Submission..... 256 (2)
Troyte (No. 1 Chant)... 256 (1)
Victory..... 103

8.7.8.4.

Frith..... 264

8.8.8.6.

Balfour..... 392 (1)
St. Crispin (See L. M.). 392 (2)

8.8.8.8.

Devotion 339 (1)
Tabor..... 339 (2)

9.8.9.8.

Goudimel..... 207 (1)
Sieboth's..... 207 (2)

10.4.10.4.10.10.

Lux Benigna..... 512
Barnby..... 512 (2)

10.6.10.6.7.6.7.6.

Baltimore..... 497

10.6.10.6.10.10.

Nadderwater..... 457

10.10.7.

Alleluia..... 432 (2)
Endless Alleluia..... 432 (1)

No.

10.10.10.4.

Barnby's..... 186

10.10.10.10.

Calcott..... 155 (1)
Dalkeith..... 67 (1)
Eventide..... 335
Murray Hill..... 36 (1)
Pax dei..... 169 (1)
Penitentia..... 169 (2)
Russian Hymn.. 36 (2), 155 (2)
Toulon..... 67 (2)

10.10.10.10.10.10.

Yorkshire..... 21
Chelsea..... 21 (2)
Evensong..... 349 (1)
Evening..... 349 (2)

10.11.11.11.12.11.10.11.

Cantor..... 198

11.8.12.9.

Agnus 226

11.10.11.10.

Epiphany..... 37 (1)
Harvey's 37 (2)

10.10.11.10.9.11.

Angels of Jesus..... 485 (2)
Coxe 485 (3)
Vox Angelica..... 485 (1)

11.11.11.11.

Datchet..... 398

11.11.11.12.

Rest..... 93 (1)
Muhlenberg..... 93 (2)

11.12.12.10.

Nicæa 138

12.12.12.12.

Sullivans..... 266

Irregular.

Dies Iræ..... 483
Glad Tidings..... 23
Linda..... 526
Madison 384 (1)
Scotland..... 384 (2)
"The Strain Upraise" (Troyte No. 2. Chant) 425
Veni Creator (Hopkins) 137 (1)
Veni Creator (Staunton) 137 (2)

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

	No.
Abridge	95, 475 (2)
Adeste Fideles	19
Agnus	226
Albano	110
Alexandria	128
Alfreton	153 (2)
Alleluia	432 (2)
All Saints	175
Alstone	228
America	309
Amsterdam	447 (1)
Ancient Litany	525 (2)
Angelica	101
Angels	204, 235, 276, 412
Angels of Jesus	485 (2)
Angelus	94
Antiphon	354
Arlington	27, 203 (2), 255
Arnold	66
Atlantic	304
Attolle Paulum	511
Attwood (C. M.)	467
Attwood (S. M.)	524 (2)
Ashley	369 (2)
Asylum	368
Aurelia	202
Austria	190 (1)
Aynhoe	364
Babylon Streams	71 (1)
Baden	478
Balerma	222
Balfour	392 (1)
Baltimore	497
Bankfield	147 (1), 518 (2)
Barby	390 (2), 421
Barnby's (10.10.10. 4.)	186
Barnby (10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.)	512 (2)
Barden	82
Batty	84, 310
Bavaria	356
Bedford	245
Bellfield	348
Belgrave	286
Belmont	174 (2), 426
Benediction (C. M.)	154
Benediction (8s. 7s. double) 236, 456	
Benedictus	181
Benevento	31 (2), 54
Benevolence	437
Benison	338 (2)
Bethany	507 (2)
Bethlehem	382
Bexfield	96, 389
Bloomingdale	464
Blumenthal	393 (2), 532 (2)
Bickleigh	197
Bishopsthorpe	316
Boston	438
Bowen	122, 450, 498
Boylston	315
Brattle Street	411
Braine	420
Breslau	78
Brevoort	472
Brigham	520 (2)
Brighton	26, 510 (1)
Bristol	123, 208, 502 (2)
Burlington	234, 297, 487
Calcott	**155 (1)**
Calvary	**88**
Cambridge	**171**
Cantate	**109**
Canterbury	39
Cantor	108
Caput	198
Carey's. 13 (1), 250, 461, 504	
Carlisle	413
Carmine	102
Cassel	519 (1)
Castle Rising	177 (1)
Chalvey	28
Chantry	361 (2)
Chelsea	21 (2)
Chesterfield	15, 460 (2)
Choral	42
Christ Church (8.8.8.8.8.8. 201, 320.	
Christ Church (6.6.6.6.4. 4.4.4) 157.	
Christus Consolator	514 (2)
Christmas	112, 476
Clapham	209 (2)
Claremont	114 (1)
Clarendon	173
Clarke	178
Colchester	41 (2) 366
Collipriest	148 (1)
Cologne	459
Compline	14
Conington	191 (1)
Consolation	263
Coronation	424 (1)
Courtland	330
Coventry	183, 280
Coxe	485
Creation (Hopkins)	508
Creation (Haydn)	193, 508
Culbach	466
Dalkeith	67
Danestre	160
Darmstadt	194
Darwell	157 (1), 307, 411
Davies	529
Datchet	398
Debenham	168
Dedham	210, 214 (2), 378
Dennis	513
Devon	247, 465
Devonshire	410, 499
Devotion	339
Diadem	115
Diademata	116
Dies Iræ	483
Dismission	165
Dix	45, 302
Dretzel	342
Dublin	399, 415
Duke Street	117, 284
Dundee	51 (2), 196, 259
Dunfermline	188
Dutchess	460
Durham (or Innocents) 47, 220, 422	
Dykes	394
Eaton	9, (2) 129, 151, 375
Eckardtsheim	61, 246, 440
Eden	131
Edom	77
Egham	97
Eisenach	427
Emmanuel	192
Endless Alleluia	432
Endsleigh	10 (2), 291
Epiphany	37
Evangelists	272
Evening Hymn	333
Ewing	493
Evening	349
Evensong	349
Eventide	335
Evermore	238
Exmouth	324
Expectation	40

	No.
Fance	74
Farrant	510 (2)
Federal Street	57, 270, 444, 480
Ferrier	58
Fidelis	237
Flensburg	18, 114 (2)
"For thee, O dear, dear, Country"	492
Franconia	479
Friendship	434 (2)
Frith	264
Garretts	523 (2)
German Air	387
Germany	295
German Hymn (Pleyel's)	59, 449, 477 (2).
Gilbert's	24 (1), 505 (1)
Giornivichi	177 (2)
Glad Tidings	23
Gloriam	431
Gloucester	174 (1)
Goudimel	207 (1)
Goss	1 (1)
Gower Street	166
Grace Church	79, 271, 343, 429.
Griswold	158 (2), 389 (2)
Guisborough	252 (2)
Habakkuk	442
Haight	501 (2)
Hamburg	62, 284 (1), 328 (1), 386.
Hanover	406 (1), 519 (2)
Harewood	279
Harvey's	37 (2)
Harwood	199, 374, 419
Hatfield	414 (2)
Hayes	242
Hebron	162, 409, 439 (2)
Helmsley	1 (2)
Hemans	229
Hernlein	49
Hollingside	393 (1), 532 (1)
Holy Cross	224, 396 (2)
Holy Innocents	322
Holy Trinity	347
Hope	448
Horsley	231
Hosanna	4
Houghton	406 (2)
Howard	380
Howland	55
Huddersfield	159 (2), 170
Huntington	391 (2), 531 (2)
Hursley	336
Hythe	513 (2)
Irby	233
Irene	527 (2)
Irish	269, 516
Italian Hymn	146 (2), 428
Italy	209 (3), 465 (2)
Jackson (or Salisbury). 452	314,
Jarvis	149
Judgment	481
Kœnigsberg	92
Lancashire	87 (2), 362
Langran's	189
Lausanne	490
Leeds	507 (3)
Leicester	396 (1)
Leigh	30
Leipsig	50 (1)
Lenham	20
Lentz	2
Leoni	141
Leominster	28 (1)
Lexington	80
Linda	526
Lindsay	140
Litany	53 (1)
Little Clusters	227
Liverpool	517
London, New	365, 501 (1)
Lubeck	182
Luther's Hymn	484
Luton	361 (1), 473
Lux Benigna	512
Lyons	35
Lyte	520
Madison	384 (1)
Magdalena	10
Manchester, New, 495.	127, 390,
Manoah	230, 455 (2)
Maidstone	200, 422 (1)
Marlow	471
Marshall	334
Martini's	302 (1)
Martyrdom	75 (1) 395 (2) 451
Martyn	532 (3)
Masons	43 (2)
Mear	154 (2), 274, 281
Medway	34 (2)
Melcombe, 85 (2). 126, 167, 218 (1), 240, 329, 377.	
Melita	267
Mendelssohn	17
Mercy	525 (1)
Messiah	378
Milburn	232 (2)
Miles Lane	424 (2)
Mission	293
Missionary Chant, 273, 290, 403.	
Missionary Hymn	283
Monkland	305 (2)
Montgomery	371
Morning Hymn	322
Moscow	130
Mozart	98
Mt. Ephraim	243, 268, 474, 299.
Muhlenberg	93 (2)
Munich	105 (2), 491 (1)
Murray Hill	36 (1)
"My God, my Father," (Troyte No. 1 Chant).	256 (1)
Nadderwater	457
Naomi	435, 440 (1)
Narenza	518 (1)
Nassau	360
Naylors	521 (2)
Nayland, 500	125, 185, 206, 372
New Jersey	433
Newton	41 (1)
Nicæa	138
Nomen	33
Norcott	25
Norfolk	318, 439 (1)
Northampton	311
Norwich	48
Nun Danket	303
Nuremburg (L. M.)	71 (2)
Nuremburg (7s.)	373, 445
Old 25th	434 (1)
Old 81st	176
Old 100th	277, 289, 405
Old Tune	65
Olivet	237 (2)
Olmutz	50 (2), 135 (2), 346, 482 (2.)
Onward	232 (1)
Oriel	506 (1)
Orient	146 (1)
Ouseley	86 (1)
Palestine	388
Paradise (Dykes)	509 (1)
Paradise (Gilbert)	509 (2)
Paradise (Henry)	509 (3)
Park Street	414 (1)
Passion Chorale	87 (1)
Patterson	430
Pax	317
Pax Dei	169
Peace (C. M.)	261
Peace (8s. 7s.)	352
Penitentia	169 (2)
Pentecost	527 (1)
Pentonville	463
Peyton	152
Posen	164
Proal	312
Pruen	91
Quam Delecta	7 (2)
Quebec	325 (2)
Ralcigh	6, 241
Rathbun	213, (2) 454 (2)
Ratisbon	209 (1), 331
Raymond	260
Redhead (No. 4)	252 (1), 353
Redhead (No. 66)	217, 455, 486.
Redhead (No. 76,)	86, (2) 90, 391, 531.

	No.
Regent Square	24 (2), 145
Resignation	323
Rest	93
Rochester	11, 319
Rockingham	83, 446
Romaine	34 (1)
Rome	402
Rose Street	308
Russell	296
Russian Hymn	36 (2), 155 (2)
Sacrament	218 (2)
Salisbury	56, 458
Salvation (C. M.)	369
Salvation (7s 6s.)	219
Sanctus	144
Sandford	44
Saxony	3 (2)
Schumann	212, 474 (2)
Scotland	384 (2)
Scranton	489
Selby	153 (1)
Serenity	440 (2)
Sharon	81
Shawmut	327, 513 (1)
Shepherds (L. M.)	3 (1)
Shepherds (6 sevens)	111, 350
Shirland	244
Shore	523 (1)
Sieboth's	207 (2)
Sicily (or Mariner's)	165 (1)
Sienna	159 (1)
Silchester	298
Silver Street	216, 376
Smart	76 (2)
Sorrento	454
Southgate	344
Southwell	496
Spanish Chant	53 (3)
Spohr	488
Stainer (8.7.8.7.8.7.)	529 (2)
Stainer (7.6.7.6.7.6.7 6.)	175 (2)
Stainer (6.6.6.6.8.8.)	148 (2)
Stathams	262
Stainey	225
Stella	338 (3)
Stephanos	514 (1)
Stonefield	407
Stutgard	16, 223, 385
Syria	100
St. Agnes	69 (1), 172, 383, 400.
St. Albinus	104
St. Alphege	248, 491 (2)
St. Anselm	492 (2)
St. Anatolius	341
St. Andrew of Crete	68
St. Ann's	29, 184, 239, 251
St. Benedict (C. M.)	502 (1)
St. Benedict (S. M.)	130 (2)
St. Bernard (L. M.)	119, 355
St. Bernard (C. M.)	404
St. Bride	60, 492 (1)
St. Cecilia	7 (1)
St. Chad	507 (1)
St. Columba	345
St. Cross	89
St. Crispin	392 (2)
St. Cuthbert	132
St. David's	363
St. Edmund	401
St. Enoch	1 (3), 292
St. Ethelwald	180
St. Fabian	443
St. Flavian	75 (2)
St. Fulbert	278 (2)
St. Gabriel	321
St. George (C. M.)	156
St. George (8 sevens)	306 (1)
St. Gregory	325 (1)
St. Helena	179
St. Hilary (8s. 7s.)	76
St. Hilary (7s. 6s.)	447 (2)
St. James	221
St. Leonard	8, 300
St. Lawrence	394
St. Louis	288
St. Lucian	163
St. Luke	313 (2)
St. Margaret (7s. 6s.)	160 (2)
St. Margaret (8 sixes)	254
St. Martin's	203 (1)
St. Martin's Old	278 (1)
St. Mary's	51, 258
St. Matthew's	253, 528 (2)
St. Matthias	338 (1), 515
St. Michael's	32, 470
St. Mildred	143
St. Nicholas	176 (2)
St. Olave	158 (1)
St. Pancras	124, 418
St. Patrick	357
St. Peter's (Reinagle)	358, 395
St. Philip	63
St. Raphael	381
St. Sepulchre	351
St. Swithen	118
St. Theodulph	72
St. Thomas	191 (2), 195, 285
St. Vincent	52
Storl	505 (2)
Stockton	136 (2)
Stuyvesant	22
Submission	256 (2)
Sullivans (6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.)	232 (3)
Sullivans (12s.)	266
Sumner	161
Swanwick	367
Swiss Tune	70
Tabor	339 (2)
Tallis' Ordinal	211
Te Lucis	359
Thanksgiving	306 (2)
Thatcher	413 (2), 462
"The Strain Upraise" (Troyte No. 2)	425
Thetford	135 (1)
Tichfield	31 (1), 53 (2), 494
Tilleard	282
Tinsley	265
Tiverton	38
Tolland	417
Tottenham	121, 475 (1
Tours	105 (1
Toulon	67 (2
Tranby	213
Trenton	147
Trinity	150, 205 (2
Trinity Chapel	113
Troyte (No. 1 Chant)	256 (1
Truro	120, 192 (1), 287
Trust	370, 423, 530
University College	477
Unser Herrscher	107
Utica	134
Varick Street	257
Veni Cito	9
Veni Creator (Hopkins)	137 (1
Veni Creator (Staunton)	137 (2
Veni Emmanuel	13 (2
Venice	434 (2
Verona	506 (2
Vespers	340 (1
Victory	103
Vienna	98 (2
Virginia	64
Vox Angelica	485 (1
Vox Delecti	528 (1
Wareham	52 (2), 142, 205 (1), 249, 275.
Warrington	46, 133, 294, 416, 503.
Warwick	326, 453
Watchman	43 (1
Weber	340 (2), 466 (1
Weldon	408
Wells	313 (1
Wesley's	524 (1
West Chester	305 (1
Whiteland	328 (1
Wigan	521 (1
Willings	379, 522
Winchester, New	12, 73, 139, 301.
Winchester, Old	136 (1), 214
Windsor	69 (1
Wiltshire	215, 337, 468
Wirtemburg	106
Woolmer's	85 (1
Worgan	99
Worthing	190 (2), 469
Worms	397
York	436
Yorkshire	21
Zoan	5

INDEX OF TUNES.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
1	(1st Tune) Goss,	Sir John Goss, Late Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Helmsley,	Old English Tune, Adapted by the Rev. M. Maden, about 1770.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
"	(3d Tune) St. Enoch,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Organist of Trinity Chapel, New York.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
2	Lentz,	Lentz,	L. M.
3	(1st Tune) Shepherds,	Shepherd,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Saxony,	German Tune,	L. M.
4	Hosanna,	Rev. Dr. Dykes, M.A., Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham, England.	L. M., with Chorus.
5	Zoan,	Rev. W. H. Havergall, Canon of Worcester Cathedral, England.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
6	Raleigh,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
7	(1st Tune) St. Cecilia,	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc., Organist of Eton College, England.	6, 6, 6, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Quam Delecta.	Bishop Jenner,	6, 6, 6, 6.
8	St. Leonard	Dr. Hiles, of Manchester, England,	D. C. M.
9	(1st Tune) Veni cito,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
"	(2d Tune) Eaton,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
10	(1st Tune) Magdalena.	Dr. Stainer, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Endsleigh,	S. Salvatori,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
11	Rochester,	Vincent Novello, Late Organist to the Portuguese Embassy, London.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
12	Winchester, New,	The present form of this tune came into use about the year 1720. It has been attributed to several authors, but is evidently an adaptation of a tune composed by Crasselius, a Presbyter of Düsseldorf, A.D. 1650, for a metre of six lines of nine and ten syllables.	L. M.
13	(1st Tune) Careys,	Henry Carey. (Died 1744),	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
"	(2d Tune) Veni Emmanuel.	Arr. by W. H. Monk, from French Missal at Lisbon.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
14	Compline,	Rev. Dr. Hayne,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
15	Chesterfield,	Rev. Dr. Haweis, One of the Founders of the London Missionary Society (Died 1820.)	C. M.
16	Stutgard,	German Tune. Arr. by Dr. Gauntlett,	8, 7, 8, 7.
17	Mendelssohn,	Mendelssohn,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
18	Flensburgh,	Spohr. Arranged by Joseph Barnby,	D. C. M.
19	Adeste Fideles,	John Reading. (Died 1740), This tune was composed by Reading for Lincoln Cathedral. In 1785, the Duke of Leeds heard it performed in the Chapel of the Portuguese Embassy, London, and, supposing it to be peculiar to the Portuguese Service, he introduced it in the Concerts of Ancient Music, under the title of Portuguese Hymn, by which name it is sometimes known. Reading died in 1740.	Irregular.
20	Lenham,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
21	(1st Tune) Yorkshire, or Stockport.	Dr. Wainwright, ... Organist of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, England. (Died 1760.)	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 1
"	(2d Tune) Chelsea, .	Sir John Goss, ...	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 1
22	Stuyvesant . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	D. C. M.
23	Glad Tidings, . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	P. M.
24	(1st Tune) Gilbert's, .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Regent Square.	Henry Smart, of London, . . .	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
25	Norcott, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6,
26	Brighton, . . .	White, ... Organist of St. Paul's Church, Brighton, Eng.	C. M.
27	Arlington, . . .	Dr. Arne. (Died 1778), ...	C. M.
28	(1st Tune) Leominster.	Anon., ...	D. S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Chalvey, .	Rev. Dr. Hayne, ...	D. S. M.
29	St. Ann's . . .	Dr. Croft, ... Organist of Westminster Abbey. (Died 1727.)	C. M.
30	Leigh, . . .	A. R. Reinagle, of Oxford, England, .	L. M.
31	(1st Tune) Tichfield, .	From "Crown of Jesus,"	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,
"	(2d Tune) Benevento,	S. Webbe, ...	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,
32	St. Michael's, . .	Old Scotch Tune, ...	S. M.
33	Nomen, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	7, 7, 7, 7.
34	(1st Tune) Romaine, .	Bannister, ...	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7,
"	(2d Tune) Medway .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7,
35	Lyons, . . .	Haydn, ...	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6,
36	(1st Tune) Murray Hill.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	10, 10, 10, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Russian Hymn.	National Air, ...	10, 10, 10, 10.
37	(1st Tune) Epiphany,	Rev. J. F. Thrup (1848), ...	11, 10, 11, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Harveys, .	Harvey, ...	11, 10, 11, 10.
38	Tiverton, . . .	Grigg, ...	C. M.
39	Canterbury, . .	Rev. C. T. La Trobe, ...	8, 7, 8, 7.
40	Expectation, . .	Bishop Hopkins, ...	C. M.
41	(1st Tune) Newton, .	T. Jackson, ...	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Colchester,	A. Williams, ...	C. M.
42	Choral, . . .	F. Weber, ...	7, 7 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
43	(1st Tune) Watchman	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Masons, .	Dr. Lowell Mason, d. Aug. 11, 1872, aged 81,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,
44	Sandford, . . .	Jas. Stephenson, ...	S. M.
45	Dix, ...	German Tune, ...	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
46	Warrington, . .	Rev. Ralph Harrison, ...	L. M.
47	Durham, or Innocents,	Origin uncertain.	7, 7, 7, 7.
48	Norwich, . . .	John Milton, father of the poet, 1614, .	C. M.
49	Herulein, . . .	German Tune, ...	7, 7, 7, 7.
50	(1st Tune) Leipsig, .	Mendelssohn, ...	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Olmutz, .	Ancient Melody, ...	S. M.
51	(1st Tune) St. Mary's,	St. Mary's is supposed to have been first printed in a Welsh Psalter, edited by Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Merrioneth, in the year 1621. It was subsequently printed by Playford in 1677. The authorship is uncertain.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Dundee or French.	First printed by Hart in 1615, who calls it a French tune.	C. M.
52	(1st Tune) S. Vincent's	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Wareham,	William Knapp. (Born 1698, d. 1768), .	L. M.
53	(1st Tune) Litany, .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., ...	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7
"	(2d Tune) Tichfield, .	From "Crown of Jesus,"	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7
"	(3d T.) Spanish Chant,	. . . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
54	Benevento,	S. Webbe,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
55	Howland,	Rev. Geo. J. Geer, D.D.,	S. M.
56	Salisbury,	Ravenscroft,	C. M.
57	Federal Street,	H. K. Oliver,	L. M.
58	Ferrier,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7, 7, 7, 7.
59	German Hymn,	Pleyel,	7, 7, 7, 7.
60	St. Bride,	Dr. Howard. (Born 1710, died 1782),	S. M.
61	Eckardtsheim,	Carl Zeuner,	C. M.
62	Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
63	St. Philip,	W. H. Monk,	7, 7, 7.
64	Virginia,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
65	Old Tune,	Crespin (1556),	D. C. M
66	Arnold,	Dr. Samuel Arnold. (Died 1802),	C. M.
67	(1st Tune) Dalkeith,	T. Hewlett,	10, 10, 10, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Toulon,	C. Goudimel,	10, 10, 10, 10.
68	St. Andrew of Crete,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
69	(1st Tune) St. Agnes,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Windsor,	Kirby,	C. M.
70	Swiss Tune,	From Würtemberg Hymn Book,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
71	(1st Tune) Babylon Streams.	Dr. Thos. Campion,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Nuremberg,	German Tune,	L. M.
72	St. Theodulph,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	7,6,7,6, with chorus
73	Winchester, New,	See No. 12,	L. M.
74	Fance,		6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
75	(1st T.) Martyrdom,	Hugh Wilson. Har. by Rev. Dr. Dykes,	C. M.
"	(2d T.) St. Flavian,	Richard Redhead,	C. M.
76	(1st Tune) St. Hilary,	Ganther,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Smart,	Henry Smart,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
77	Edom,	Sir R. P. Stewart, of Dublin,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
78	Breslau,	Old German Tune,	L. M.
79	Grace Church,	From Pleyel,	L. M.
80	Lexington,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 4, 8, 8, 4.
81	Sharon,	Dr. Boyce. (Died 1779),	7, 7, 7, 7.
82	Barden,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.
83	Rockingham,	Dr. Miller, Organist of Doncaster, England. (Died 1807.)	L. M.
84	Batty,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7.
85	(1st Tune) Woolmers,	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, England.	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Melcombe,	Melcombe was first printed in Harrison's "Sacred Harmony," about 1790, and is there stated to be an adaptation from one of Samuel Webb's larger works.	L. M.
86	(1st Tune) Ouseley,	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart. (1868),	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Redhead, No. 76.	Richard Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
87	(1st Tune) Passion Chorale.	German Tune from Bach,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Lancashire,	Henry Smart, of London,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
88	Calvary,	S. Stanley. (Died 1822),	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
89	St. Cross,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	L. M.
90	Redhead (No. 76),	Richard Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
91	Pruen,	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.,	7, 7, 7, 7.
92	Koenigsberg,	Heinrich Albert (1643),	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
93	(1st Tune) Rest,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	11, 11, 11, 12.
"	(2d T.) Muhlenburg,		11, 11, 11, 12.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
94	Angelus,	Johannes Scheffner (1657),	L. M.
95	Abridge,	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780),	C. M.
96	Bexfield,	Dr. Bexfield, Late of London. (Died 1853, aged 29)	L. M.
97	Egham,	Dr. Turner. (Died 1740),	S. M.
98	(1st Tune) Mozart,	Mozart,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Vienna,	German Tune. Arr. by Havergal,	7, 7, 7, 7.
99	Easter Hymn, or Worgan.	Dr. Worgan, The Easter Hymn has been attributed to Dr. Worgan, and in this country named after him; but he could not have been the composer, inasmuch as it was first published by Walsh, in "Lyra Davidica," in the year 1708, just sixteen years before Dr. Worgan was born. The authorship is a matter of conjecture.	7, 7, 7, 7, with Alleluia.
100	Syria,	English Tune. Har. by W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7
101	Angelica,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.
102	Carmine,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
103	Victory,	Palestrina. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 8, 8, with Alleluia.
104	St. Albinus,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 8, 7, 8, with Alleluia.
105	(1st Tune) Tours,	Berthold Tours,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6
"	(2d Tune) Munich,	German Tune (1648),	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6
106	Wirtemburg,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	7, 7, 7, 7, with Alleluia.
107	Unser Herrscher,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
108	Cantor,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 11, 11, 11, 11, 10, 11.
109	Cantate,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, with Alleluia.
110	Albano,	Vincent Novello,	C. M.
111	Shepherds,	J. Hallett Shepherd,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
112	Christmas,	Handel,	C. M.
113	Trinity Chapel,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	D. S. M.
114	(1st Tune) Claremont,	J. Foster,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Flensburg,	Spohr,	D. C. M.
115	Diadem,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
116	Diademata,	Sir Geo. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., Organist to Queen Victoria.	D. S. M.
117	Duke Street,	J. Hatton, of Liverpool,	L. M.
118	St. Swithin,	Jesser,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
119	St. Bernard,	W. H. Monk,	L. M.
120	Truro,	Dr. Burney,	L. M.
121	Tottenham,	T. Greatorex,	C. M.
122	Bowen or Otterbourne	Haydn,	L. M.
123	Bristol,	Dr. Edward Hodges. (Died 1867), Late Organist of Trinity Church, New York.	C. M.
124	St. Pancras,	Jonathan Battishill. (Died 1801),	L. M.
125	Nayland or St. Stephen.	Rev. W. Jones, Born 1726. Died 1800, at Nayland, England, of which parish he was Rector.	C. M.
126	Melcombe,	S. Webbe. See No. 85,	L. M.
127	Manchester, New,	John W. Wainwright, Died 1782, aged 35.	C. M.
128	Alexandria,		C. M.
129	Eaton,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
130	(1st Tune) Moscow,	J. B. Calkin, of London,	D. S. M.
"	(2d T.) St. Benedict,	Anon.,	S. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
131	Eden,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
132	St. Cuthbert,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 6, 8, 4.
133	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	L. M.
134	Utica,	Carl Zeuner,	S. M.
135	(1st Tune) Thetford,	F. C. Atkinson,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Olmutz,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
136	(1st Tune) Old Winchester.	Thomas Este (1580),	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Stockton,	Thomas Wright,	C. M.
137	(1st Tune) Veni Creator.	Rev. J. H. Hopkins,	P. M.
"	(2d Tune) Veni Creator.	Rev. William Staunton, D.D.,	P. M.
138	Nicæa,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	11, 12, 12, 10.
139	Winchester, New,	See No. 12,	L. M.
140	Lindsay,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
141	Leoni,	Hebrew Melody,	6, 6, 8, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4.
142	Wareham,	William Knapp. (Born 1698; died 1768)	L. M.
143	St. Mildred,	Dr. Steggall, Organist of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, London.	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
144	Sanctus,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
145	Regent Square,	Henry Smart, of London,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
146	(1st Tune) Orient,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
"	(2d T.) Italian Hymn, or Moscow.	F. Giardini, Composed by Giardini for the Lock Chapel Collection, and there called "Hymn to the Trinity."	6, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
147	(1st Tune) Bankfield,	Rev. R. Harrison,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Trenton,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	S. M.
148	(1st Tune) Collipriest,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Stainer's,	Dr. Stainer,	6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
149	Jarvis,	Dr. Monk, of York, England,	C. M.
150	Trinity,	Pierracini, of Bristol, England,	L. M.
151	Eaton,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
152	Peyton,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
153	(1st Tune) Selby,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Alfreton,	William Bearstall,	L. M.
154	(1st T.) Benediction,	Handel,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Mear,	Welsh Tune,	C. M.
155	(1st Tune) Callcott,	Dr. Callcott. (Died 1821),	10, 10, 10, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Russian Hymn.	National Air,	10, 10, 10, 10.
156	St. George,	Hermann,	C. M.
157	(1st Tune) Darwell,	Rev. J. Darwell. (See 307 of Index),	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.
"	(2d T.) Christ Church,	Dr. Steggall,	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.
158	(1st Tune) St. Olave,	R. Hudson, Mus. B.,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Griswold,		L. M.
159	(1st Tune) Sienna,	W. H. Deane,	S. M.
"	(2d T.) Huddersfield,	English Tune,	S. M.
160	(1st Tune) Danestre,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus B.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) St. Margaret	R. Redhead,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
161	Sumner,	H. W. Greatorex,	L. M.
162	Hebron,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
163	St. Lucian,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7.
164	Posen, or Stattner,	From "Gesangbuch" (1691),	7, 7, 7, 7.
165	(1st Tune) Sicily or Mariner's.	Sicilian Hymn,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Dismission,	Vincent Novello,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
166	Gower Street,	Wm. Russell, Mus. B. (Died 1813),	L. M.
167	Melcombe,	S. Webbe. See No. 85,	L. M.
168	Dobenham,	R. Redhead,	8, 7, 8, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
169	(1st Tune) Pax Dei,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	10, 10, 10, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Penitentia,	Dr. E. Dearle,	10, 10, 10, 10.
170	Huddersfield,	English Tune,	S. M.
171	Cambridge,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	S. M.
172	St. Agnes,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	C. M.
173	Clarendon,	Wm. Jackson. (Died 1803),	C. M.
174	(1st Tune) Gloucester	R. Palmer,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Belmont,	S. Webbe,	C. M.
175	(1st Tune) All Saints,	F. Weber, Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's, London.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Stainer's,	Dr. Stainer,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
176	(1st Tune) Old 81st,	Day's Psalter,	D. C. M.
"	(2d T.) St. Nicholas,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	D. C. M.
177	(1st Tune) Castle Rising.	Frederick Hervey,	D. C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Giornivichi.		D. C. M.
178	Clarke	Jeremiah Clarke, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London (died 1707).	L. M.
179	St. Helena,	Arranged by W. H. Monk,	S. M.
180	St. Ethelwald,	W. H. Monk,	S. M.
181	Benedictus, or St. George.	Dr. Gauntlett,	S. M.
182	Lubeck,	Old German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7.
183	Coventry,	English Tune,	C. M.
184	St. Ann's,	Courtevelle, 1691,	C. M.
185	Nayland,	Rev. W. Jones,	C. M.
186	Barnbys,	Joseph Barnby,	10, 10, 10, 4.
187	Barnbys,	Joseph Barnby,	10, 10, 10, 4.
188	Dunfermline,	Old Scotch Tune (1583),	C. M.
189	Langran's, or Deerhurst, or Gloria.	J. Langran,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
190	(1st Tune) Austria,	Haydn,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7
"	(2d Tune) Worthing,	Schultz,	8, 7, 8, 7.
191	(1st Tune) Connington	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	S. M.
"	(2d T.) St. Thomas,	A. Williams,	S. M.
192	(1st Tune) Truro,	Dr. Burney,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Emmanuel,	Braun,	L. M.
193	Creation,	Haydn,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
194	Darmstadt,	J. Schop, A.D. 1641,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
195	St. Thomas,	A. Williams,	S. M.
196	Dundee, or French,	Old Scotch Tune, First printed by Hart in 1615, who calls it a French tune.	C. M.
197	Bickleigh,	S. Reay, Mus. B., Organist of Newark on Trent, England.	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
198	Caput,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
199	Harwood,	Edmund Harwood. (Died 1787),	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
200	Maidstone,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
201	Christ Church,	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., M.A.,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
202	Aurelia,	Dr. S. S. Wesley, Organist of Gloucester Cathedral, England.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6
203	(1st Tune) St. Martin's	William Tansur. (Born in 1699), There are two tunes of this name by Tansur.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Arlington,	Dr. Arne,	C. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
204	Angels,	This is an adaptation from a tune written by Orlando Gibbons in 1623 for George Withers' "Hymns and Songs of the Church." In this work there are two versions of the tune, one as a long metre, the other as a six-line tune. They are written in common time, but a triple time effect is given to them by the intermixing of the minims and semibreves. In one instance, the tune is set to the words: "Thus Angels Sung, and Thus Sing We," from which originated the name of the tune. When the tune was printed in more modern notation, the triple time was considered as quite in accordance with the idea of the author, and so was used for nearly a hundred and fifty years. The common-time modern version cannot be regarded as correct.	L. M.
205	(1st Tune) Wareham,	Knapp,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Trinity,	Pierracini,	L. M.
206	Naylaud,	Rev. Wm. Jones,	C. M.
207	(1st Tune) Goudimel,	Goudimel,	9, 8, 9, 8.
"	(2d Tune) Sieboths,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	9, 8, 9, 8.
208	Bristol,	Dr. Edward Hodges,	C. M.
209	(1st Tune) Ratisbon,	Werner,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Clapham,	S. Gee, R.A.M., Eng.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(3d Tune) Italy,		7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
210	Dedham,	Gardner,	C. M.
211	Tallis's Ordinal,	Thos. Tallis. (Died 1585),	C. M.
212	Schumann,	R. Schumann,	S. M.
213	(1st Tune) Tranby,	Rev. S. M. Barkmouth,	8, 7, 8, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Ratisbun,	Conkey,	8, 7, 8, 7.
214	(1st T.) Old Winchest'r	M. Este,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Dedham,	Gardner,	C. M.
215	Wiltshire,	Sir George Smart,	C. M.
216	Silver Street,	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780),	S. M.
217	Redhead, No. 66,	R. Redhead,	C. M.
218	(1st Tune) Melcombe,	S. Webbe. See No. 85,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Sacrament,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	L. M.
219	Salvation,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, with chorus.
220	Durham, or Innocents,	Authorship uncertain,	7, 7, 7, 7.
221	St. James,	Courteville,	C. M.
222	Balerma,	Old Tune,	C. M.
223	Stutgard,	German Tune. Arr. by Dr. Gauntlett,	8, 7, 8, 7.
224	Holy Cross,	Authorship uncertain,	C. M.
225	Stainey,	From Service and Tune Book, by the Rev. Dr. Goodrich, Rector of Calvary Church, Utica, New York.	6, 5, 6, 5.
226	Agnus,	Ditto,	11, 8, 12, 9.
227	Little Clusters,	Ditto,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
228	Alstone,	C. E. Willing, Organist to the Foundling Hospital, London.	L. M.
229	Hemans,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
230	Manoah,	Authorship uncertain,	C. M.
231	Horsley,	W. Horsley, Mus. B. (Born 1777, died 1858),	C. M.
232	(1st Tune) Onward,	J. E. Roe,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, with chorus.
"	(2d Tune) Milburn,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
"	(3d Tune) Sullivan's,	Arthur Sullivan,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5. 6, 5.
233	Irby,	Dr. Gauntlett,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
234	Burlington,	J. F. Burrowes, Organist of St. James's, Piccadilly, London.	C. M.
235	Angels,	See No. 204,	L. M.
236	Benediction,	Haydn,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
237	(1st Tune) Fidelis,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
"	(2d Tune) Olivet,	Lowell Mason,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
238	Evermore,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 7, 7, 7.
239	St. Anns,	Dr. Croft,	C. M.
240	Melcombe,	S. Webbe,	L. M.
241	Raleigh,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
242	Hayes,	Beethoven,	D. L. M.
243	Mount Ephraim,	Benjamin Milgrove, First printed about the year 1760. Milgrove was an organist of Bath, England, where he died in 1810.	S. M.
244	Shirland,	Samuel Stanley. (Died 1822),	S. M.
245	Bedford,	W. Wheall, Mus. B., First published in Matthew Wilkin's "Book of Psalmody," 1699. It was then in triple time, and so continued until very recently. Wheall died in 1745.	C. M.
246	Eckardtsheim,	Carl Zeuner,	C. M.
247	Devon,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
248	St. Alphege,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 6, 7, 6.
249	Wareham,	Knapp,	L. M.
250	Careys,	Henry Carey,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
251	St. Anns,	Dr. Croft,	C. M.
252	(1st Tune) Redhead, No. 47.	R. Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Guisborough.	C. T. Bowen,	7, 7, 7, 7.
253	St. Matthews	Dr. Croft,	D. C. M.
254	St. Margaret,	From Bristol Book,	6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
255	Arlington,	Dr. Arne,	C. M.
256	(1st Tune) Troyte,	Troyte,	Troyte's Chant.
"	(2d Tune) Submission,	Ch. Zeuner,	8, 8, 8, 4.
257	Varick Street,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 6, 8, 6, 4, 4, 8, 8.
258	St. Mary's,	See No. 51,	C. M.
259	Dundee,	See No. 196,	C. M.
260	Raymond,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	L. M.
261	Peace,	Dr. Sieboth,	C. M.
262	Statham's,	Statham,	L. M.
263	Consolation,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.
264	Frith,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 4.
265	Tinsley,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 4, 6, 4, 5, 4, 6,
266	Sullivans,	A. S. Sullivan, of London,	12, 12, 12, 12.
267	Melita,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
268	Mount Ephraim,	Benjamin Milgrove,	S. M.
269	Irish,	Isaac Smith,	C. M.
270	Federal Street,	H. K. Oliver,	L. M.
271	Grace Church,	From Pleyel,	L. M.
272	Evangelists,	German Tune,	8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
273	Missionary Chant,	Ch. Zeuner,	L. M.
274	Mear,	Welsh Tune,	C. M.
275	Wareham,	Knapp,	L. M.
276	Angels,	See No. 204,	L. M.
277	Old Hundredth,	This tune was compiled from ancient sources by Guillaume Franc for "Les Pseames de David," by Clement Marot and Theodore Beza, A.D. 1543. It was published by John Day, in England, in 1563, and in 1580 it was printed in notes of equal length. In this form it has been almost universally used ever since.	L. M.
278	(1st Tune) Old St. Martins.	William Tansur,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) St. Fulbert,	Dr. Gauntlett,	C. M.
279	Harewood,	Dr. S. S. Wesley,	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4,
280	Coventry	English Tune,	C. M.
281	Mear,	Welsh Tune,	C. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
282	Tilleard,	T. Tilleard,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
283	Missionary Hymn,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
284	(1st Tune) Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Duke Street,	J. Hatton,	L. M.
285	St. Thomas,	A. Williams,	S. M.
286	Belgrave,	Wm. Horsley, Mus. B.,	C. M.
287	Truro,	Dr. Burney,	L. M.
288	St. Louis,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
289	Old Hundredth,	See No. 277,	L. M.
290	Missionary Chant,	Ch. Zeuner,	L. M.
291	Endsleigh,	S. Salvatori,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
292	St. Enoch,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
293	Mission,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
294	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	L. M.
295	Germany or Warzburg,	German Tune,	L. M.
296	Russell,	Authorship uncertain,	C. M.
297	Burlington,	J. H. Burrowes,	C. M.
298	Silchester.	Rev. D. Madan,	S. M.
299	Mount Ephraim.	Benjamin Milgrove,	S. M.
300	St. Leonard,	Dr. Hiles,	D. C. M.
301	Winchester, New.	See No. 12,	L. M.
302	(1st Tune) Martini's,	Padre Martini,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Dix,	German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
303	Nun Danket,	Old German Tune,	6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.
304	Atlantic,	G. Oates,	L. M.
305	(1st Tune) Westchester.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Monkland,	J. Wilkes,	7, 7, 7, 7.
306	(1st Tune) St. George,	Sir Geo. J. Elvey,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Thanksgiving.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
307	Darwell,	Rev. J. Darwell,	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.
		The Rev. John Darwell was vicar of Walsall, England, and on the occasion of a new organ being opened in his church, in the year 1778, he preached a sermon, in which he recommended that the hymns be sung quicker than generally, as he thought that "six verses might be sung in the same space of time that four usually are." After the sermon the 150th Psalm was sung to a new tune of Darwell's composing. This was the first performance of "Darwell."	
308	Rose Street,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.
309	America,	Dr. J. Bull, A.D. 1607,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
310	Batty,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7.
311	Northampton,	Dr. Croft,	C. M.
312	Proal,	Joseph Seiboth, Mus. Doc.,	L. M.
313	(1st Tune) Wells,	J. Holdroyd,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) St. Luke,	From Bristol Collection,	L. M.
314	Jackson,	Haydn,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
315	Boylston,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	S. M.
316	Bishopsthorp,	Jeremiah Clark,	C. M.
317	Pax,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
318	Norfolk,	Dr. Howard. Died 1782,	L. M.
319	Rochester,	Vincent Novello,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
320	Christ Church,	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., M.A.,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
321	St. Gabriel,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	L. M.
322	Holy Innocents,	T. Gambier Parry,	C. M.
323	Resignation,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.
324	Exmouth,	Selby, A.D. 1820,	L. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
325	(1st Tune) St. Gregory	German Tune,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Quebec.	Henry Baker, Mus. B.,	L. M.
326	Warwick,	Samuel Stanley,	C. M.
327	Shawmut,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
328	(1st Tune) Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Whiteland,	German Tune,	L. M.
329	Melcombe,	S. Webbe,	L. M.
330	Courtland,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7.
331	Ratisbon,	Werner,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
332	Morning Hymn,	F. H. Barthelemon,	L. M.
333	Evening Hymn,	Thos. Tallis,	L. M.
		The original of this tune forms the eighth of those composed by Tallis for Archbishop Parker's Psalter about the year 1565 It is somewhat long and tedious. Ravenscroft reduced it to its present form. Subsequently by various arrangers it was much changed and perverted; of late, however, the tune is generally accepted in the form as given by Ravenscroft.	
334	Marshall.	Rev. G. J. Geer, D.D.,	S. M.
335	Eventide,	W. H. Monk,	10, 10, 10, 10
336	Hursley,	Origin uncertain, but long known as a hymn tune, being found in "Weyman's Collection" under the name of "Stillorgan," and in a German collection, dated 1792, a version of it appears as a sevens iambic tune, set to a metrical version of the Te Deum, with the name of Peter Ritter as the composer.	L. M.
337	Wiltshire,	Sir Geo. Smart,	C. M.
338	(1st Tune) St. Matthias.	W. H. Monk,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
"	(2d Tune) Benison,	German Tune,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
"	(3d Tune) Stella,	From "Crown of Jesus,"	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
339	(1st Tune) Devotion,		8, 8, 8, 8.
"	(2d Tune) Tabor,	Dr. Steggall,	8, 8, 8, 8.
340	(1st Tune) Vespers,	From the Rev. Albert Wood's Collection,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Weber,	Weber,	7, 7, 7, 7.
341	St. Anatolius,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8.
342	Dretzel,	German Tune, arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
343	Grace Church,	From Pleyel,	L. M.
344	Southgate	Thomas Bishop Southgate. (Died 1863),	8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4
345	St. Columba,	H. S. Irons, of Southwell, England,	6, 4, 6, 6.
346	Olmutz,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
347	Holy Trinity,	Jos. Barnby,	C. M.
348	Bellfield,	Isaac Tucker,	C. M.
349	(1st T.) Evensong,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 10, 10,10, 10,10
"	(2d Tune) Evening,	Henry Smart,	10, 10, 10, 10,10,10
350	Shepherds,	J. Hallett Shepherd,	7, 7. 7, 7, 7, 7.
351	St. Sepulchre,	Geo. Cooper, Organist of Queen Victoria's Chapel Royal.	L. M.
352	Peace,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7.
353	Redhead, No. 4.	R. Redhead,	L. M.
354	Antiphon,	German Tune,	L. M.
355	St. Bernard,	W. H. Monk,	L. M.
356	Bavaria,	German Tune,	L. M.
357	St. Patrick,	F. W. Hogan,	L. M.
358	St. Peters,	A. R. Reinagle,	C. M.
359	Te Lucis,	Ancient Melody,	L. M.
360	Nassau,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	C. M.
361	(1st Tune) Luton,	Burder,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Chantry,	Rev. Dr. Rowden,	L. M.
362	Lancashire,	Henry Smart,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7,

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
363	St. Davids,	Ravenscroft, A.D. 1621,	C. M.
364	Aynhoe,	Dr. Nares,	S. M.
365	London New,	First met with in old Scotch Psalters, where it is called "Newtown."	C. M.
366	Colchester,	A. Williams,	C. M.
367	Swanwick,	J. Lucas,	C. M.
368	Asylum,	W. Horsley, Mus. B.,	C. M.
369	(1st Tune) Salvation,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	C. M. with chorus.
"	(2d Tune) Ashley,	Dr. Madan,	C. M. with chorus.
370	Trust,	Author uncertain,	8, 7, 8, 7.
371	Montgomery, or St. Georges.	Generally assigned to John Stanley, but in Russell's "Foundling Hymns" it is said to be by "Mr. Jarvis, Organist of St. Sepulchre's Church, London."	L. M.
372	Nayland,	Rev. W. Jones,	C. M.
373	Nuremburg,	German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7.
374	Harwood,	Edmund Harwood,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
375	Eaton,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
376	Silver Street,	Isaac Smith,	S. M.
377	Melcombe,	S. Webbe. (See No. 85),	L. M.
378	Messiah,	Handel,	C. M.
379	Willings,	C. E. Willing,	L. M.
380	Howard,	Cuthbert,	C. M.
381	St. Raphael,	E. J. Hopkins, Organist of the Temple Church, London.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
382	Bethlehem,	Samuel Wesley. (Died 1837),	S. M.
383	St. Agnes,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	C. M.
384	(1st Tune) Madison,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	Irregular Metre.
"	(2d Tune) Scotland,	Scottish Air,	Irregular Metre.
385	Stutgard,	German Tune,	8, 7, 8, 7.
386	Hamburgh,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
387	German Air,	Author unknown,	L. M.
388	Palestine,	J. Summers,	C. M.
389	(1st Tune), Bexfield,	Dr. Bexfield,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Griswold,		L. M.
390	(1st T.) Manch'r, New,	Dr. Wainwright,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Barby,	William Tansur,	C. M.
391	(1st Tune) Redhead, No. 76.	Richard Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Huntington,	T. Hastings,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
392	(1st Tune) Balfour,	Balfour,	8, 8, 8, 6.
"	(2d Tune) St. Crispin,	Sir G. J. Elvey,	8, 8, 8, 6.
393	(1st Tune) Hollingside.	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Blumenthal,	J. Blumenthal,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
394	(1st T.) St. Lawrence,	E. H. Thorne,	8, 8, 8, 4.
"	(2d Tune) Dykes,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 8, 8, 4.
395	(1st Tune) St. Peter's,	A. R. Reinagle,	C. M.
"	(2d T.) Martyrdom,	Wilson,	C. M.
396	(1st Tune) Leicester,	Dale,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Holy Cross,		C. M.
397	Worms, or "Ein Feste Burg."	German Tune,	Irregular Metre.
398	Datchet,	Sir G. J. Elvey,	11, 11, 11, 11.
399	Dublin,	From Bristol Collection,	C. M.
400	St. Agnes,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	C. M.
401	St. Edmund,	L. G. Lawrence,	7, 7, 7, 7.
402	Rome,	From Bristol Collection,	C. M.
403	Missionary Chant,	Ch. Zeuner,	L. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
404	St. Bernard,	Arr. by Dr. Hayne,	C. M.
405	Old Hundredth,	See No. 287,	L. M.
406	(1st Tune) Hanover,	Dr. Croft,	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
"	(2d Tune) Houghton,	Dr. Gauntlett,	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
407	Stonefield,	S. Stanley,	L. M.
408	Weldon,	J. Weldon,	7, 7, 7, 7.
409	Hebron,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
410	Devonshire, or Kent,	George Green,	L. M.
411	Darwell,	Rev. W. Darwell,	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.
412	Angels,	See No. 204,	L. M.
413	(1st Tune) Carlisle,	C. Lockhart. (Died 1815),	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Thatcher,	From Handel,	S. M.
414	(1st T.) Park Street,	Venua,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Hatfield,	Rev. J. F. Barret,	L. M.
415	Dublin,	From Bristol Collection,	C. M.
416	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	L. M.
417	Tolland,	Spofforth,	D. C. M.
418	St. Pancras,	Jonathan Battishill,	L. M.
419	Harwood,	Edward Harwood,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
420	Braine,	W. R. Braine,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
421	Barby,	William Tansur (1760),	C. M.
422	(1st Tune) Maidstone,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Innocents (or Durham).	Authorship uncertain,	7, 7, 7, 7.
423	Trust,	Mendelssohn,	8, 7, 8, 7.
424	(1st Tune) Coronation.	G. Holden,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Miles Lane,	Shrubsole, First printed in the "Gospel Magazine," 1780; and the author of the words—Edward Perronet—was so pleased with the setting that he bequeathed a considerable sum of money to the composer, William Shrubsole, who was educated in Canterbury Cathedral. He became an organist in London, where he died in 1806.	C. M.
425	Troytes,	Adapted by Troyte from Hayes,	Irregular Metre.
426	Belmont,	S. Webbe,	C. M.
427	Eisenach,	Old German Tune. Har. by S. Bach,	L. M.
428	Italian Hymn, or Moscow,	F. Giardini, Composed by Giardini for the Lock Chapel Collection, and there called "Hymn to the Trinity."	6, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
429	Grace Church,	From Pleyel,	L. M.
430	Patterson,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
431	Gloriam,	Dr. Gauntlett,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
432	(1st Tune) Endless Alleluia.	Jos. Barnby,	10, 10, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Alleluia,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 10, 7.
433	New Jersey,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7.
434	(1st Tune) Old 25th,	Day's Psalter, 1563,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Friendship,	German Tune,	S. M.
"	(3d Tune) Venice,	W. Amps, Organist, King's College, Cambridge, England.	S. M.
435	Naomi,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	C. M.
436	York,	Scotch Psalter, 1615, This tune, supposed to be of Scottish origin, at one time was a universal favorite. Sir John Hawkins says "that choirs sang it, chimes played, and nurses hummed it as a lullaby."	C. M.
437	Benevolence,	Dr. Edward Hodges,	L. M.
438	Boston,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	C. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
439	(1st Tune) Norfolk,	Dr. Howard,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Hebrew,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
440	(1st Tune) Naomi,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Serenity,	W. V. Wallace,	C. M.
441	Brattle Street,	Pleyel,	C. M.
442	(1st Tune) Habakkuk,	Dr. Edward Hodges,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Bethany,	Isaac Taylor,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
443	St. Fabian,	T. M. Grizzelle,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
444	Federal Street,	H. K. Oliver,	L. M.
445	Nuremburg,	German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7.
446	Rockingham,	Dr. Miller,	L. M.
447	(1st Tune) Amsterdam	Attributed to Dr. Nares,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) St. Hilary,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
448	Hope,	H. S. Irons,	L. M.
449	German Hymn,	Pleyel,	7, 7, 7, 7.
450	Bowen, or Otterbourn,	Haydn,	L. M.
451	Martyrdom,	Hugh Wilson. Har. by Rev. Dr. Dykes,	C. M.
452	Jackson,	Haydn,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
453	Warwick,	Samuel Stanley,	C. M.
454	(1st Tune) Sorrento,	J. H. Deane,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Rathbun,	Conkey,	8, 7, 8, 7.
455	(1st T.) Redhead, 66,	Redhead,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Manoah,	Author uncertain,	C. M.
456	Benediction,	Haydn,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
457	Nadderwater,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 6, 10, 6, 10, 10.
458	Salisbury,	Ravenscroft,	C. M
459	Cologne,	Dr. Gauntlett	L. M.
460	(1st Tune) Dutchess,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Chesterfield.	Rev. Dr. Haweis,	C. M.
461	Careys,	Henry Carey.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
462	Thatcher,	From Handel,	S. M.
463	Pentonville,	Lindley,	S. M.
464	Bloomingdale,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, Iambic.
465	(1st Tune) Devon,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Italy,	Italian Air,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
466	(1st Tune) Weber,	Weber,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Culbach,	Old Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7.
467	Attwood's,	Attwood,	C. M.
468	Wiltshire,	Sir Geo. Smart,	C. M.
469	Worthing,	Schultz,	8, 7, 8, 7.
470	St. Michaels,	A.D. 1585,	S. M.
471	Marlow,	Old Tune.	C. M.
472	Brevoort,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	5, 5, 5, 5, 6. 5, 6, 5.
473	Luton,	Burder,	L. M.
474	(1st T.) Mt. Ephraim,	Milgrove,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Schumann,	R. Schumann,	S. M.
475	(1st Tune) Fetterh'm	J. Greatorex,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Abridge,	I. Smith,	C. M.
476	Christmas,	Handel,	C. M.
477	(1st Tune) University College.	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) German Hymn.	Pleyel,	7, 7, 7, 7.
478	Baden,	Old German Tune,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.
479	Franconia,	German Tune (1720),	S. M.
480	Federal Street,	H. K. Oliver,	L. M.
481	Judgment,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
482	(1st Tune) St. Bride,	Dr. Howard,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Olmutz,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
483	Dies Iræ,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	Irregular.
484	Luther's Hymn,	Luther,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
485	(1st T.) Vox Angelica,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11
"	(2d Tune) Angels of Jesus.	J. E. Roe,	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.
"	(3d Tune) Coxe,	Joseph Seiboth, Mus. Doc.,	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.
486	Redhead, No. 66	R. Redhead,	C. M.
487	Burlington,	J. H. Burrowes,	C. M.
488	Spohr,	Spohr,	C. M.
489	Scranton,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	S. M.
490	Lausanne,	German Tune,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
491	(1st Tune) Munich,	German Tune. 1648.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) St. Alphege,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 6, 7, 6.
492	(1st T.) For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) St. Anselm,	J. Barnby,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
493	Ewing,	Alex. Ewing,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
494	Tichfield,	From "Crown of Jesus,"	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
495	Manchester, New,	Dr. Wainwright,	C. M.
496	Southwell,	H. S. Irons,	C. M.
497	Baltimore,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 6, 10, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
498	Bowen, or Otterburn,	Haydn,	L. M.
499	Devonshire, or Kent,	George Greene,	L. M.
500	Nayland,	Rev. W. Jones,	C. M.
501	(1st Tune) London, New.	First met with in old Scotch Psalters, where it is called "Newtown."	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Haight,	J. H. Cornell, Organist of St. Paul's Chapel, N. Y.	C. M.
502	(1st Tune) St. Benedict.	From Congregational Hymn and Tune-Book.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Bristol,	Dr. Edward Hodges,	C. M.
503	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	L. M.
504	Careys,	Henry Carey,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
505	(1st Tune) Gilbert's,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Störl,	Störl, 1750,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
506	(1st Tune) Oriel,	W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Verona,	J. H. Deane,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7.
507	(1st Tune) St. Chad,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.
"	(2d Tune) Bethany,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.
"	(3d Tune) Leeds,	Dr. J. Sieboth,	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.
508	(1st Tune) Creation,	E. J. Hopkins,	D. L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Creation,	Haydn,	D. L. M.
509	(1st Tune) Paradise,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Paradise,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
"	(3d Tune) Paradise,	Henry,	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
510	(1st Tune) Brighton,	White,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Farrants,	Richard Farrant. (Died 1585),	C. M.
511	Attole Paulum,	German Tune. Arr. by Mendelssohn,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
512	(1st T.) Lux Benigna,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10
"	(2d Tune) Barnby,	Joseph Barnby,	10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10
513	(1st Tune) Dennis,	H. G. Nageli,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Hythe,	Saml J. Gilbert,	S. M.
514	(1st Tune) Stephanas,	Arranged by Monk,	8, 5, 8, 5.
"	(2d Tune) Christus Consolator.	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 5, 8, 5.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
515	St. Matthias,	W. H. Monk,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
516	Irish,	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780.)	C. M.
517	Liverpool,	Dr. Wainright,	C. M.
518	(1st Tune) Narenza,	German Tune. Har. by Havergall,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Bankfield,		S. M.
519	(1st Tune) Cassel,	H. E. Stidolph, of Chelmsford, England,	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
"	(2d Tune) Hanover,	Dr. Croft,	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
520	(1st Tune) Lyte,	J. Wilkes, A.R.A.,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Brigham,	Tuckerman,	S. M.
521	(1st Tune) Wigan,	T. Graham,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Naylor's,	Naylor,	7, 7, 7, 7.
522	Willing's,	Willing,	L. M.
523	(1st Tune) Shore,	William Shore,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Garrett's,	G. M. Garrett, Mus. D.,	7, 7, 7, 7.
524	(1st Tune) Wesley's,	S. S. Wesley, Mus. D.,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Attwood's,	Thomas Attwood (from a Chant),	S. M.
525	(1st Tune) Mercy,	L. M. Gottschalk, 1867,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d T.) Anc't Lit'ny,	Old Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7.
526	Linda,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	P. M.
527	(1st Tune) Pentecost,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 7, 7, 5.
"	(2d Tune) Irene,	Rev. C. C. Scholefield,	7, 7, 7, 5.
528	(1st T.) Vox Dilecti,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	D. C. M.
"	(2d T.) St. Matthew's,	Dr. Croft,	D. C. M.
529	(1st Tune) Davies,	Rev. S. R. Davies,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Stainer,	Dr. Stainer,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
530	Trust,	Author uncertain,	8, 7, 8, 7.
531	(1st T.) Redhead. 76,	Richard Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d T.) Huntington,	T. Hastings,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
532	(1st T.) Hollingside,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d T.) Blumenthal,	J. Blumenthal,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(3d Tune) Martyn,	Marsh,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
Gloria Patria	Adeste Fideles,	See No. 19,	11, 11, 11, 11.

CANTICLES

OF THE

Protestant Episcopal Church

WITH MUSIC

EDITED BY THE

Rev. A. B. GOODRICH D.D.

RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, UTICA, N. Y.

AND

WALTER B. GILBERT Mus. B. Oxon.

ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHAPEL, NEW YORK

NEW YORK

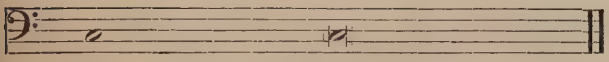
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

31 WEST 23D STREET

1886

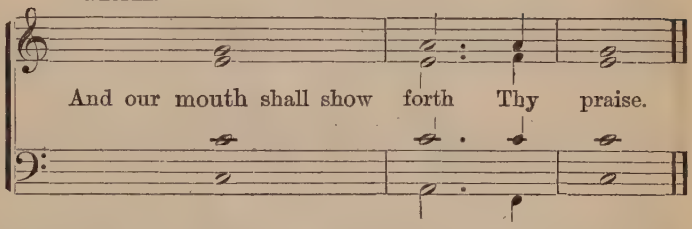
Preces and Responses.

PRIEST.

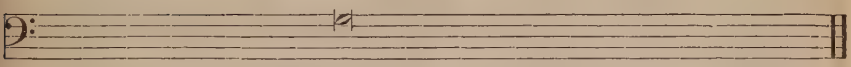


ORG. O Lord, open Thou our lips.

PEOPLE.

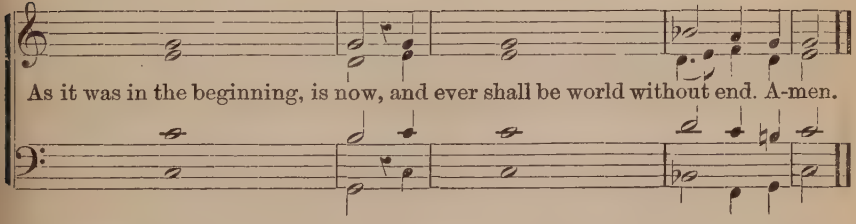


PRIEST.

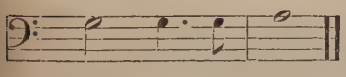


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

PEOPLE.

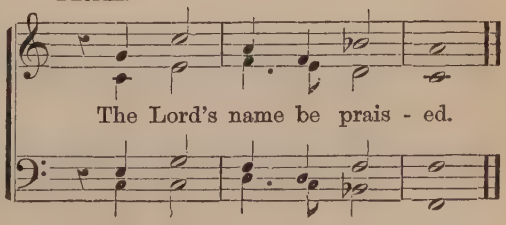


PRIEST.



Praise ye the Lord.

PEOPLE.



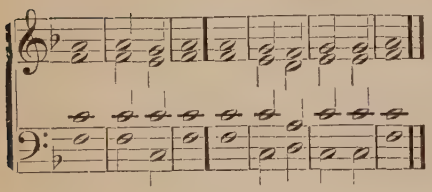
Morning Prayer.

Venite, exultemus Domino.

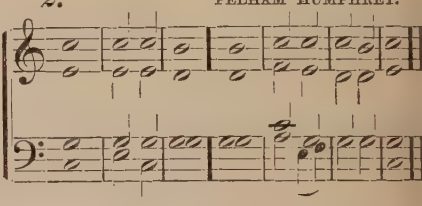
Except on those days for which other Anthems are appointed; and except, also, when it is used in the course of the Psalms, on the nineteenth day of the month.

Venite Chants.

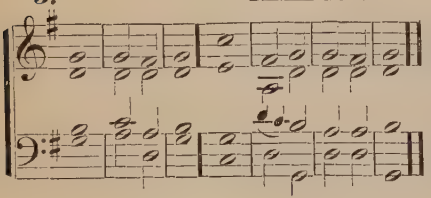
1. THOMAS TALLIS.



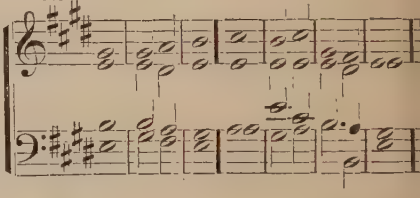
2. PELHAM HUMPHREY.



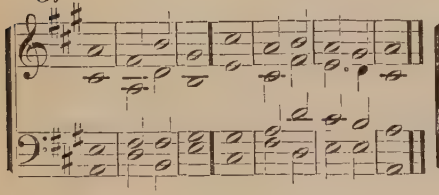
3. DANIEL PURCELL.



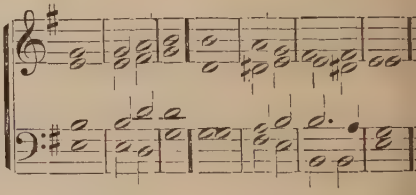
4. ISAAC BARROW.



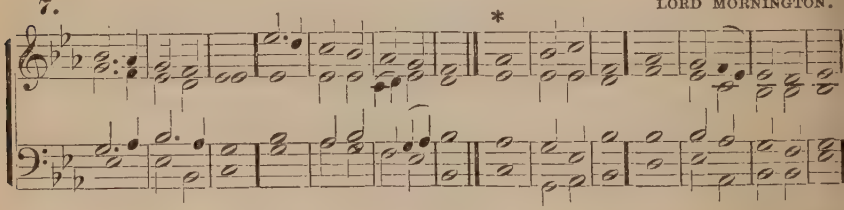
5. DR. ALDRICH.



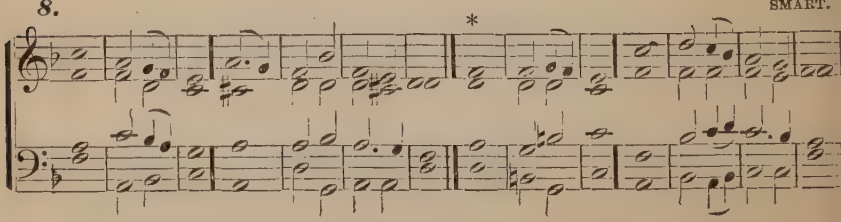
6. DR. BLOW.



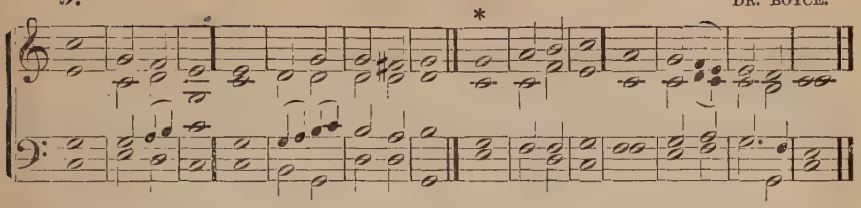
7. LORD MORNINGTON.



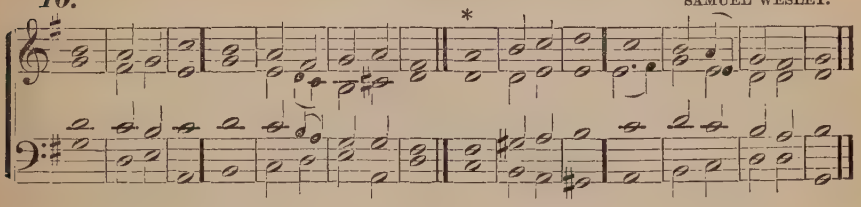
8. SMART.



9. DR. BOYCE.



10. SAMUEL WESLEY.



Venite, exultemus Domino.

1. O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord:†let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2. Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3. For the Lord is a | great— | God: and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4. In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

5. The sea is his, | and he | made it: and his hands pre- | pared the | dry— | land.

6. O come, let us worship | and fall | down: and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7. For he is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.

8. O worship the Lord in the | beauty of |holiness: let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

9. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost.

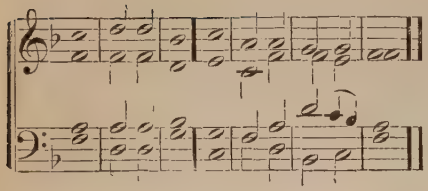
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world | without | end, A- | men.

† The colon stands for the double bar (‖).

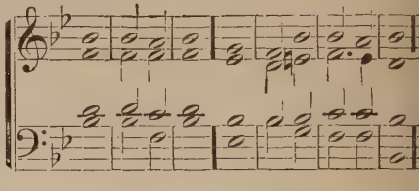
Morning Prayer.

Venite Chants.

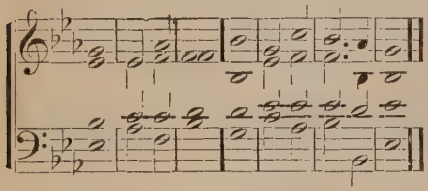
11. SIR R. P. STEWART.



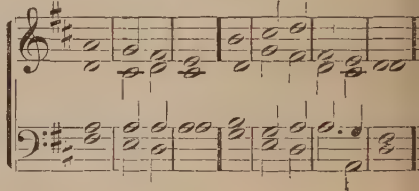
12. DR. CROTCH.



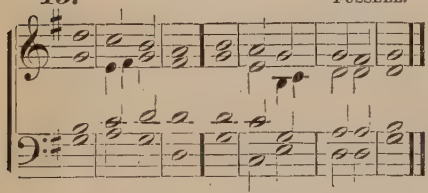
13. W. V. WALLACE.



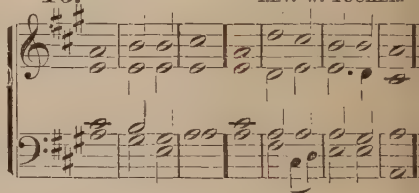
14. JOHN JONES.



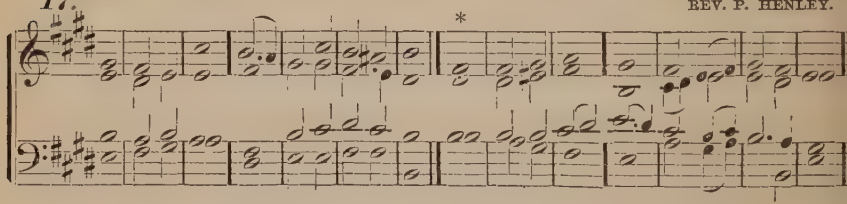
15. FUSSELL.



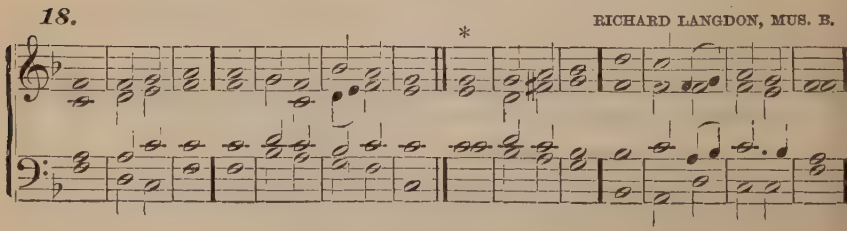
16. REV. W. TUCKER.



17. REV. P. HENLEY.

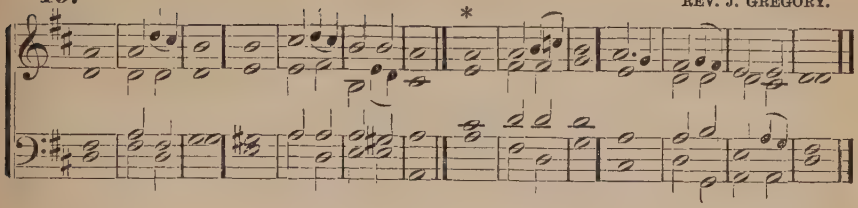


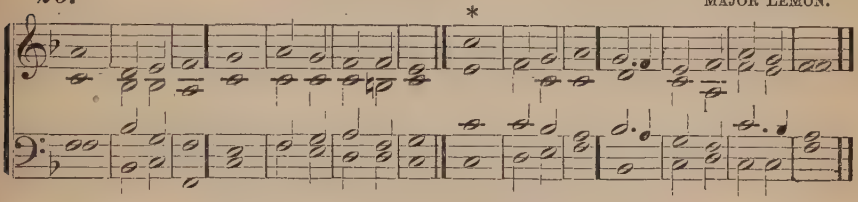
18. RICHARD LANGDON, MUS. B.



Venite Chants.

19. REV. J. GREGORY.



20. MAJOR LEMON.

Venite, exultemus Domino.

1. O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2. Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3. For the Lord is a | great— | God: and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4. In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

5. The sea is his, | and he | made it: and his hands pre- | pared the | dry— | land.

6. O come, let us worship | and fall | down: and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7. For he is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.

8. O worship the Lord in the | beauty of |holiness: let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

*9. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

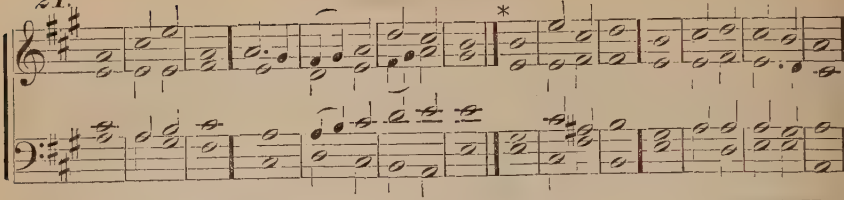
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world | without | end, A- | men.

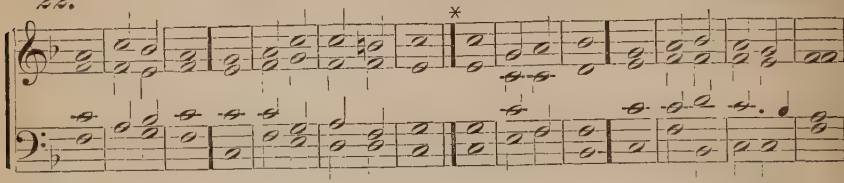
Morning Prayer.

Venite Chants.

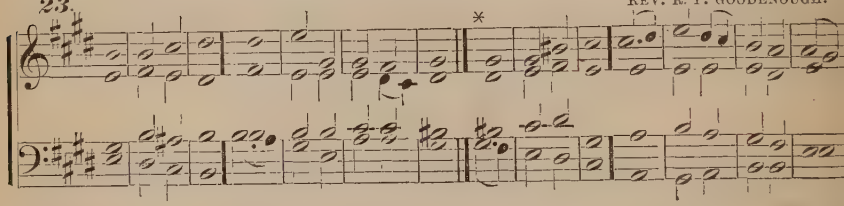
21. T. NORRIS, MUS. B.



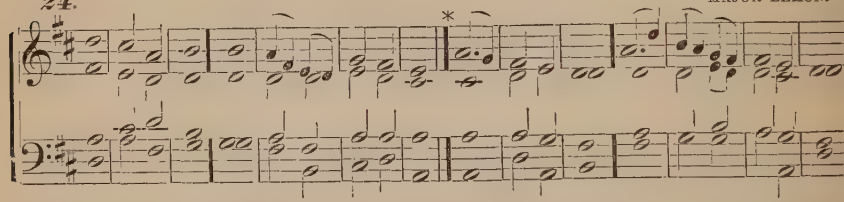
22. FITZHERBERT.



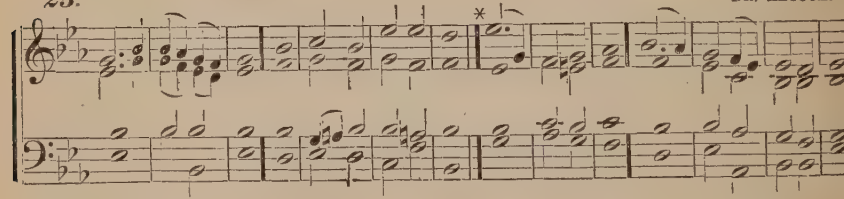
23. REV. R. P. GOODENOUGH.



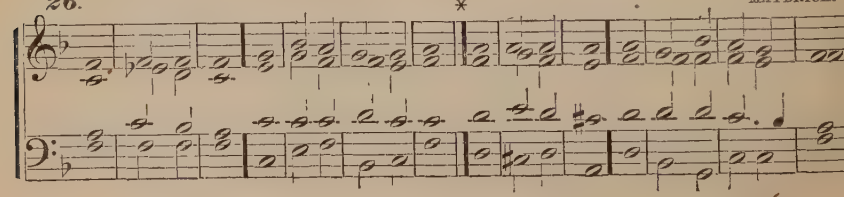
24. MAJOR LEMON.



25. DR. ALCOCK.

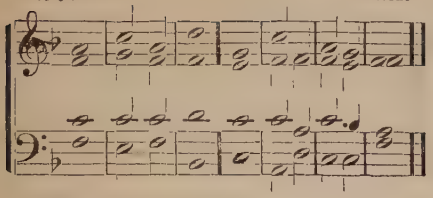


26. MAYBRICK.

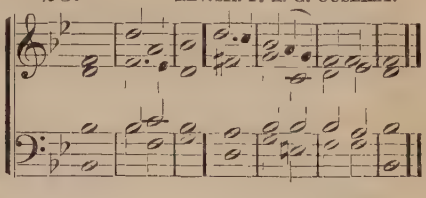


Venite Chants.

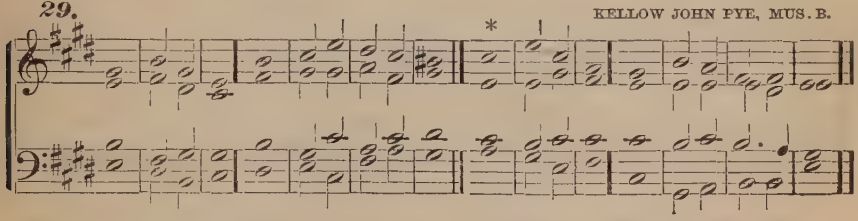
27. SIR G. G. ELVEY.



28. REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



29. KELLOW JOHN PYE, MUS. B.



Venite, exultemus Domino.

1. O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2. Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3. For the Lord is a | great— | God: and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4. In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

5. The sea is his, | and he | made it: and his hands pre- | pared the | dry— | land.

6. O come, let us worship | and fall | down: and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7. For he is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.

8. O worship the Lord in the | beauty of |holiness: let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

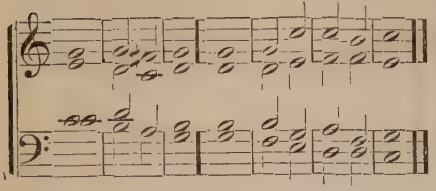
*9. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost.

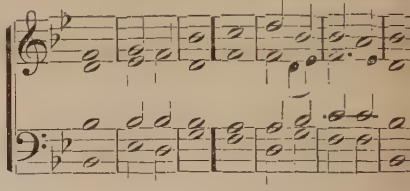
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world | without | end, A- | men.

¶ *Portions of Psalms, to be sung or said at Morning Prayer, on certain Feasts and Fasts, instead of the* Venite exultemus, *when any of the* [ten] *Selections are to follow instead of the Psalms, as in the Table.*

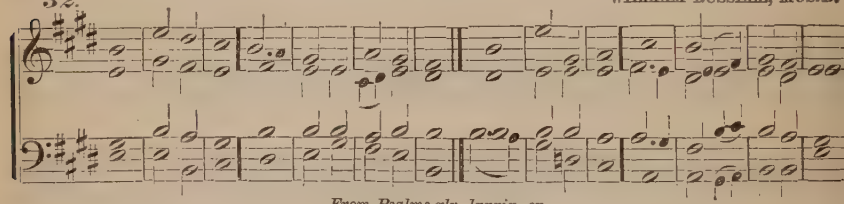
30. SAVAGE.



31. G. A. MACFARREN.



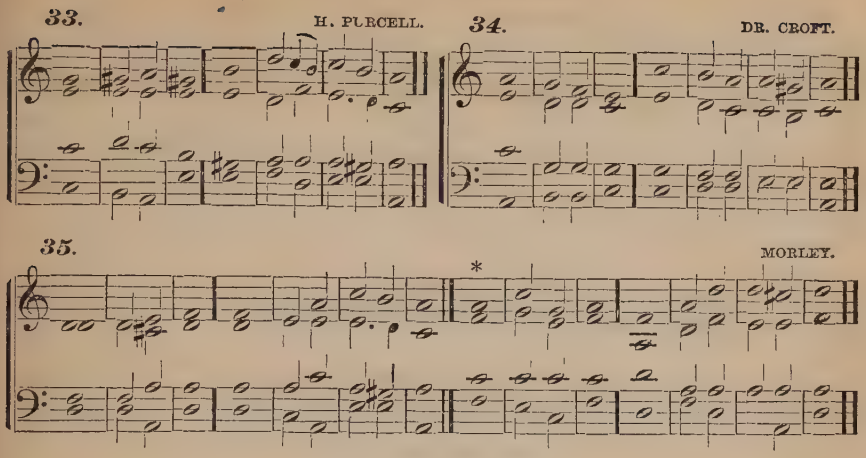
32. WILLIAM RUSSELL, MUS.B.



From Psalms xlv. lxxxix. cx.

1. Thy seat, O God, en- | dureth for | ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a | right— | sceptre.
2. Thou hast loved righteousness, and | hated in- | iquity: wherefor God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of | gladnes a- | bove thy | fellows.
3. My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness | of the | Lord: wit my mouth will I ever be showing thy truth from one gener-|a-tion to an- | other.
4. For I have said, Mercy shall be set | up for | ever: thy truth sha thou | establish | in the | heavens.
5. The Lord is | our de- | fence: the Holy one of | Israel | is our | king
6. Thou spakest sometime in visions unto thy | saints, and | saidst: have laid help upon one that is mighty, I have exalted one cho-sen | out of the | people.
7. I will set his dominion | in the | sea: and his | right hand | in the floods.
8. And I will make him | my first- | born: higher | than the | kings the | earth.
9. The Lord said un- | to my | Lord: Sit thou on my right hand, unt I make thine | en-e- | mies thy | footstool.
10. The Lord shall send the rod of thy power | out of | Zion: be tho ruler, even in the | midst a- | mong thine | enemies.
11. In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will offering with an | ho-ly | worship: the dew of thy birth is | of the | wom of the | morning.
12. The Lord sware, and will | not re-pent: Thou art a Priest foreve after the order | of Mel- | chi-se- | dech.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the|Ho-ly|Ghos
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world without | end. A- | men.



From Psalms xxxii. xxxviii. cxxx.

1. Blessed is he whose unrighteousness | is for | given: and | whose— | sin is | covered.

2. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord im- | puteth no | sin: and in whose | spirit there | is no | guile.

3. Put me not to rebuke, O Lord, | in thine | anger: neither chasten me in thy | hea- | vy dis- | pleasure:

4. For thine arrows stick | fast in | me: and thy | hand— | presseth me| sore.

5. My wickednesses are gone | over my | head: and are like a sore burden, too | heavy for | me to | bear.

6. I will con- | fess my | wickedness: and be | sorry | for my | sin.

7. Haste | thee to | help me: O Lord | God of | my sal- | vation.

8. Out of the deep have I called unto | thee, O | Lord: Lord, | hear– | my– | voice.

9. Let thine ears | be at- | tentive: to the voice | of my | suppli | cations.

10. If thou, Lord, shouldest be extreme to mark what is | done a- | miss: O|Lord,— | who shall | stand?

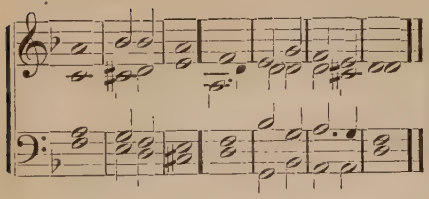
*11. But there is for- | giveness with | thee: that | thou— | mayest be | feared.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly|Ghost;

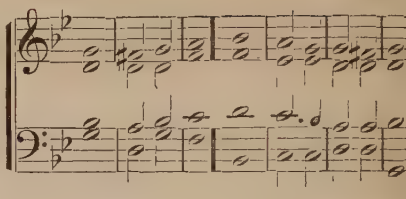
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

Good Friday.

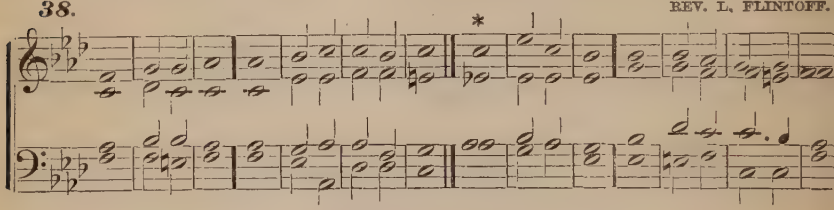
36. SIR JOHN GOSS.



37. W. HINE.



38. REV. L. FLINTOFF.

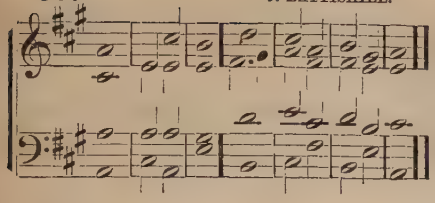


From Psalms xxii. lxix. xl.

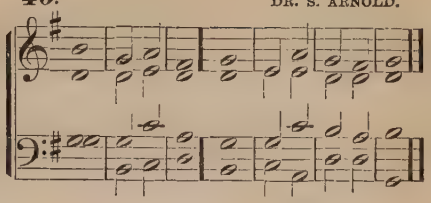
1. My God! my God! look upon me; why hast thou for- | saken|me: and art so far from my health, and from the | words of | my com- | plaint?
2. But | thou art|holy: O Thou that inhabitest the | praises of | Isra|el
3. I am a worm, and | no— | man: a reproach of men, and des- | pised of the | people.
4. All they that see me | laugh me to | scorn: they shoot out the lip they | shake the | head,— | saying,
5. He trusted in God, that he | would de- | liver him: let him deliver him, | if— | he will | have him.
6. The counsel of the wicked layeth | siege a- | gainst me: they pierced my | hands— | and my | feet.
7. They part my | garments a- | mong them: and cast | lots up-|on my vesture.
8. But be not thou far from | me, O | Lord: O my | strength, haste|thee to | help me.
9. Thy rebuke hath broken my heart, I am | full of|heaviness: I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found I | any to | comfort me.
10. They gave me | gall to | eat: and when I was thirsty, they | gave me vinegar to | drink.
11. Sacrifices and meat-offering thou | wouldest | not: but mine | ears hast | thou— | opened.
12. Burnt-offering and sacrifice for sin hast thou | not re- | quired: then said I | Lo, I | come.
13. In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil thy will, | O my | God: I am content to do it; yea, thy | law is within my | heart.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

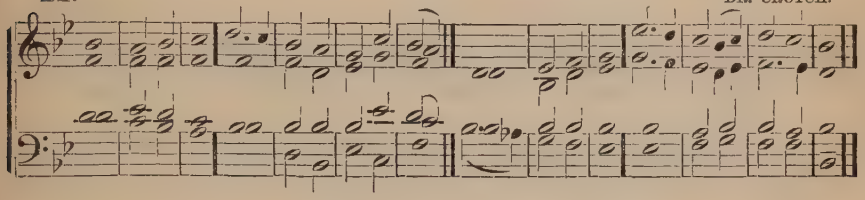
39. J. BATTISHILL.



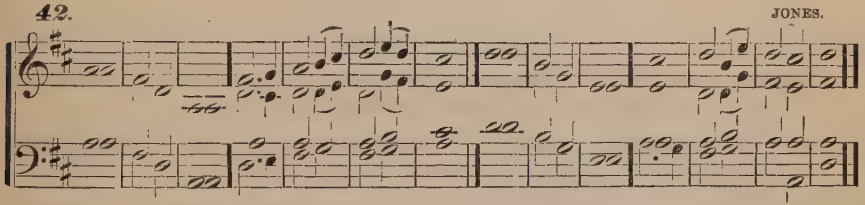
40. DR. S. ARNOLD.



41. DR. CROTCH.



42. JONES.

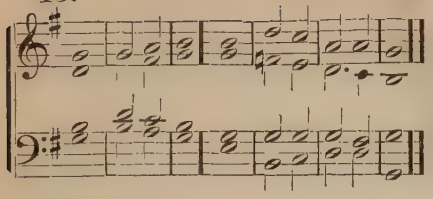


1. Christ our Passover is | sacri-ficed | for us therefore | let us | keep the | feast;
2. Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice and | wickedness: but with the unleavened bread of sin- | cer-i | ty and | truth.
3. Christ being raised from the dead, | dieth no | more: death hath no more do- | minion | o-ver | him.
4. For in that He died, He died unto | sin— | once: but in that He liveth, He | liv-eth | unto | God.
5. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | un-to | sin: but alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
6. Christ is risen | from the | dead: and become the first- | fruits of | them that | slept.
7. For since by | man came | death: by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.
8. For as in | Adam all | die: even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live.

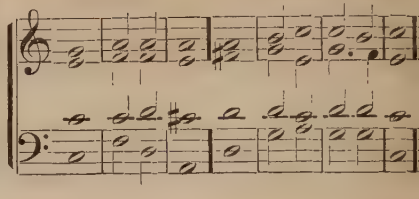
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

Ascension Day.

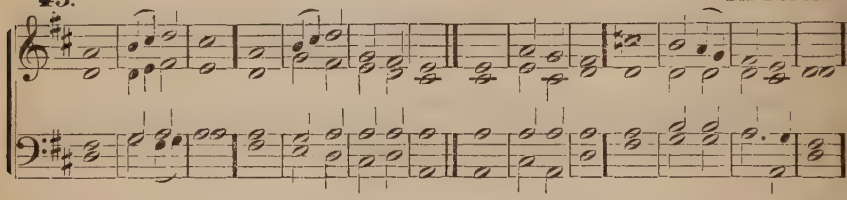
43. JAMES TURLE.



44. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



45. DR. DUPUIS.



From Psalms xxiv. xlvii.

1. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ever- | las-ting | doors: and the King of | glo-ry | shall come | in.

2. Who is the | King of | glory: The Lord, strong and mighty, even | the | Lord— | mighty in | battle.

3. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: and the King of | glo-ry | shall come | in.

4. Who is the | King of | glory: Even the Lord of hosts, | he is the | King of | glory.

5. O clap hands together, | all ye | people: shout unto God | with the | voice of | triumph.

6. For the Lord Most | High is | terrible: He is a great | King over | all the | earth.

7. God is gone up | with a | shout: the | Lord with the | sound of a | trumpet.

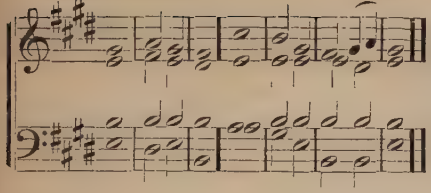
8. Sing praises to | God, sing | praises: sing praises unto our | King— | sing— | praises.

9. God reigneth | over the | heathen: God sitteth upon the | throne— | of his | holiness.

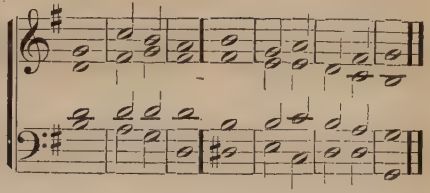
10. The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people o | the | God of | Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto | God; | he is | greatly ex- | alted.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

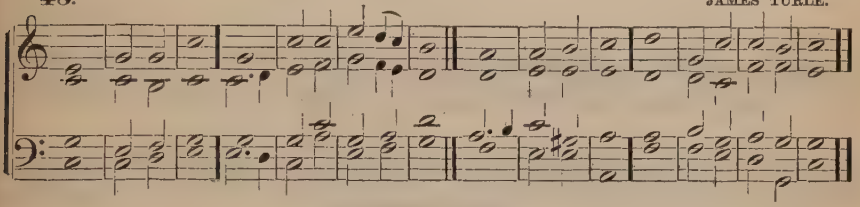
46. DR. CROTCH.



47. DR. RIMBAULT.



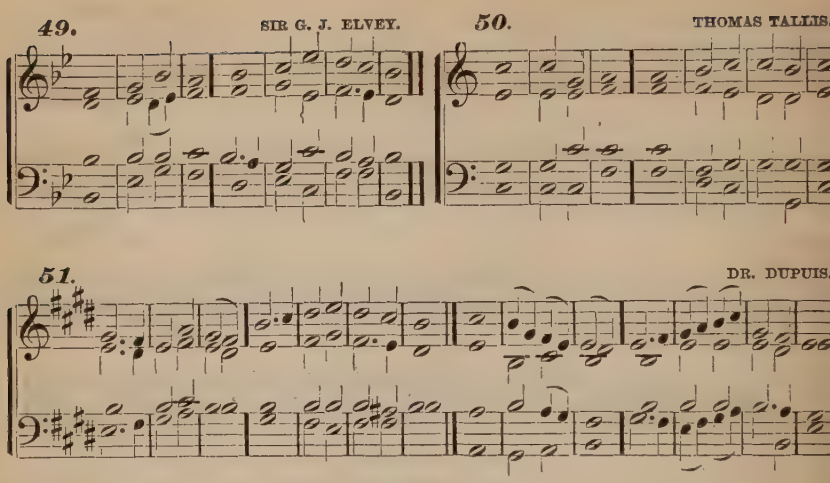
48. JAMES TURLE.



From Psalms ii. lxviii.

1. I will declare the decree; the Lord hath | said unto | me: Thou art my Son, this day have | I be-| gotten | thee.
2. Desire of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for | thine in-| heritance: and the utmost parts of the | earth for | thy pos-| session.
3. Be wise now, therefore, | O ye | kings: be instructed ye | judges | of the | earth.
4. Serve the | Lord with | fear: and | —re-| joice with | trembling.
5. Sing unto God, sing praises | to his | Name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens, by His Name JAH, | and re-| joice be-| fore him.
6. Thou, O God, sentest a gracious rain upon | thine in- | heritance: and re | freshedst it | when it was | weary.
7. The Lord | gave the | word: great was the company of | those that | published | it.
8. Though ye have lain a- | mong the | pots: yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her | feathers with | yellow | gold.
9. Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received | gifts for | men: yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord | God might | dwell a- | mong them.
10. Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth | us with | benefits: even the | God of | our sal | vation.
11. Sing unto God, ye kingdoms | of the | earth: O sing | praises un-| to the | Lord.
12. To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens, which | were of | old: Lo, he doth send out his voice, and | that a | mighty | voice.
13. Ascribe ye | strength unto | God: his excellency is over Israel, and his | strength is | in the | clouds.
14. O God, thou art terrible out of thy | ho-ly | places: the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. | Bless- — | ed be | God.

Glory be to the Father, etc.



From Psalm cxlvii.

1. Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises un- | to our | God for it is | pleasant, and | praise is | comely.

2. The Lord doth build up Je- | ru-sa- | lem: he gathereth together the out- — | casts of | Israel.

3. He healeth those that are | broken in | heart: and | bind-eth | up their | wounds.

4. He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth | rain for the | earth he maketh the grass to | grow up- | on the | mountains.

5. He giveth to the | beast his | food: and to the | young — | ravens which | cry.

6. Praise the Lord, O Je- | ru-sa- | lem: praise | —thy | God, O | Sion.

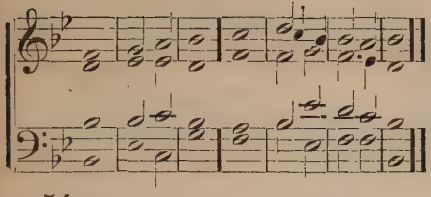
7. For he hath strengthened the | bars of thy | gates: he hath blessed thy | chil-dren | with-in | thee.

8. He maketh peace | in thy | borders: and filleth thee with the | finest of the | wheat.

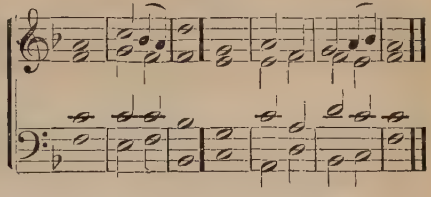
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world with-out | end. A | men.

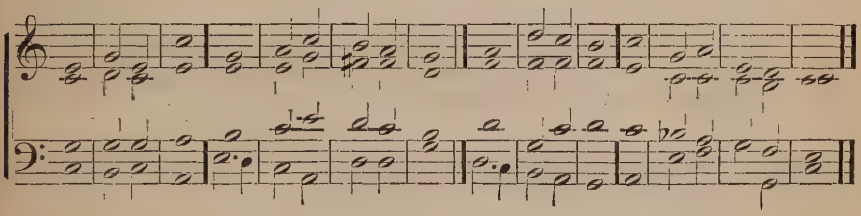
52. FROM DR. WOODWARD.



53. REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



54. J. H. CORNELL.



From Psalm xxiv.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and all that | there-in | is: the compass of the world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

2. For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas: and prepared | it up- | on the | floods.

3. Who shall ascend unto the hill | of the | Lord: or who shall rise up | in his | ho-ly | place?

4. Even he that hath clean hands, and a | pure— | heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn | to de- | ceive his | neighbour.

5. He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord: and righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.

6. This is the generation of them that | seek— | him: even of them that | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

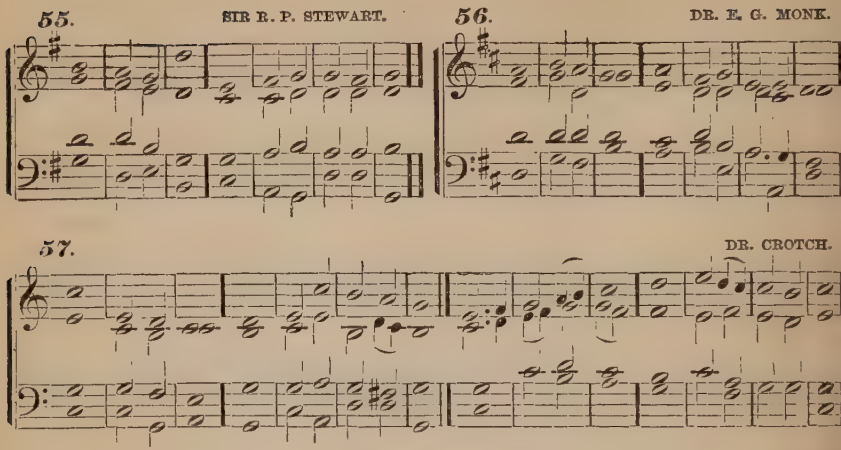
7. Lift up your heads O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: and the King of | glo-ry | shall come | in.

8. Who is the | King of | glory: It is the Lord strong and mighty, even the | Lord— | mighty in | battle.

9. Lift up your heads O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: and the King of | glo-ry | shall come | in.

10. Who is the | King of | glory: Even the Lord of hosts, | he is the | King of | glory.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

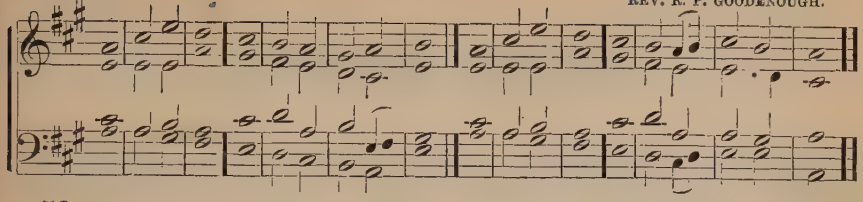
Institution of Ministers.

1. O PRAISE the Lord, laud ye the Name | of the | Lord: praise it O ye | ser-vants | of the | Lord.
2. Ye that stand in the house | of the | Lord: in the courts of the | house of | our— | God.
3. O praise the Lord, for the | Lord is | gracious: O sing praises unto his Name, | for— | it is | lovely.
4. The Lord is gracious and | merci- | ful: long-suffering, | and of | great— | goodness.
5. The Lord is loving unto | eve-ry | man: and his mercy is | o-ver | all his | works.
6. All thy works praise thee, | O— | Lord: and thy saints give | thanks— | un-to | thee.
7. The Lord doth build up Je- | ru-sa- | lem: and gather together the outcasts | of— | Is-ra- | el.
8. He healeth those that are | broken in | heart: and giveth medicine to | heal— | their— | sickness.
9. The Lord's delight is in them that | fear— | him: and put their | trust in | his— | mercy.
10. Praise the Lord, O Je- | ru-sa- | lem: praise thy | God,— | O— | Sion.

11. For he hath made fast the bars | of thy | gates: and hath blessed thy children | with-in | thee.
12. He maketh peace | in thy | borders: and filleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.
13. He is our God, even the God of whom | cometh sal- | vation: God is the Lord, by whom | we es- | cape— | death.
14. O God, wonderful art thou in thy | ho-ly | places: even the God of Israel, he will give strength and power unto his people. | Bless-ed be— | God.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

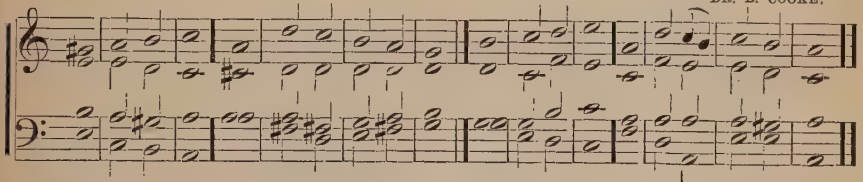
58.

REV. R. P. GOODENOUGH.



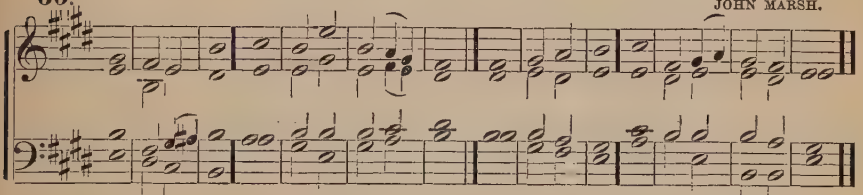
59.

DR. B. COOKE.



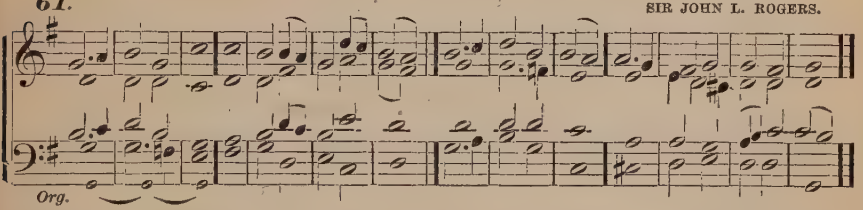
60.

JOHN MARSH.



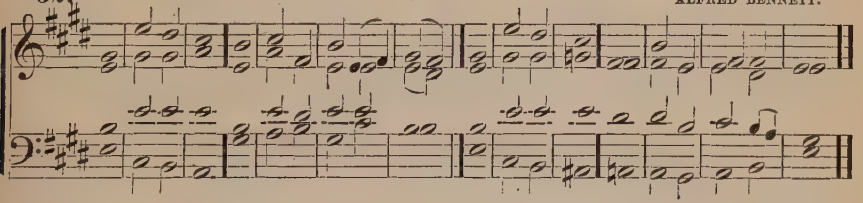
61.

SIR JOHN L. ROGERS.



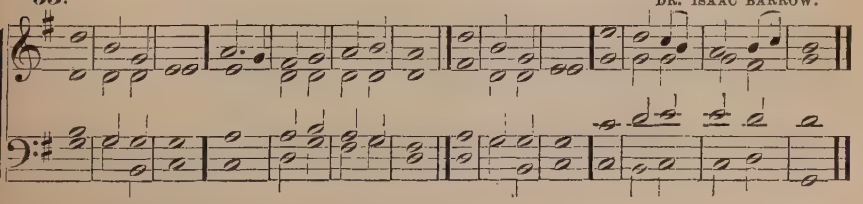
62.

ALFRED BENNETT.

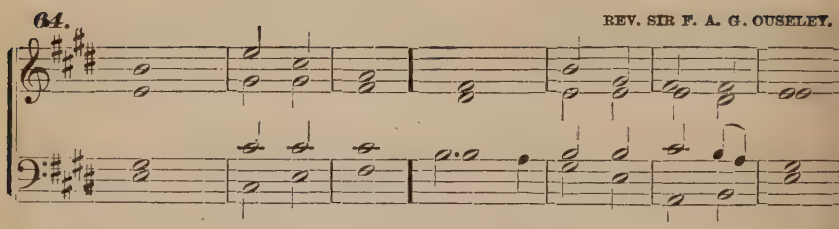


63.

DR. ISAAC BARROW.



Te Deum Laudamus.



1. We praise | thee, O | God: we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

2. All the earth doth | wor-ship | thee: the Father | ev-er | last— | ing

3. To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud: the Heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.

4. To thee Cherubim and | Se-raph- | im; con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry.

5. Holy, | Ho-ly, | Holy: Lord | God of | Sa-ba- | oth;

6. Heaven and | earth are | full of the | Majesty | of thy | glory.

7. The glorious company | of the A- | postles: praise | — — | — — | thee.

8. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: praise | — — | — — thee.

9. The noble army | of — | Martyrs: praise | — — | — — | thee.

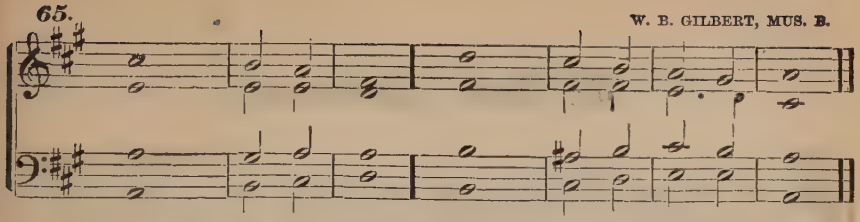
10. The holy Church throughout | all the | world: doth | —ac- | knowledge | thee;

11. The | Fa— | ther: of an | infi-nite | Ma-jes- | ty;

12. Thine a- | dora-ble, | true: and | on— | —ly | Son;

13. Also the | Ho-ly | Ghost: the | Com— | —fort- | er.

65. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



14. Thou art the | King of | glory: O | — — | — — | Christ.

15. Thou art the ever- | las-ting | Son: of | —the | Fa— | ther.

16. When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liv-er | man: thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a | Virgin.

17. When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death: thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.

18. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: in the | glory | of the | Father.

19. We believe that | thou shalt | come: to | be— | our— | judge.

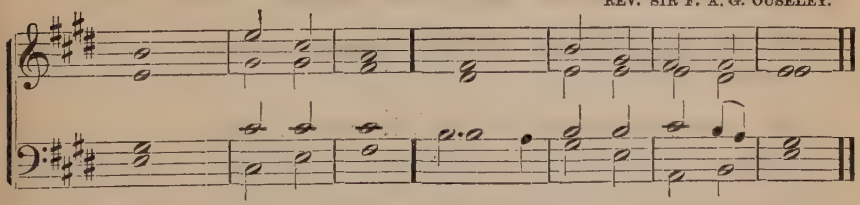
20. We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.

21. Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints: in glory | ev-er- | las- | ting.

22. O Lord, | save thy | people: and | bless thine | her-it- | age.

23. Gov- | —ern | them: and | lift them | up for | ever.

REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



24. Day | by— | day: we | mag-ni- | fy— | thee.

25. And we worship | thy— | Name: ever | world with- | out— | end.

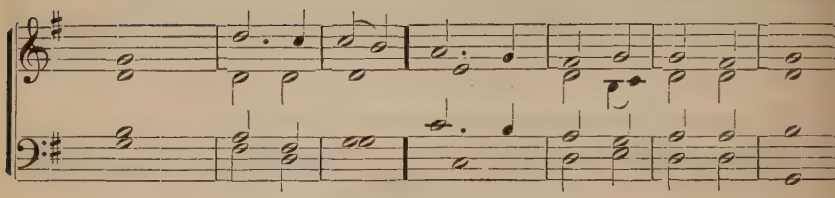
26. Vouch- | safe, O | Lord: to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.

27. O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us: have | mer- — | cy up- | on us.

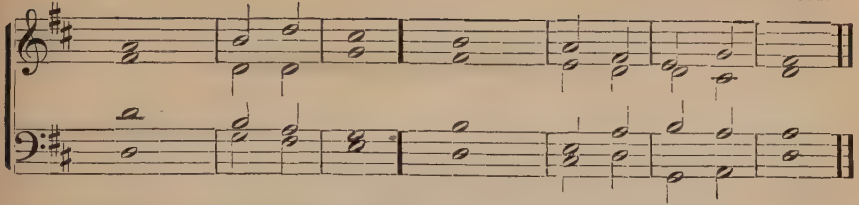
28. O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us; as our | trust is | in — | thee.

29. O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted: let me | never | be con- | founded.

Te Deum Laudamus.

66. SIR JOHN L. ROGERS.

1. We praise | thee, O | God: we acknowledge | thee to | be the Lord.
2. All the earth doth | wor-ship | thee: the Father | ev-er | last— | in
3. To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud: the Heavens, and | all the | powe there- | in.
4. To thee Cherubim and | Se-raph- | im; con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry.
5. Holy, | Ho-ly, | Holy: Lord | God of | Sa-ba- | oth;
6. Heaven and | earth are | full: of the | Majesty | of thy | glory.
7. The glorious company | of the A- | postles: praise | — — | — — thee.
8. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: praise | — — | — — thee.
9. The noble army | of — | Martyrs: praise | — — | — — | thee.
10. The holy Church throughout | all the | world: doth | —ac- | knowledge | thee;
11. The | Fa— | ther: of an | infi-nite | Ma-jes- | ty;
12. Thine a- | dora-ble, | true: and | on— | —ly | Son;
13. Also the | Ho-ly | Ghost: the | Com— | —fort- | er.

67. DR. GARRETT.



14. Thou art the | King of | glory: O | — — | — — | Christ.

15. Thou art the ever- | las-ting | Son: of | —the | Fa— | ther.

16. When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liv-er | man: thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a | Virgin.

17. When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death: thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.

18. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: in the | glory | of the | Father.

19. We believe that | thou shalt | come: to | be— | our— | judge.

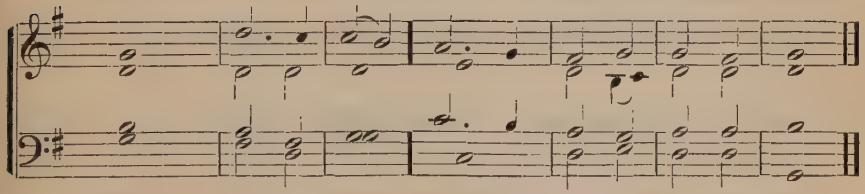
20. We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.

21. Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints: in glory | ev-er- | las- | ting.

22. O Lord, | save thy | people: and | bless thine | her-it- | age.

23. Gov- | —ern | them: and | lift them | up for | ever.

SIR JOHN L. ROGERS.



24. Day | by— | day: we | mag-ni- | fy— | thee.

25. And we worship | thy— | Name: ever | world with- | out— | end.

26. Vouch- | safe, O | Lord: to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.

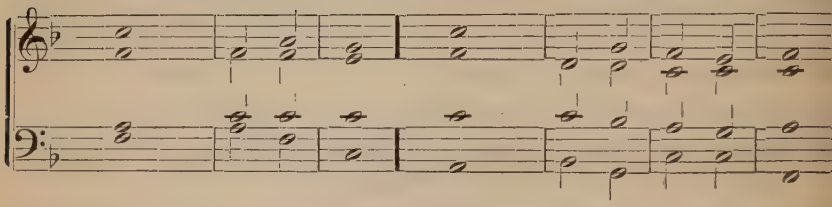
27. O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us: have | mer- — | cy up- | on us.

28. O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us; as our | trust is | in — | thee.

29. O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted: let me | never | be con- | founded.

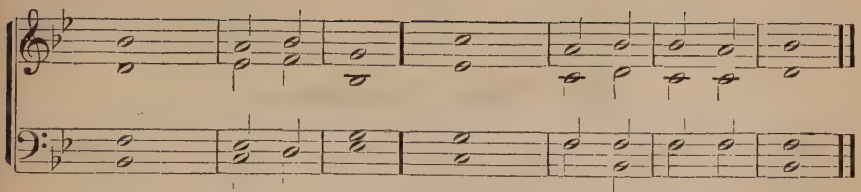
Te Deum Laudamus.

68. RICHARD BELLAMY, MUS. B.



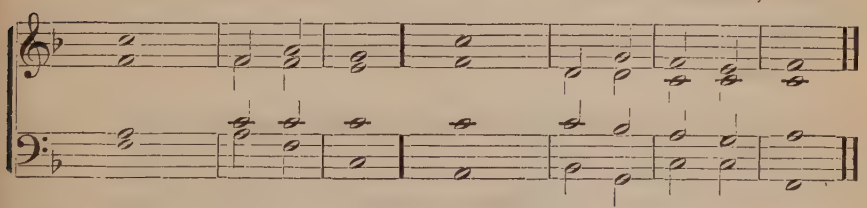
1. We praise | thee, O | God: we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
2. All the earth doth | wor-ship | thee: the Father | ev-er | last— | ing
3. To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud: the Heavens, and | all the | power there- | in.
4. To thee Cherubim and | Se-raph- | im; con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry,
5. Holy, | Ho-ly, | Holy: Lord | God of | Sa-ba- | oth;
6. Heaven and | earth are | full: of the | Majesty | of thy | glory.
7. The glorious company | of the A- | postles: praise | — — | — — thee.
8. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: praise | — — | — — thee.
9. The noble army | of — | Martyrs: praise | — — | — — | thee.
10. The holy Church throughout | all the | world: doth | —ac- | knowledge | thee;
11. The | Fa— | ther: of an | infi-nite | Ma-jes- | ty;
12. Thine a- | dora-ble, | true: and | on— | —ly | Son;
13. Also the | Ho-ly | Ghost: the | Com— | —fort- | er.

69. DR. W. HAYES.



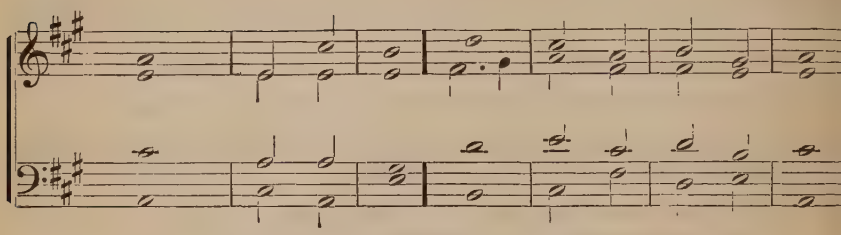
14. Thou art the | King of | glory: O | — — | — — | Christ.
15. Thou art the ever- | las-ting | Son: of | —the | Fa— | ther.
16. When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liv-er | man: thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a | Virgin.
17. When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death: thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
18. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: in the | glory | of the | Father.
19. We believe that | thou shalt | come: to | be— | our— | judge.
20. We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.
21. Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints: in glory | ev-er- | las- | ting.
22. O Lord, | save thy | people: and | bless thine | her-it- | age.
23. Gov- | —ern | them: and | lift them | up for | ever.

RICHARD BELLAMY, MUS. B.



24. Day | by— | day: we | mag-ni- | fy— | thee.
25. And we worship | thy— | Name: ever | world with- | out— | end.
26. Vouch- | safe, O | Lord: to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.
27. O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us: have | mer— | cy up- | on us.
28. O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us; as our | trust is | in — | thee.
29. O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted: let me | never | be con- | founded.

Te Deum Laudamus.

70. J. BATTISHILL.

1. We praise | thee, O | God: we acknowledge | thee to | be the Lord.

2. All the earth doth | wor-ship | thee: the Father | ev-er | last— | ing

3. To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud: the Heavens, and | all the | powe there- | in.

4. To thee Cherubim and | Se-raph- | im: con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry.

5. Holy, | Holy, | Holy: Lord | God of | Sa-ba- | oth;

6. Heaven and | earth are | full: of the | Majesty | of thy | glory.

7. The glorious company | of the A- | postles: praise | — — | — — thee.

8. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: praise | — — | — — thee.

9. The noble army | of— | Martyrs: praise | — — | — — | thee.

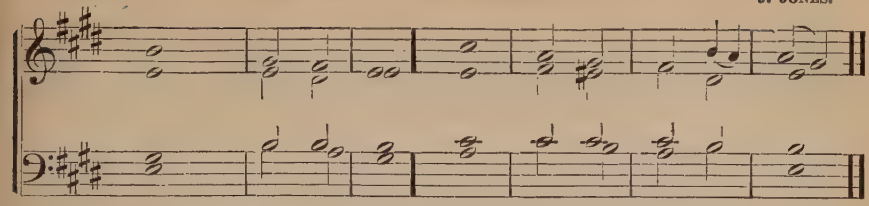
10. The holy Church throughout | all the | world: doth | —ac- | know ledge | thee;

11. The | Fa— | ther: of an | infin-ite | Ma-jes- | ty;

12. Thine a- | dora-ble, | true, and | on— | —ly | Son;

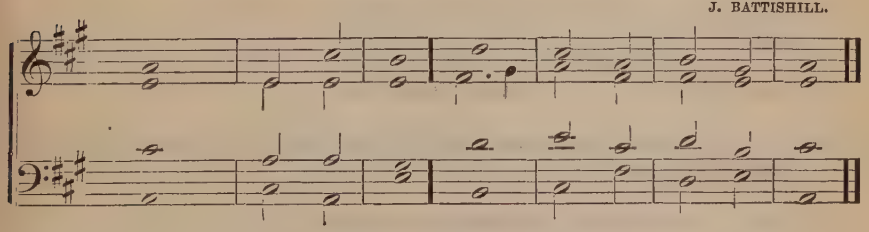
13. Also the | Ho-ly | Ghost: the | Com— | —fort- | er.

71. J. JONES.



14. Thou art the | King of | glory: O | — — | — — | Christ.
15. Thou art the ever- | las-ting | Son: of | —the | Fa- | ther.
16. When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liv-er | man: thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a | Virgin.
17. When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death: thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
18. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: in the | glory | of the | Father.
19. We believe that | thou shalt | come: to | be— | our— | judge.
20. We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.
21. Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints: in glory | ev-er- | las- | ting.
22. O Lord, | save thy | people: and | bless thine | her-it- | age.
23. Gov- | —ern | them: and | lift them | up for | ever.

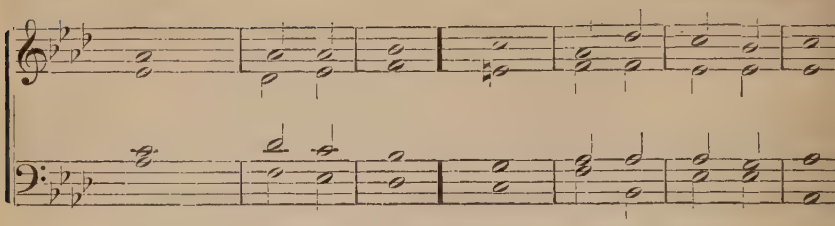
J. BATTISHILL.



24. Day | by— | day: we | mag-ni- | fy— | thee.
25. And we worship | thy— | Name: ever | world with- | out— | end.
26. Vouch- | safe; O | Lord: to keep us this | day with- | out— | sin.
27. O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us: have | mer- | cy up- | on us.
28. O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us; as our | trust is | in— | thee.
29. O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted: let me | never | be con- | founded.

Te Deum Laudamus.

72. LANGDON COLBORNE.



1. We praise | thee, O | God: we acknowledge | thee to | be the Lord.

2. All the earth doth | wor-ship | thee: the Father | ev-er | last— | in

3. To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud: the Heavens, and | all the | powe there- | in.

4. To thee Cherubim and | Se-raph- | im: con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry.

5. Holy, | Holy, | Holy: Lord | God of | Sa-ba- | oth;

6. Heaven and | earth are | full: of the | Majesty | of thy | glory.

7. The glorious company | of the A- | postles: praise | — — | — — thee.

8. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: praise | — — | — — thee.

9. The noble army | of— | Martyrs: praise | — — | — — | thee.

10. The holy Church throughout | all the | world: doth | —ac- | kno ledge | thee;

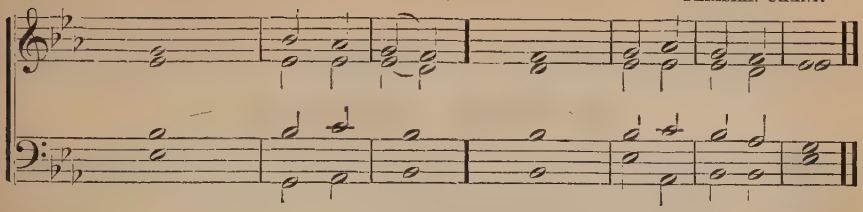
11. The | Fa— | ther: of an | infin-ite | Ma-jes- | ty;

12. Thine a- | dora-ble, | true, and | on— | —ly | Son;

13. Also the | Ho-ly | Ghost: the | Com— | —fort- | er.

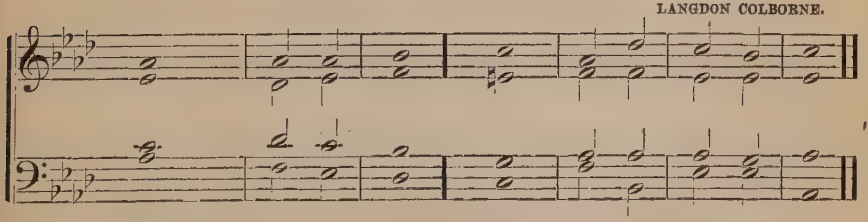
73.

PARISIAN CHANT.



14. Thou art the | King of | glory: O | — — | — — | Christ.
15. Thou art the ever- | las-ting | Son: of | —the | Fa- | ther.
16. When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liv-er | man: thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a | Virgin.
17. When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death: thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
18. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: in the | glory | of the | Father.
19. We believe that | thou shalt | come: to | be— | our— | judge.
20. We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.
21. Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints: in glory | ev-er- | las- | ting.
22. O Lord, | save thy | people: and | bless thine | her-it- | age.
23. Gov- | —ern | them: and | lift them | up for | ever.

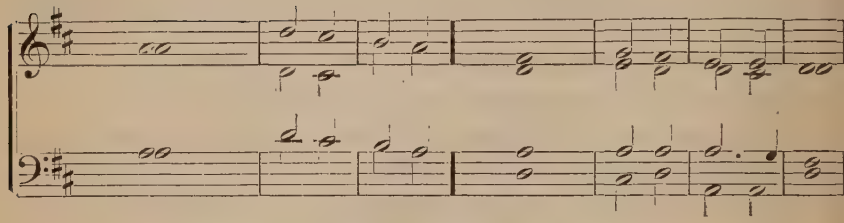
LANGDON COLBORNE.



24. Day | by— | day: we | mag-ni- | fy— | thee.
25. And we worship | thy— | Name: ever | world with- | out— | end.
26. Vouch- | safe; O | Lord: to keep us this | day with- | out— | sin.
27. O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us: have | mer- | cy up- | on us.
28. O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us; as our | trust is | in— | thee.
29. O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted: let me | never | be con- | founded.

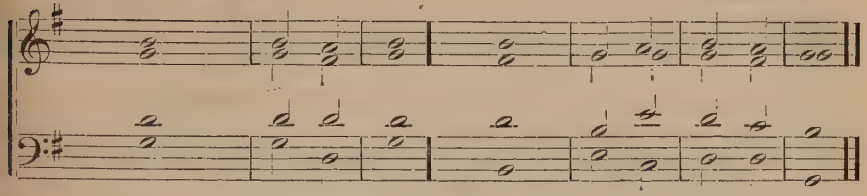
Te Deum Laudamus.

74 PARISIAN CHANT.

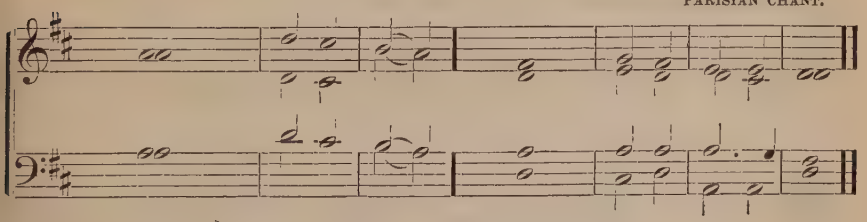


1. We praise | thee, O | God: we acknowledge | thee to | be the Lord.
2. All the earth doth | wor-ship | thee: the Father | ev-er | last— | ing
3. To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud: the Heavens, and | all the | powe there- | in.
4. To thee Cherubim and | Se-raph- | im: con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry.
5. Holy, | Holy, | Holy: Lord | God of | Sa-ba- | oth;
6. Heaven and | earth are | full: of the | Majesty | of thy | glory.
7. The glorious company | of the A- | postles: praise | — — | — — thee.
8. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: praise | — — | — — thee.
9. The noble army | of— | Martyrs: praise | — — | — — | thee.
10. The holy Church throughout | all the | world: doth | —ac- | knov ledge | thee;
11. The | Fa— | ther: of an | infin-ite | Ma-jes- | ty;
12. Thine a- | dora-ble, | true, and | on— | —ly | Son;
13. Also the | Ho-ly | Ghost: the | Com— | —fort- | er.

75. ANCIENT CHANT.

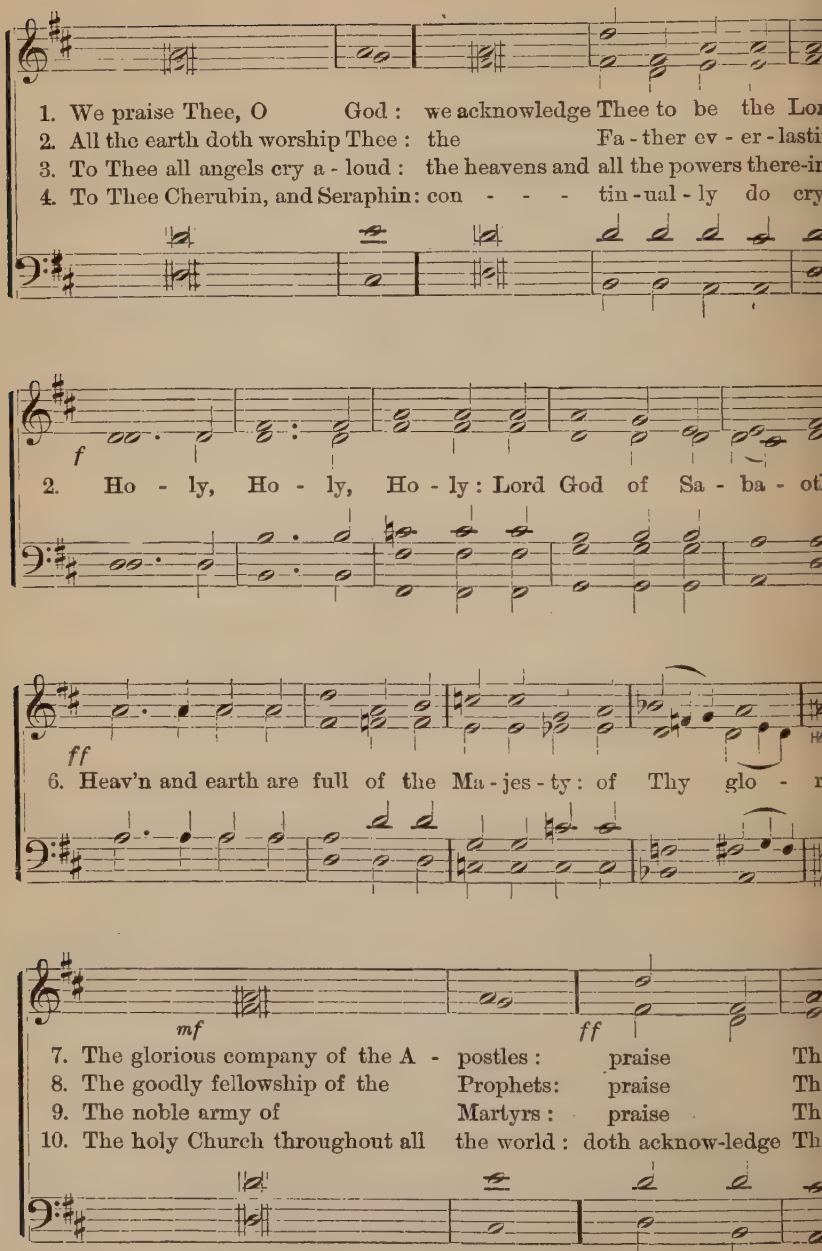


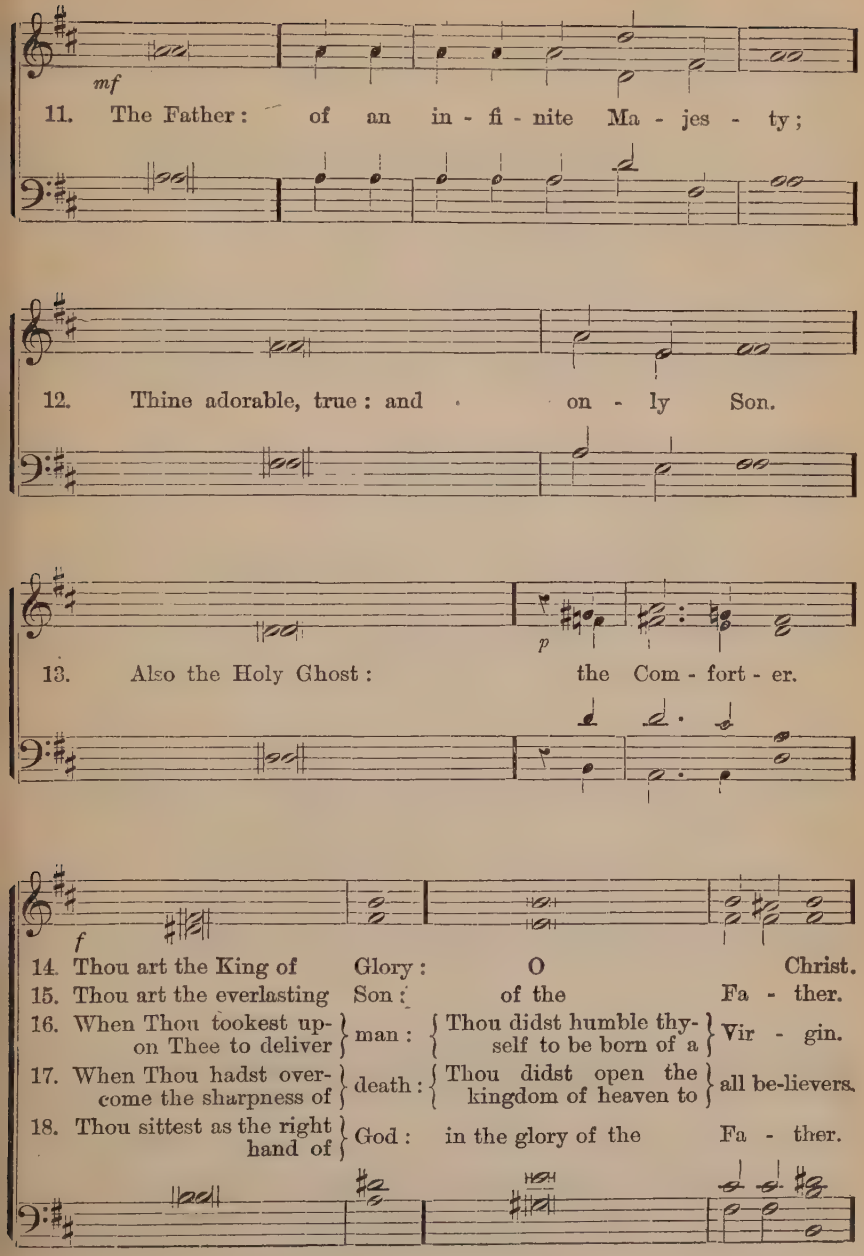
14. Thou art the | King of | glory: O | — — | — — | Christ.
15. Thou art the ever- | las-ting | Son: of | —the | Fa- | ther.
16. When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liv-er | man: thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a | Virgin.
17. When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death: thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
18. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: in the | glory | of the | Father.
19. We believe that | thou shalt | come: to | be— | our— | judge.
20. We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.
21. Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints: in glory | ev-er- | las- | ting.
22. O Lord, | save thy | people: and | bless thine | her-it- | age.
23. Gov- | —ern | them: and | lift them | up for | ever.

PARISIAN CHANT.

24. Day | by— | day: we | mag-ni- | fy— | thee.
25. And we worship | thy— | Name: ever | world with- | out— | end.
26. Vouch- | safe; O | Lord: to keep us this | day with- | out— | sin.
27. O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us: have | mer- | cy up- | on us.
28. O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us; as our | trust is | in— | thee.
29. O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted: let me | never | be con- | founded.

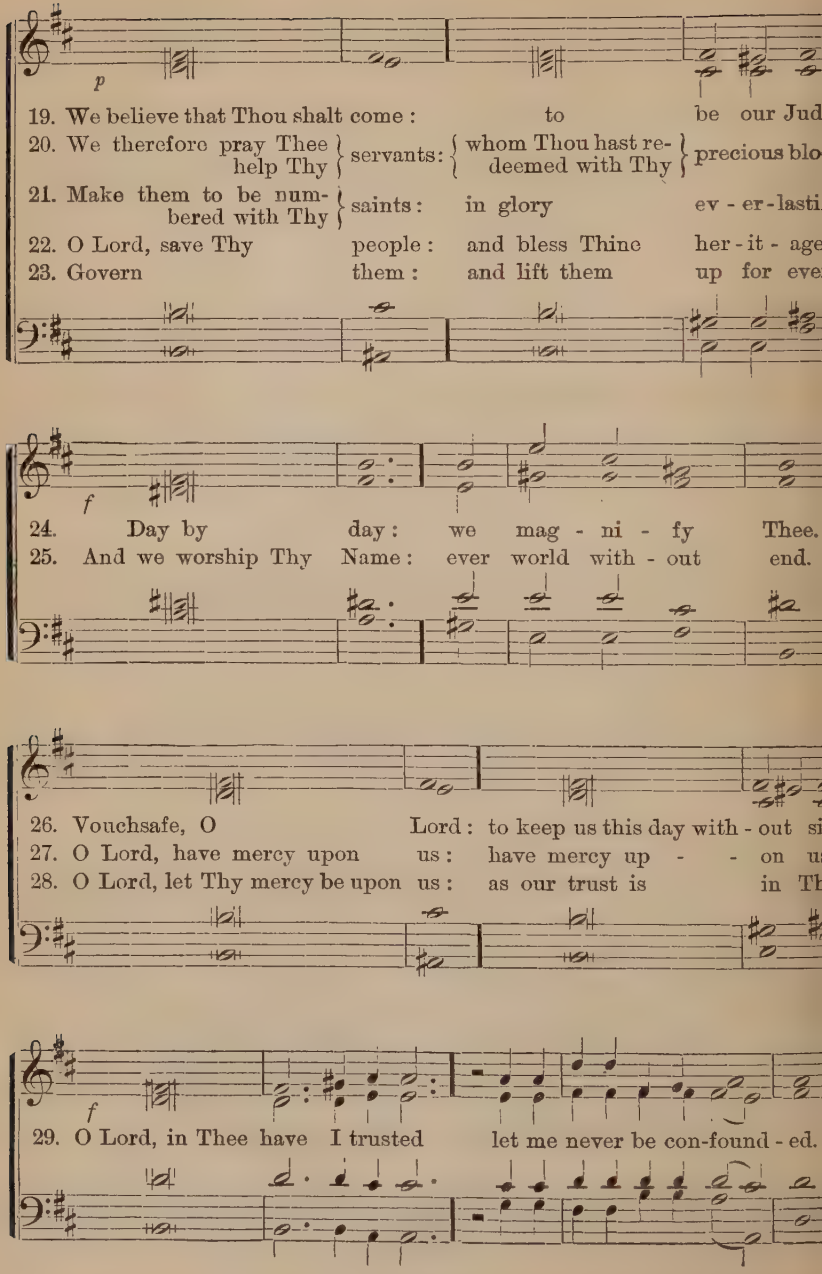
Te Deum, in D.

H. E. Havergal, M.A.


1. We praise Thee, O God : we acknowledge Thee to be the Lo
2. All the earth doth worship Thee : the Fa - ther ev - er - lasti
3. To Thee all angels cry a - loud : the heavens and all the powers there-in
4. To Thee Cherubin, and Seraphin : con - - - tin - ual - ly do cry
f
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly : Lord God of Sa - ba - ot
ff
6. Heav'n and earth are full of the Ma - jes - ty : of Thy glo -
mf
ff
7. The glorious company of the A - postles : praise Th
8. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets : praise Th
9. The noble army of Martyrs : praise Th
10. The holy Church throughout all the world : doth acknow-ledge Th

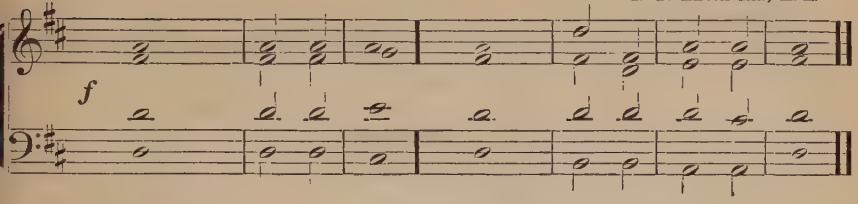

mf
11. The Father: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;
12. Thine adorable, true: and on - ly Son.
p
13. Also the Holy Ghost: the Com - fort - er.
f
14. Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ.
15. Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Fa - ther.
16. When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man: Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Vir - gin.
17. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all be-lievers.
18. Thou sittest as the right hand of God: in the glory of the Fa - ther.

Te Deum, in D.


p
19. We believe that Thou shalt come : to be our Jud
20. We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blo
21. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints : in glory ev - er - lasti
22. O Lord, save Thy people : and bless Thine her - it - age
23. Govern them : and lift them up for eve
f
24. Day by day : we mag - ni - fy Thee.
25. And we worship Thy Name : ever world with - out end.
26. Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day with - out si
27. O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy up - - on u
28. O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us : as our trust is in Th
f
29. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted let me never be con-found - ed.

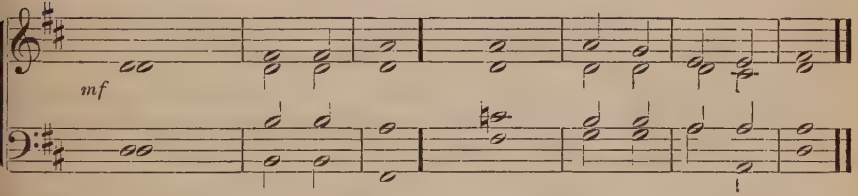
Jubilate, in D.

H. E. HAVERGAL, M. A.



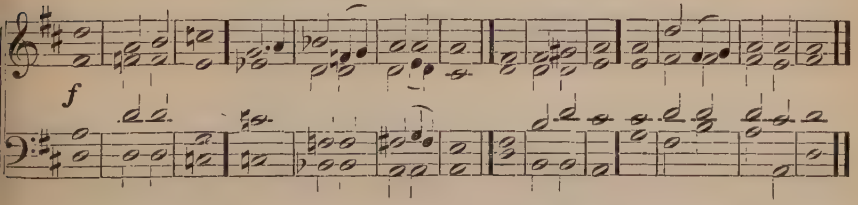
1. O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.

2. Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of his | pasture.



3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise: be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.

4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ev-er- | lasting: and his truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.



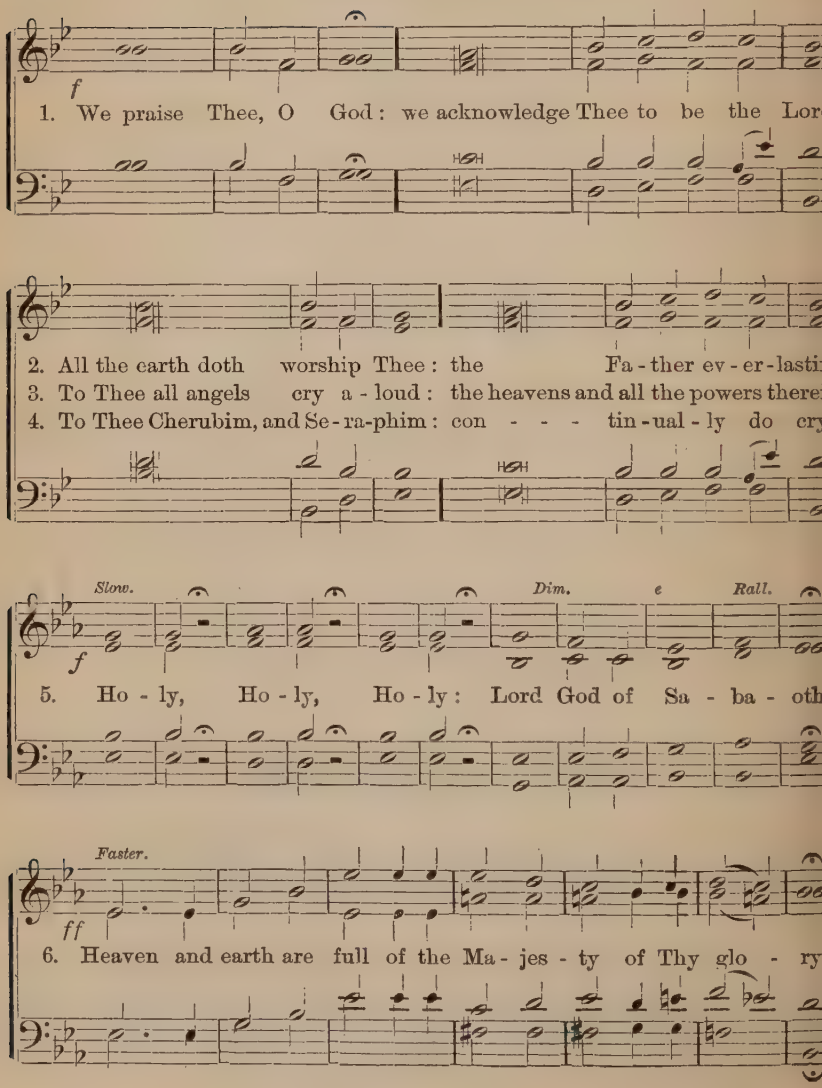
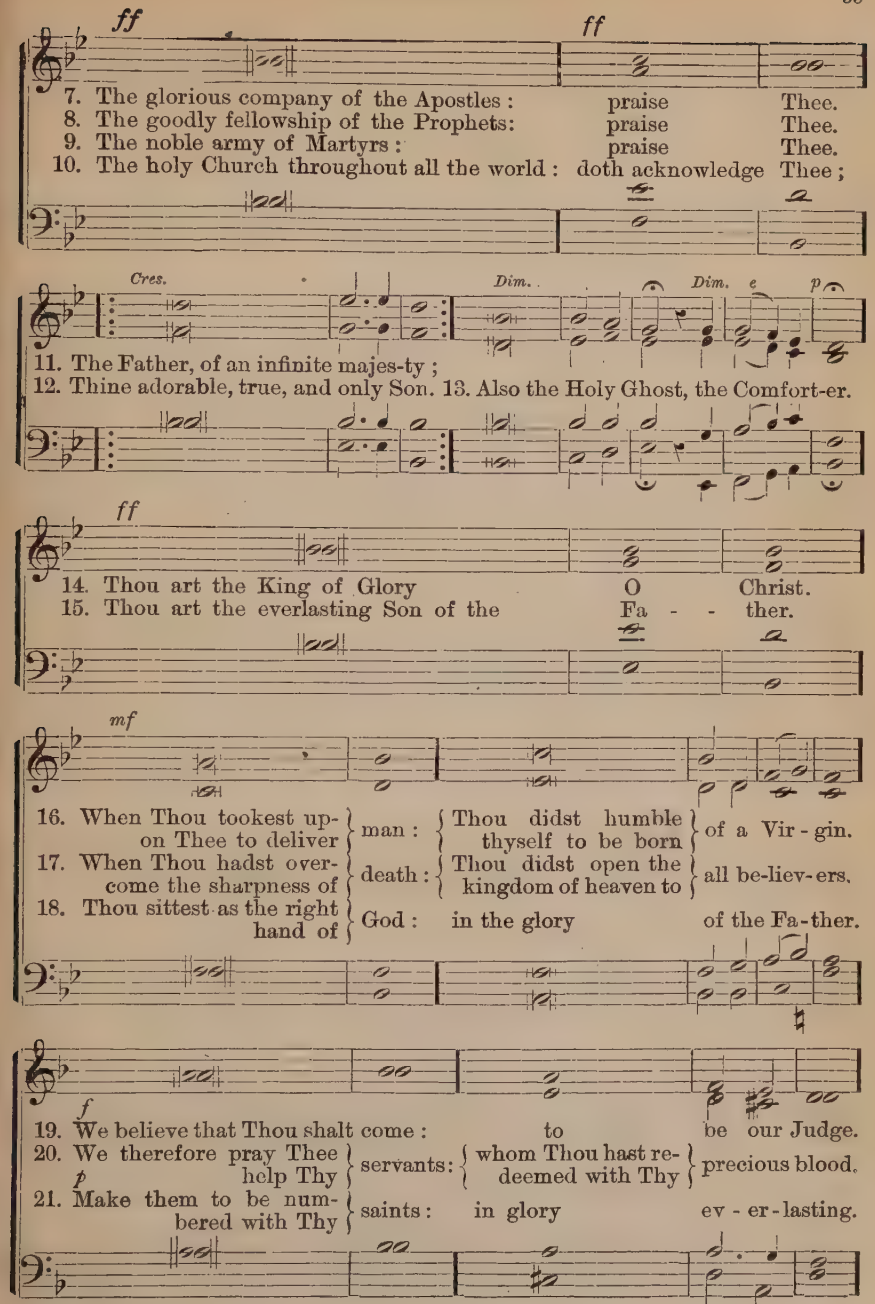
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

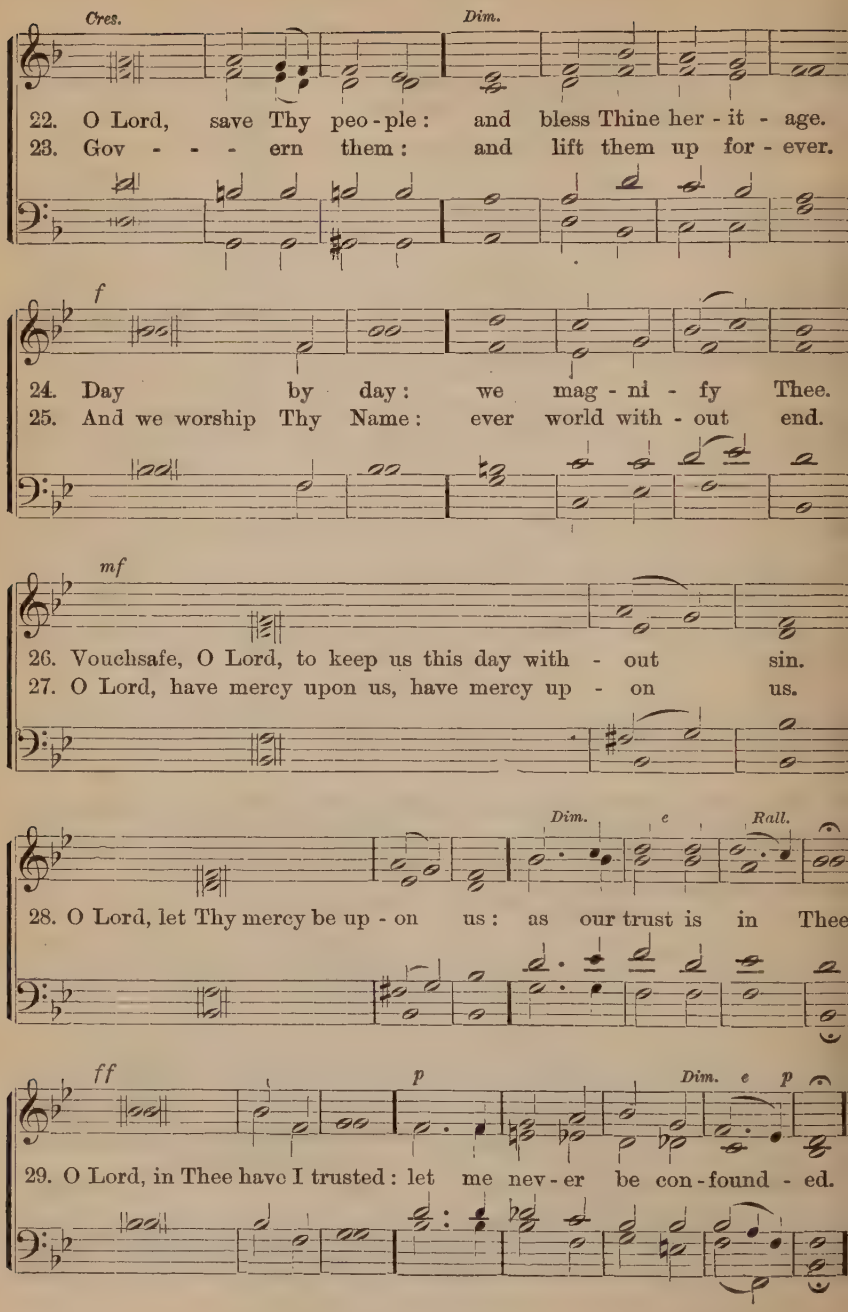
Te Deum, and Jubilate.

IN B♭.

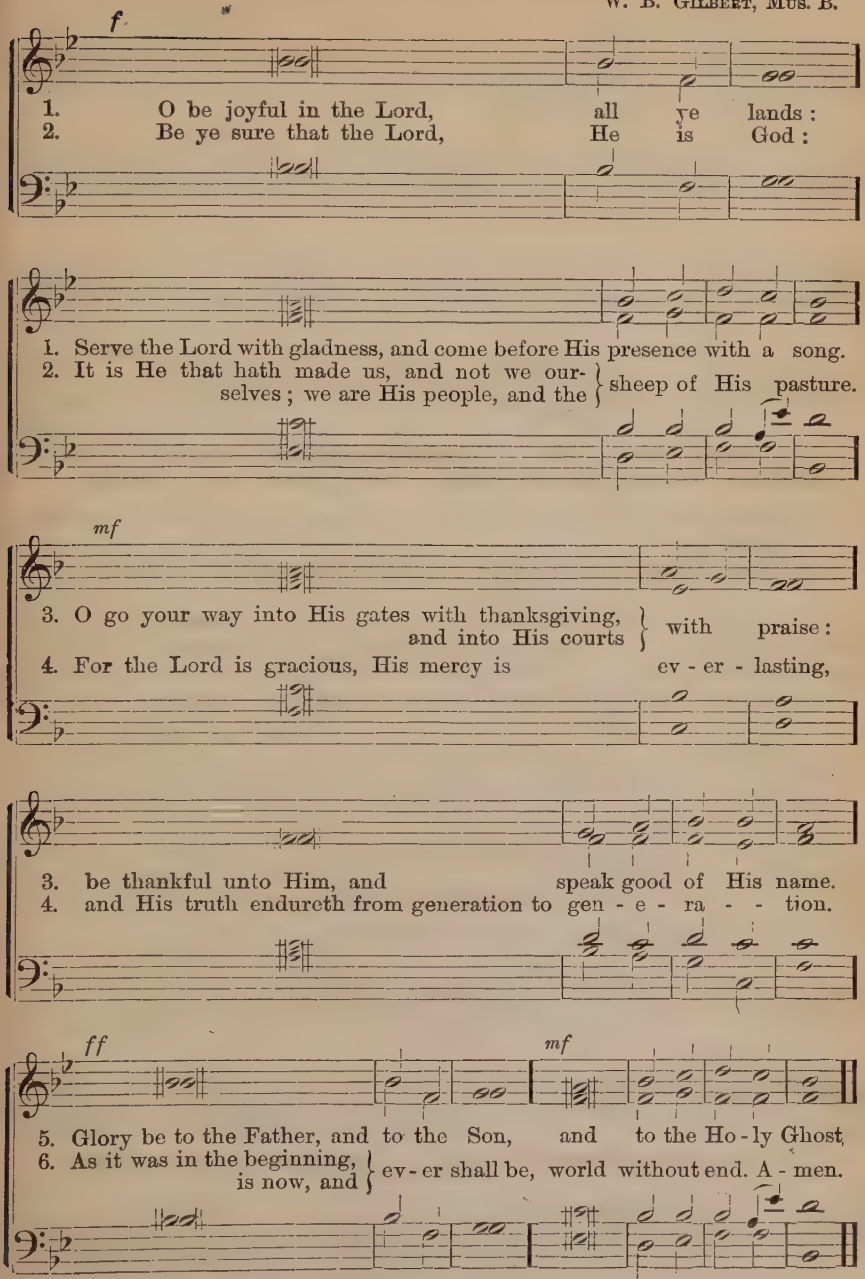
By W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B. Oxon

Te Deum.


f
1. We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lor
2. All the earth doth worship Thee: the Fa-ther ev-er-lasti
3. To Thee all angels cry a-loud: the heavens and all the powers there
4. To Thee Cherubim, and Se-ra-phim: con - - - tin-ual-ly do cry
Slow.
Dim.
e
Rall.
f
5. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly: Lord God of Sa-ba-oth
Faster.
ff
6. Heaven and earth are full of the Ma-jes-ty of Thy glo-ry

ff
ff
7. The glorious company of the Apostles : praise Thee.
8. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise Thee.
9. The noble army of Martyrs : praise Thee.
10. The holy Church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge Thee ;
Cres.
Dim.
Dim.
e
p
11. The Father, of an infinite majes-ty ;
12. Thine adorable, true, and only Son. 13. Also the Holy Ghost, the Comfort-er.
ff
14. Thou art the King of Glory O Christ.
15. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Fa - - ther.
mf
16. When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man : Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Vir - gin.
17. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death : Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all be-liev-ers.
18. Thou sittest as the right hand of God : in the glory of the Fa-ther.
f
19. We believe that Thou shalt come : to be our Judge.
20. We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
p
21. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints : in glory ev - er-lasting.

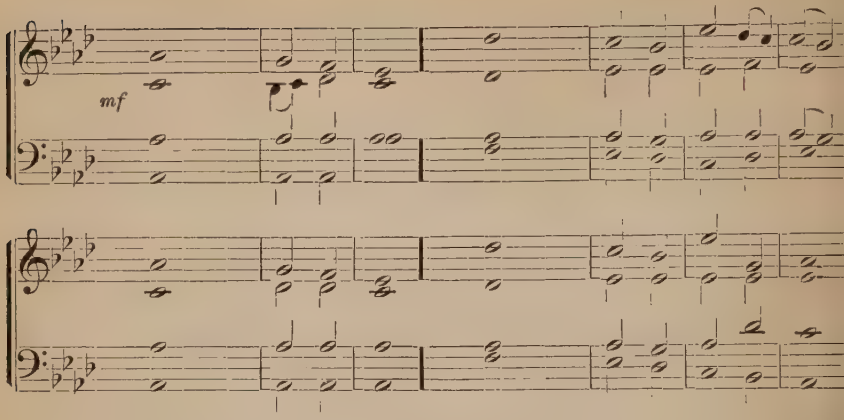

Cres.
Dim.
22. O Lord, save Thy peo-ple: and bless Thine her-it-age.
23. Gov---ern them: and lift them up for-ever.
f
24. Day by day: we mag-ni-fy Thee.
25. And we worship Thy Name: ever world with-out end.
mf
26. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day with-out sin.
27. O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy up-on us.
Dim.
e
Rall.
28. O Lord, let Thy mercy be up-on us: as our trust is in Thee
ff
p
Dim.
e
p
29. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me nev-er be con-found-ed.

W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.


f
1. O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands:
2. Be ye sure that the Lord, He is God:
1. Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song.
2. It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.
mf
3. O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise:
4. For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is ev - er - lasting,
3. be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name.
4. and His truth endureth from generation to gen - e - ra - - tion.
ff
mf
5. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men.

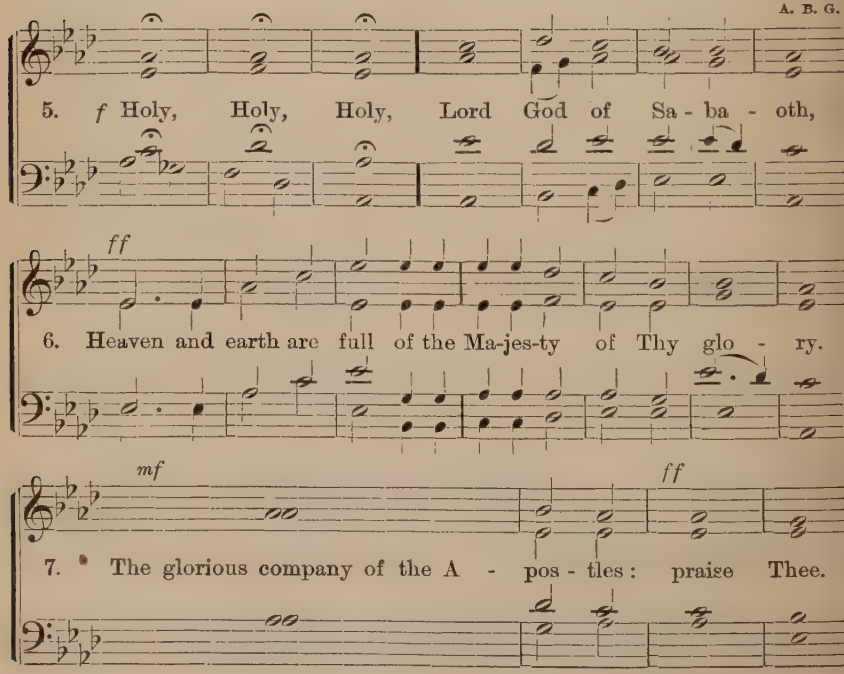
Te Deum Laudamus.

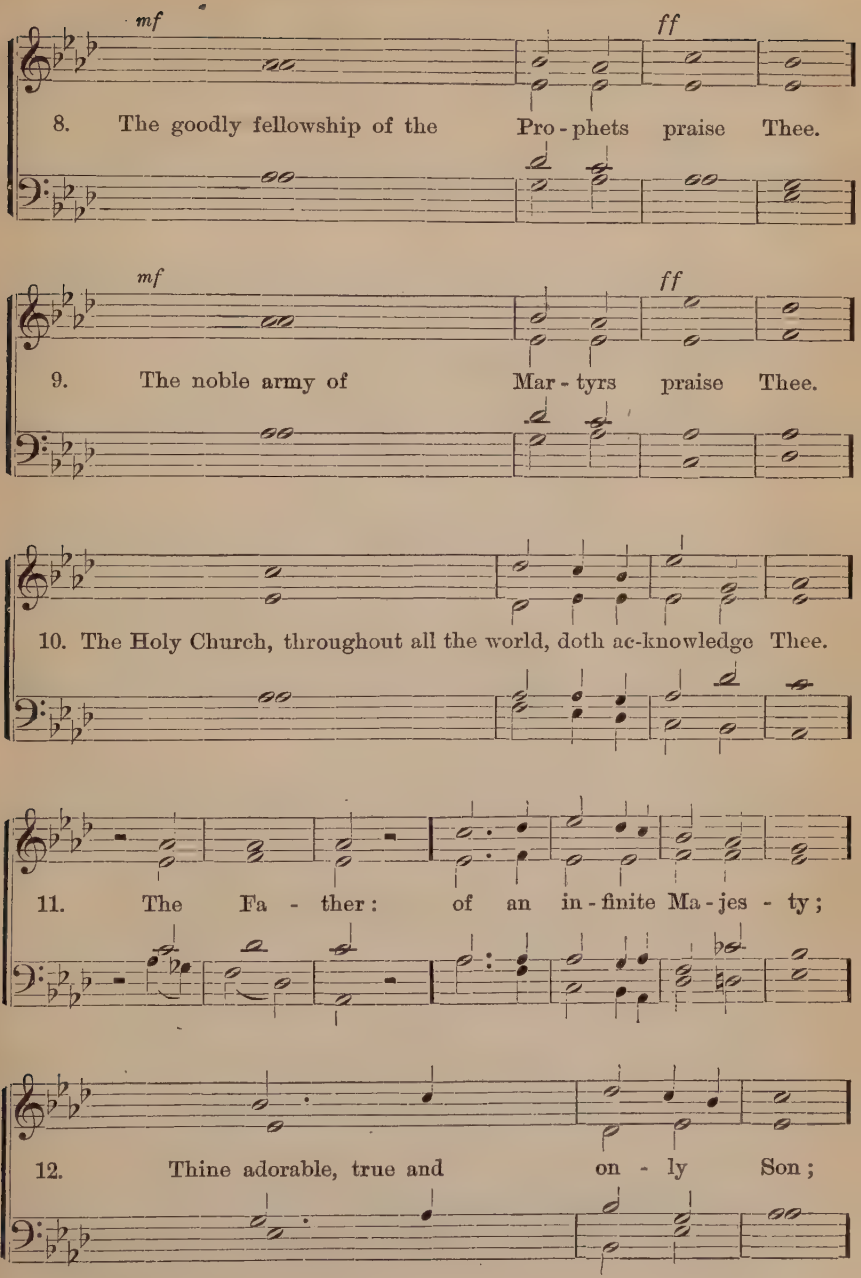
REV. G. HEATHCOTE.



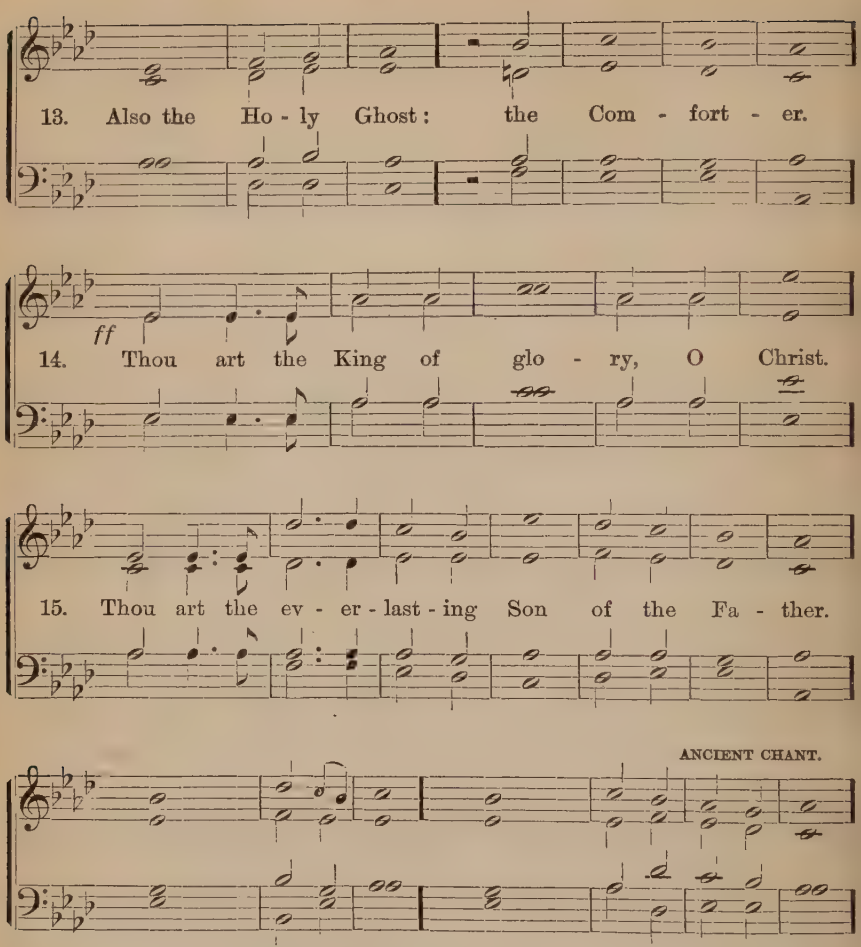
1. We praise | Thee, O | God : We acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2. All the earth doth | worship | Thee : The | Father | ever- | lasting.
3. To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud : The heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
4. To Thee Cherubim, and | Sera- | phim : Con- | tinual- | ly do | cry.

A. B. G.

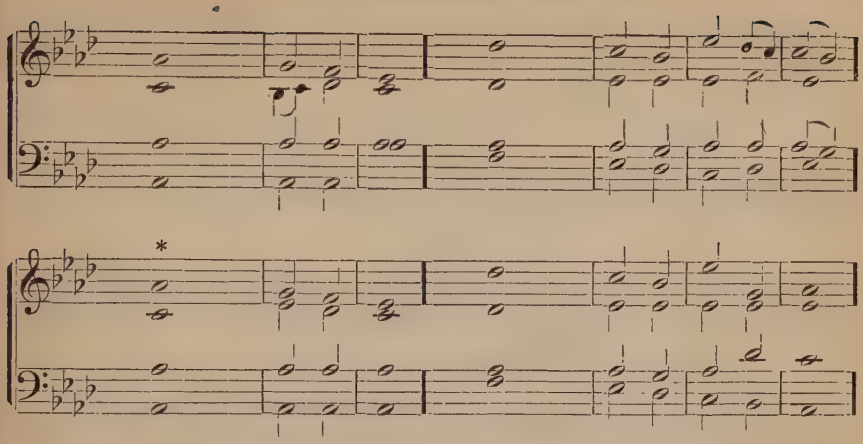

5. f Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth,
ff
6. Heaven and earth are full of the Ma-jes-ty of Thy glo - ry.
mf
ff
7. The glorious company of the A - pos - tles : praise Thee.


mf
ff
8. The goodly fellowship of the Pro - phets praise Thee.
mf
ff
9. The noble army of Mar - tyrs praise Thee.
10. The Holy Church, throughout all the world, doth ac-knowledge Thee.
11. The Fa - ther: of an in - finite Ma - jes - ty;
12. Thine adorable, true and on - ly Son;

Te Deum Laudamus.


13. Also the Ho - ly Ghost: the Com - fort - er.
ff
14. Thou art the King of glo - ry, O Christ.
15. Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther.
ANCIENT CHANT.

16. When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man: Thou didst humble Thyself to be | born— | of a | virgin.
17. When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death: Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
18. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: In the | glory | of the | Father.
19. We believe that | Thou shalt | come: to | be — | our — | judge.
20. We therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants: Whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious | blood.
21. Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints: In | glory | ever- | lasting.

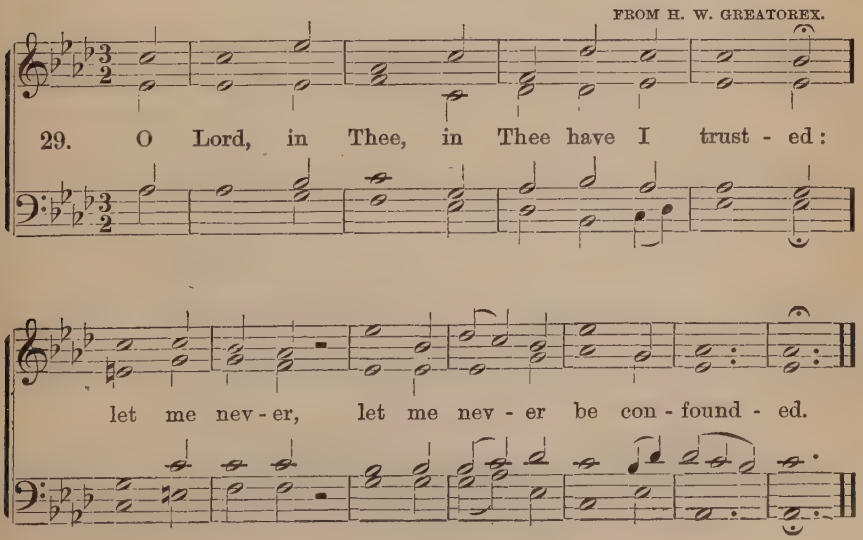


22. O Lord, | save Thy | people: And | bless Thine | heri- | tage.
23. Gov- | ern — | them: And | lift them | up for | ever.

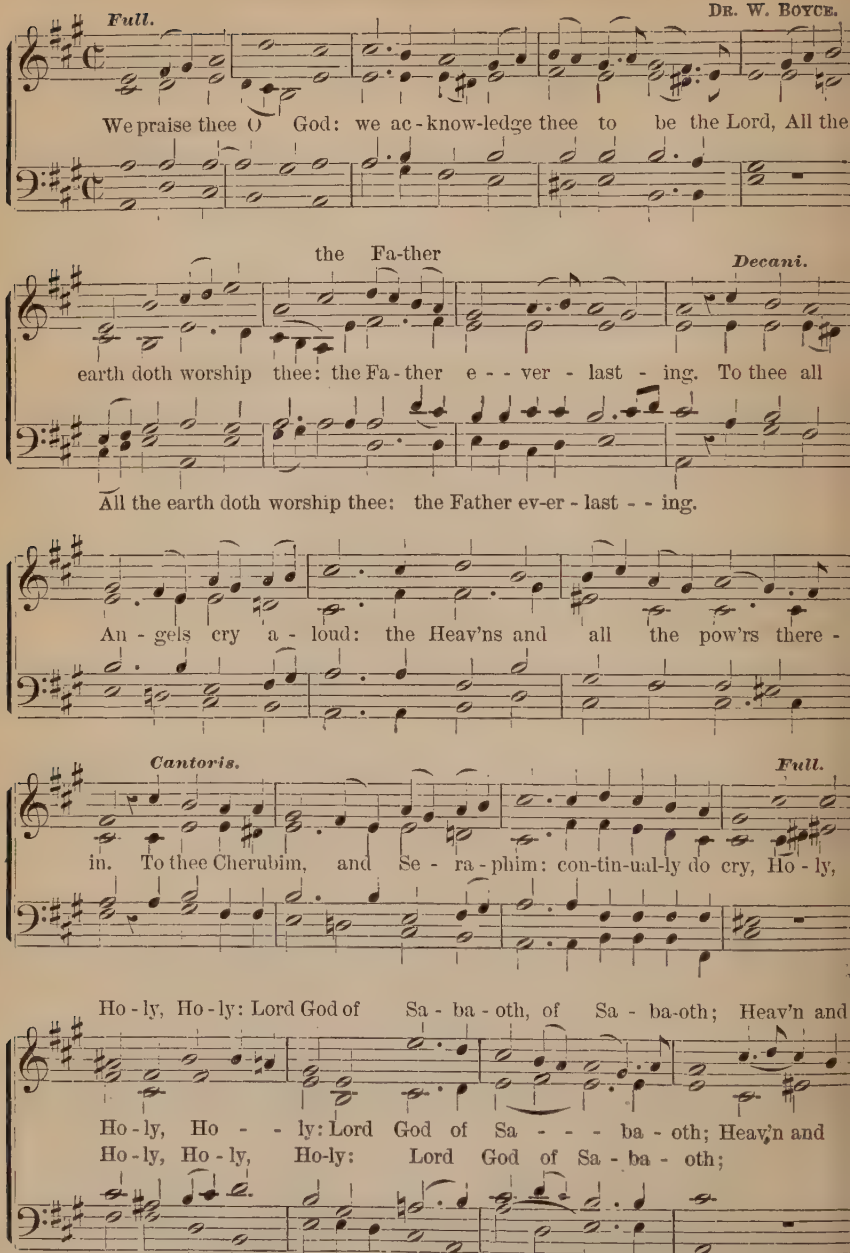
24. Day | by — | day: we | mag-ni- | fy — | thee.
25. And we worship | thy — | Name: ever | world with- | out — | end.
26. Vouch- | safe, O | Lord: To keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.

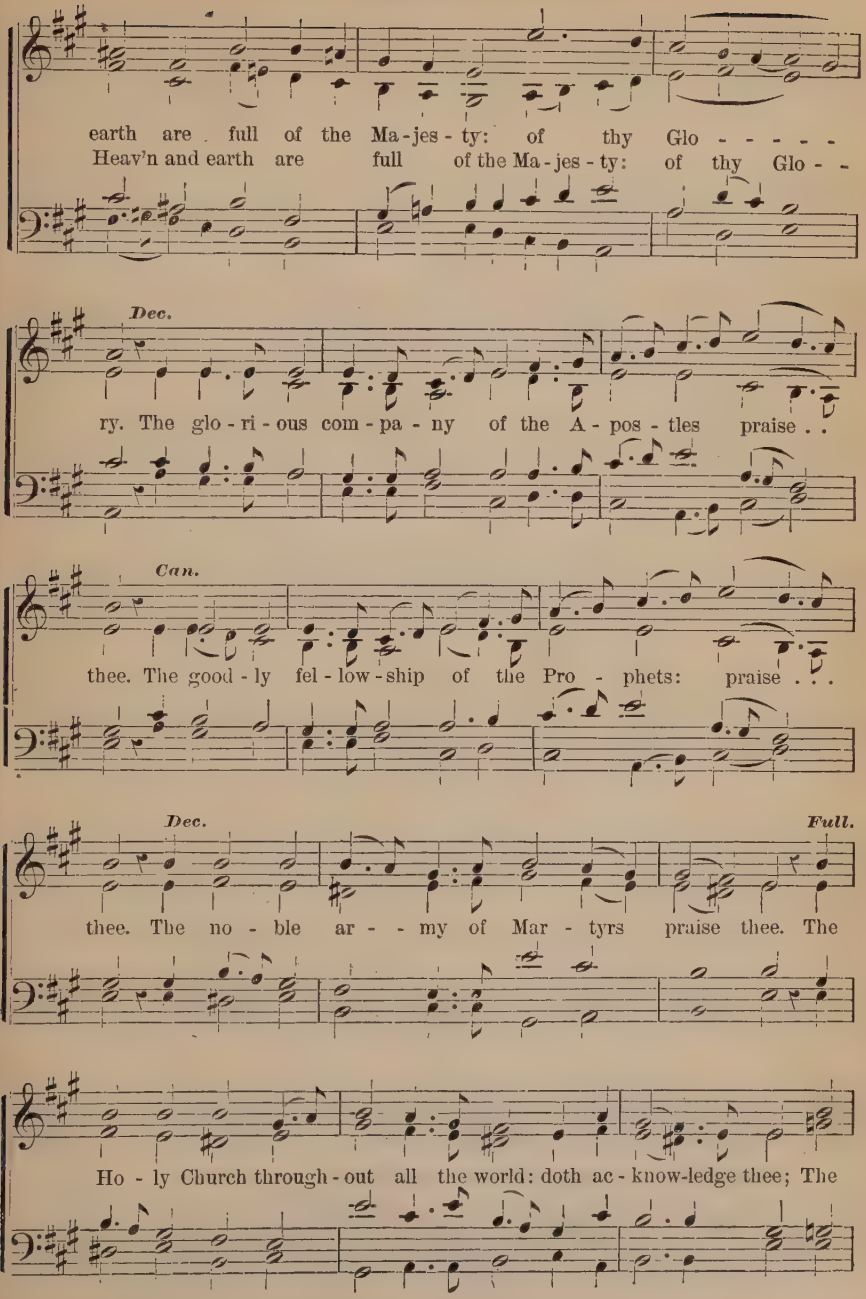
27. O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us: Have | mer- — | cy up- | on us.
*28. O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us: As our | trust is | in — | Thee.

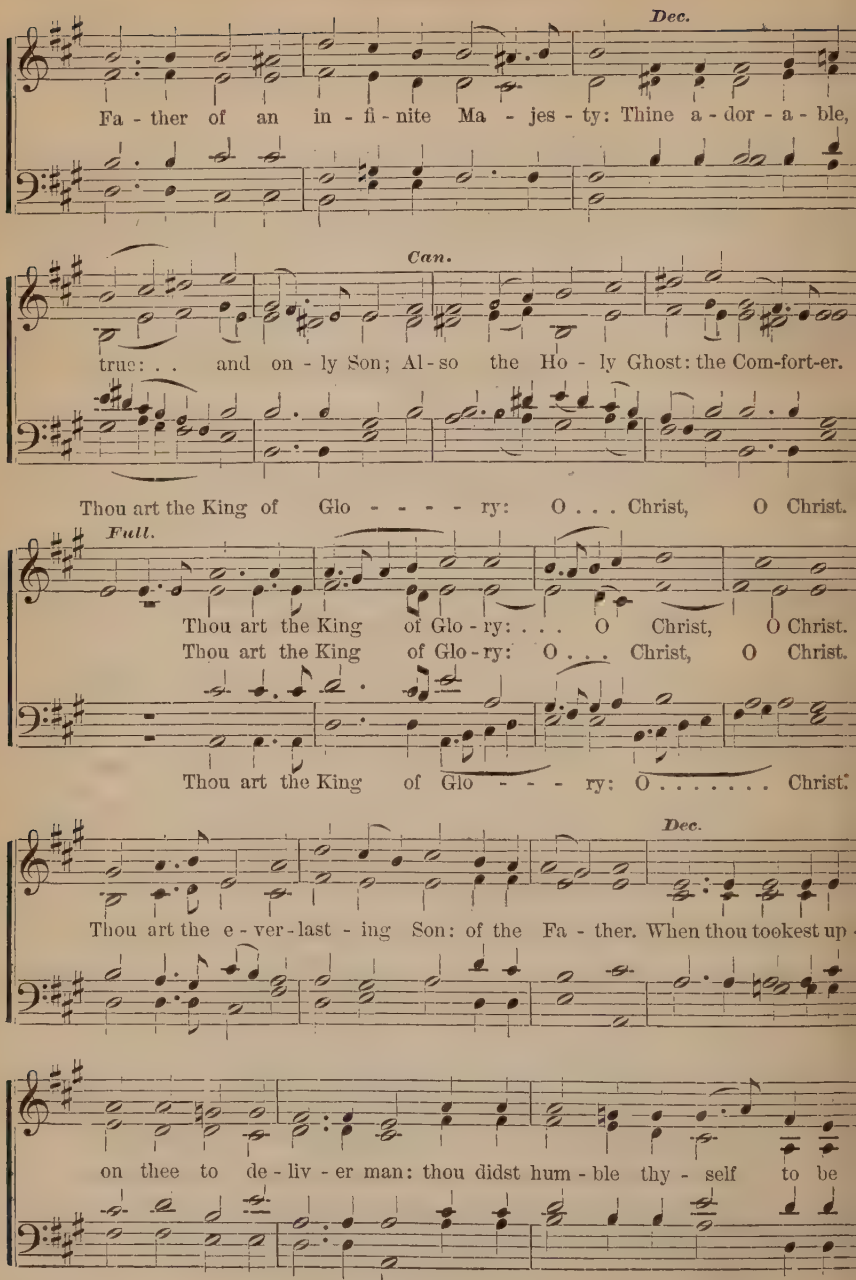
FROM H. W. GREATOREX.

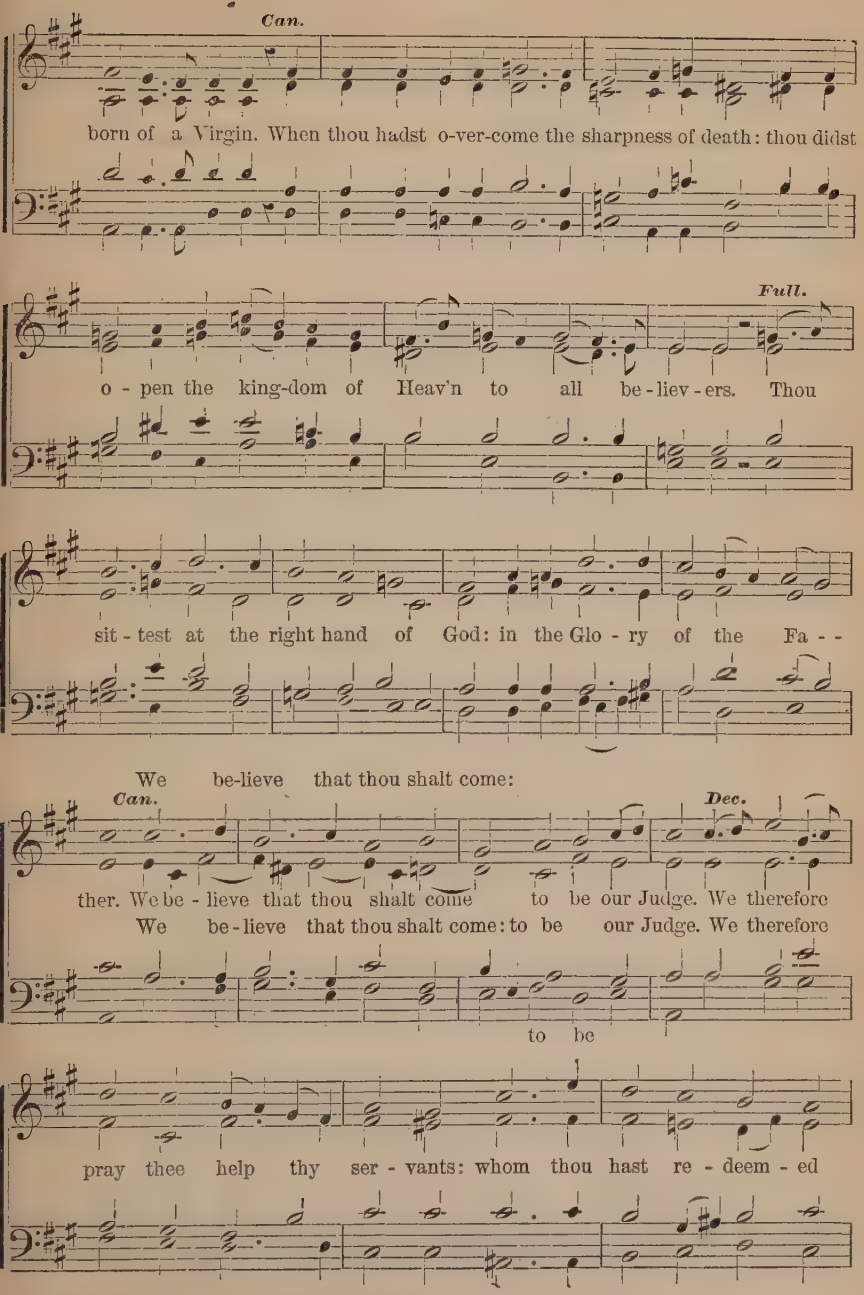


Te Deum Laudamus, in A.

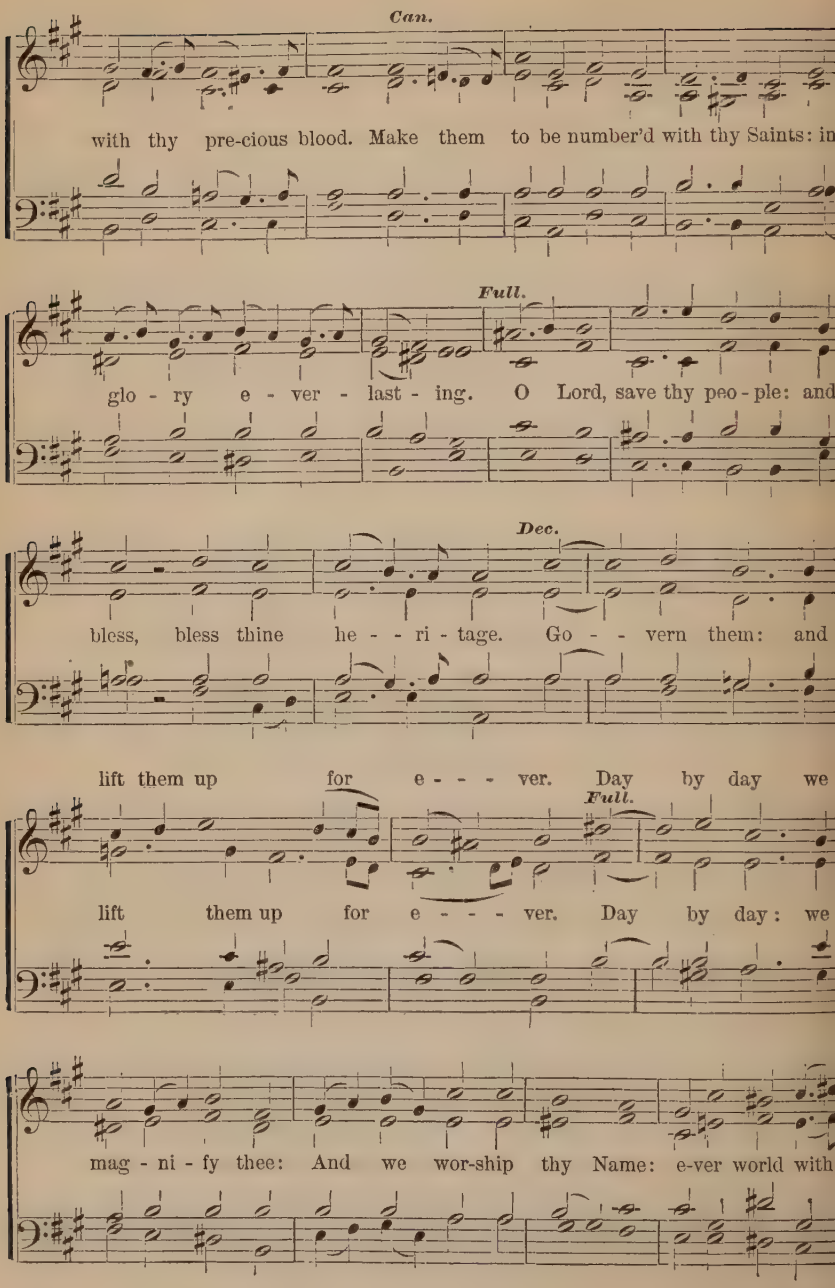

Full.
Dr. W. Boyce.
We praise thee O God: we ac-know-ledge thee to be the Lord, All the
the Fa-ther
Decani.
earth doth worship thee: the Fa-ther e - - ver - last - ing. To thee all
All the earth doth worship thee: the Father ev-er - last - - ing.
An - gels cry a - loud: the Heav'ns and all the pow'rs there -
Cantoris.
Full.
in. To thee Cherubim, and Se - ra - phim: con-tin-ual-ly do cry, Ho - ly,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly: Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, of Sa - ba-oth; Heav'n and
Ho - ly, Ho - - ly: Lord God of Sa - - - ba - oth; Heav'n and
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho-ly: Lord God of Sa - ba - oth;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly: Holy: Lord God of Sa - - - ba - oth;

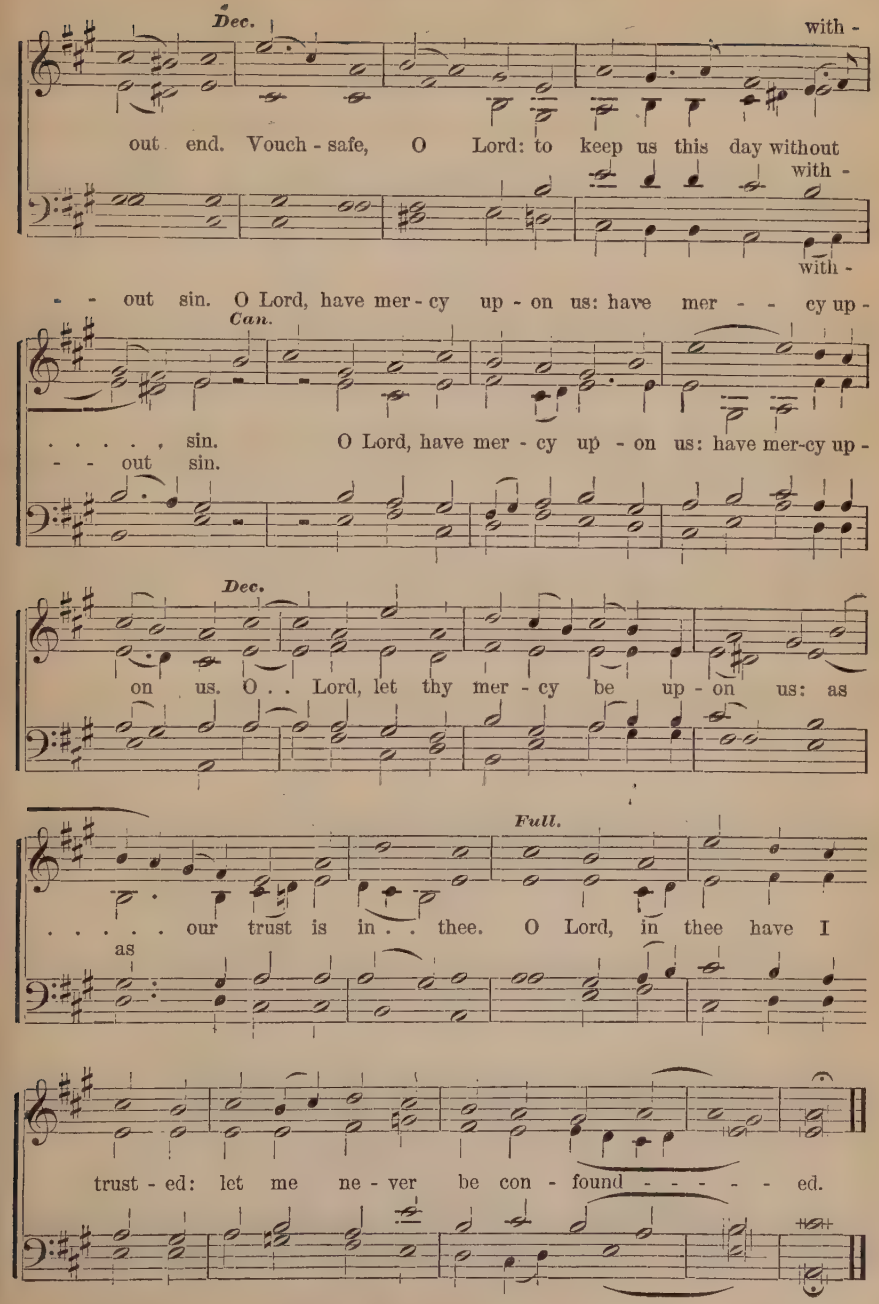

earth are full of the Ma-jes-ty: of thy Glo - - - - -
Heav'n and earth are full of the Ma-jes-ty: of thy Glo - -
Dec.
ry. The glo-ri-ous com-pa-ny of the A-pos-tles praise . .
Can.
thee. The good-ly fel-low-ship of the Pro-phets: praise . . .
Dec.
Full.
thee. The no-ble ar - - my of Mar-tyrs praise thee. The
Ho-ly Church through-out all the world: doth ac-know-ledge thee; The

Te Deum, in A.

Dec.
Fa - ther of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty: Thine a - dor - a - ble,
Can.
true: . . and on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost: the Com-fort-er.
Thou art the King of Glo - - - - - ry: O . . . Christ, O Christ.
Full.
Thou art the King of Glo - ry: . . . O Christ, O Christ.
Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O . . . Christ, O Christ.
Thou art the King of Glo - - - ry: O . . . . . Christ.
Dec.
Thou art the e - ver - last - ing Son: of the Fa - ther. When thou tookest up
on thee to de - liv - er man: thou didst hum - ble thy - self to be

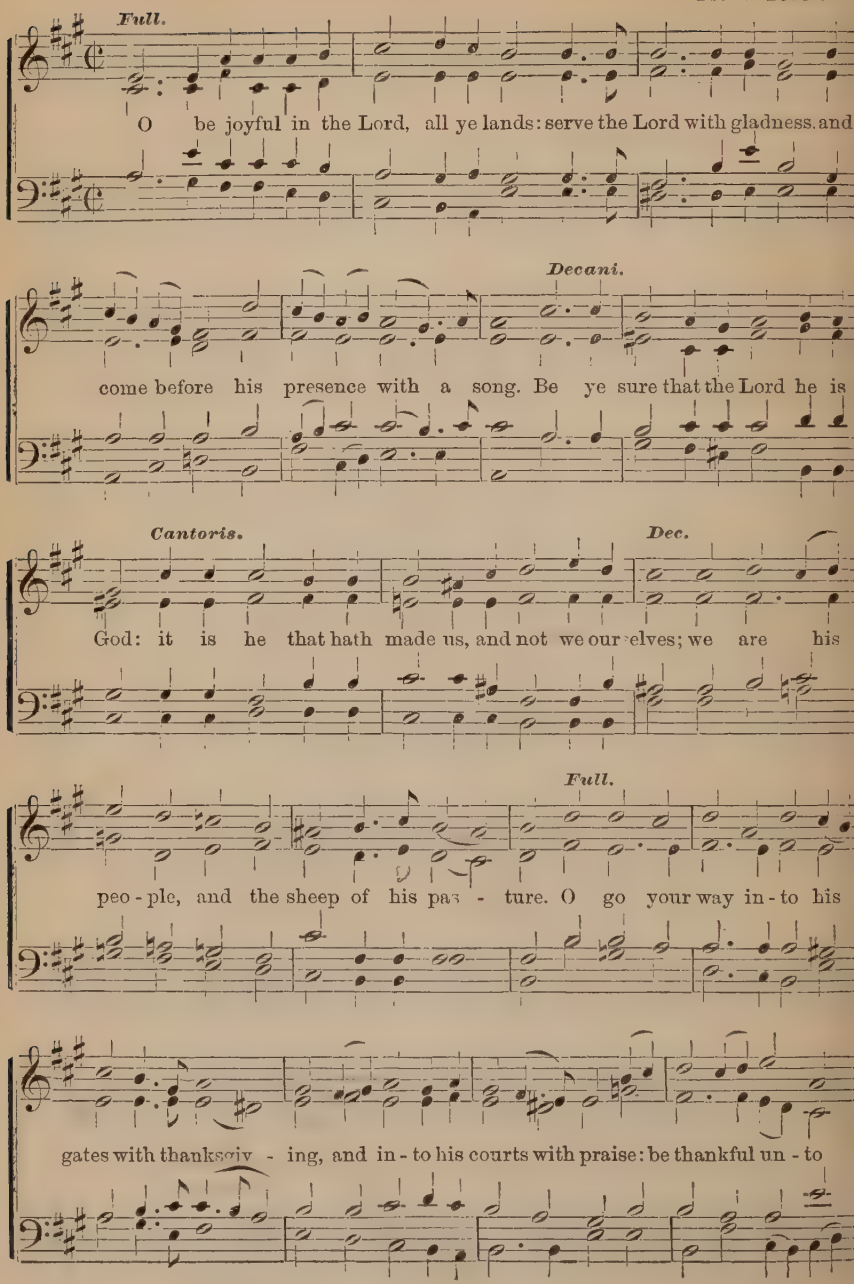
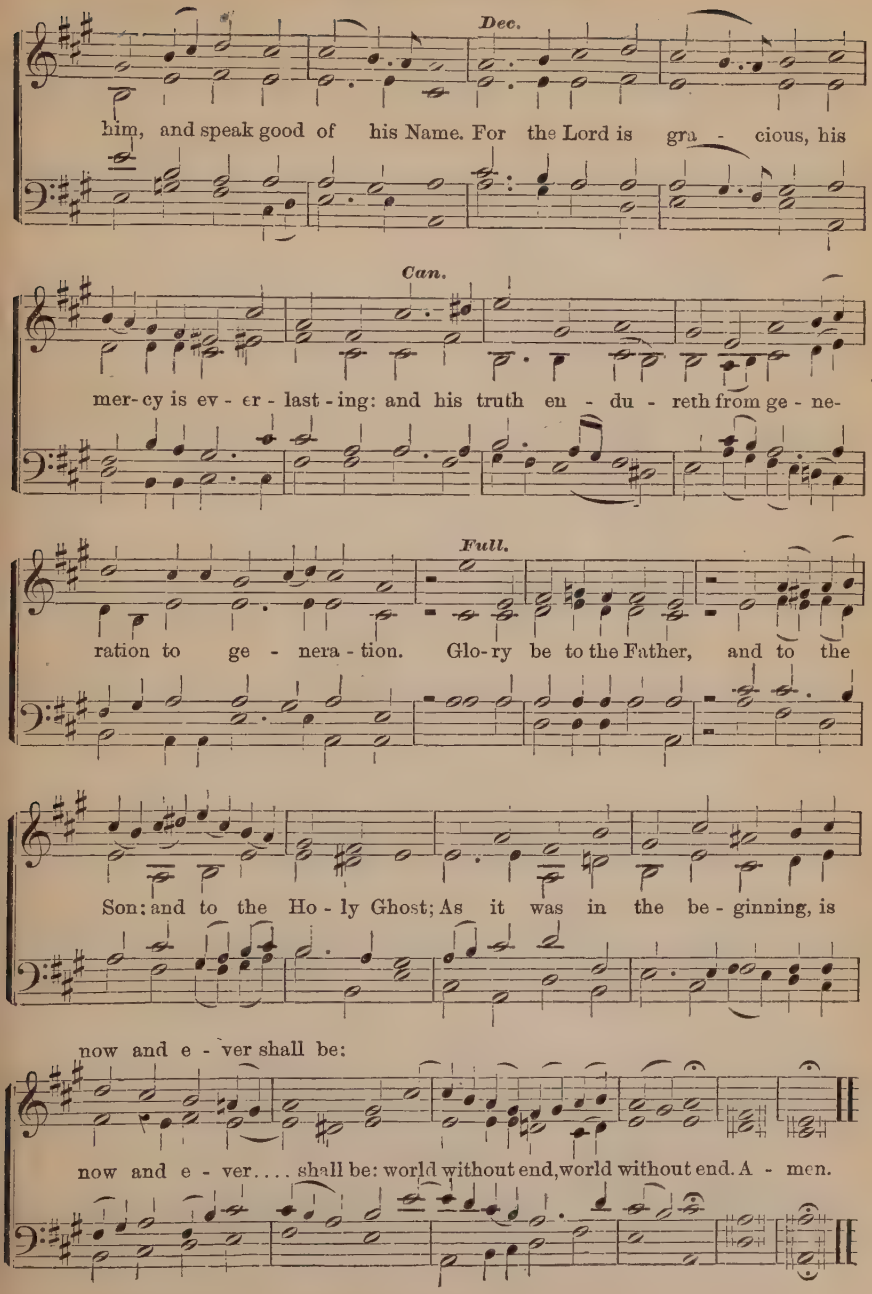

Can.
born of a Virgin. When thou hadst o-ver-come the sharpness of death: thou didst
Full.
o - pen the king-dom of Heav'n to all be-liev-ers. Thou
sit - test at the right hand of God: in the Glo - ry of the Fa - -
We be-lieve that thou shalt come:
Can.
Dec.
ther. We be - lieve that thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore
We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to be our Judge. We therefore
to be
pray thee help thy ser - vants: whom thou hast re - deem - ed

Te Deum, in A.


Can.
with thy pre-cious blood. Make them to be number'd with thy Saints: in
Full.
glo - ry e - ver - last - ing. O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and
Dec.
bless, bless thine he - - ri - tage. Go - - vern them: and
lift them up for e - - - ver. Day by day we
Full.
lift them up for e - - - ver. Day by day: we
mag - ni - fy thee: And we wor-ship thy Name: e-ver world with

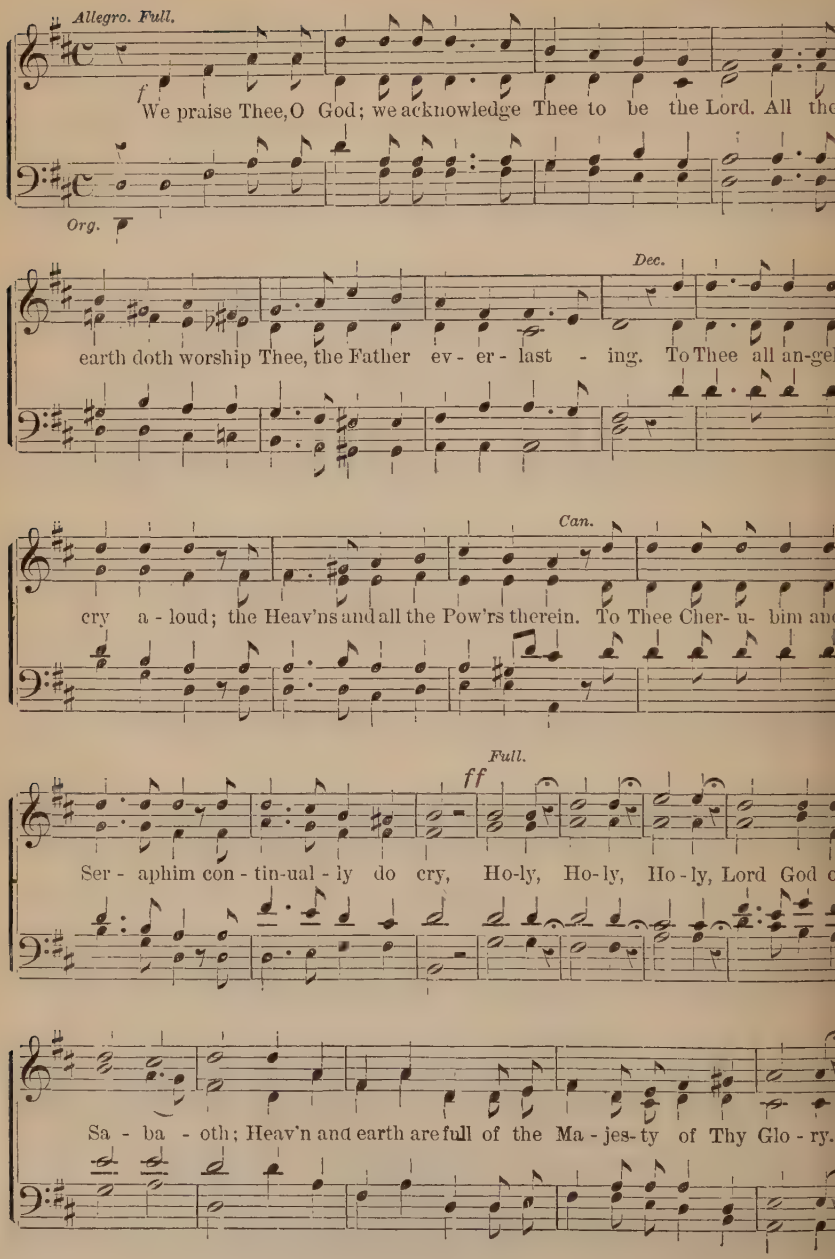
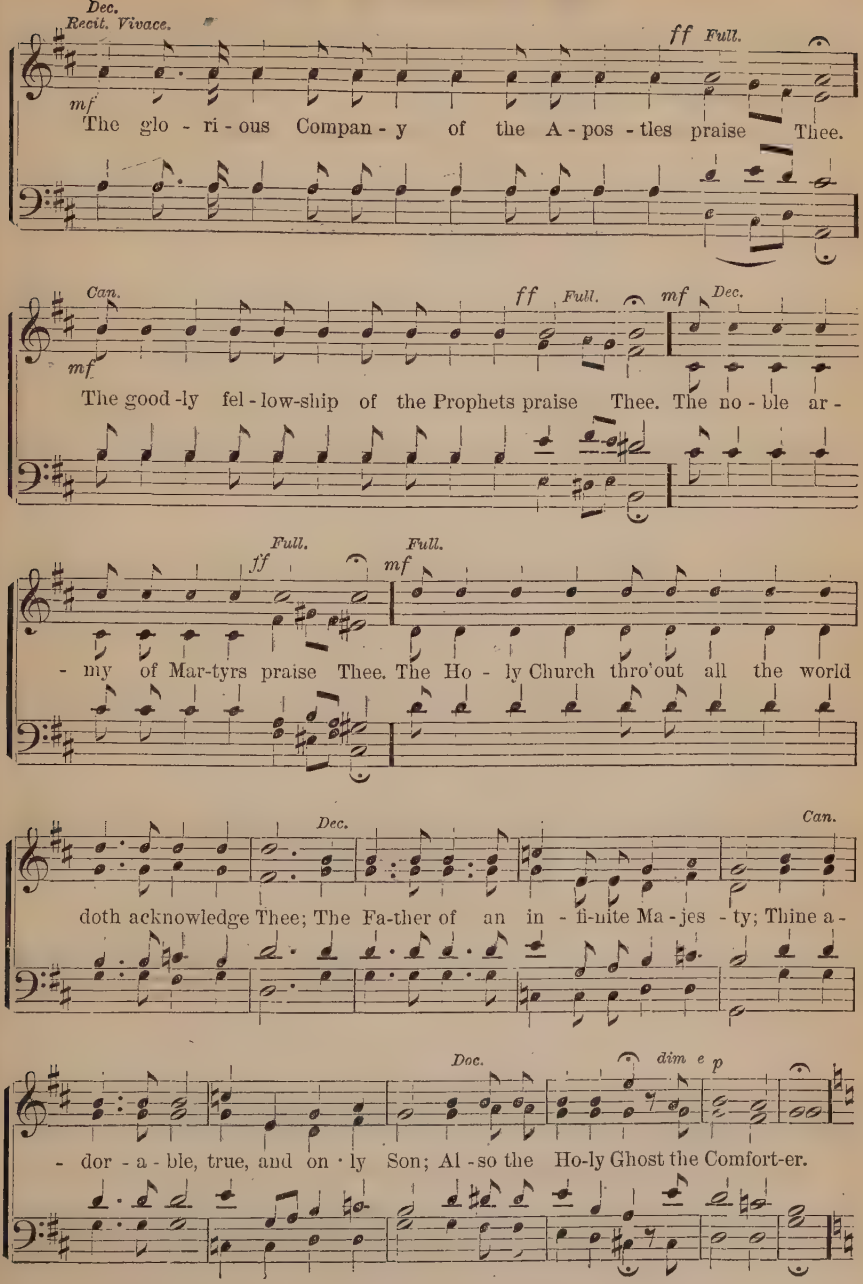

Dec.
with -
out end. Vouch - safe, O Lord: to keep us this day without
with -
with -
- - out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up - on us: have mer - - cy up -
Can.
. . . . . sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up - on us: have mer-cy up -
- - out sin.
Dec.
on us. O . . Lord, let thy mer - cy be up - on us: as
Full.
. . . . . our trust is in . . thee. O Lord, in thee have I
as
trust - ed: let me ne - ver be con - found - - - - - ed.

Jubilate, in A.

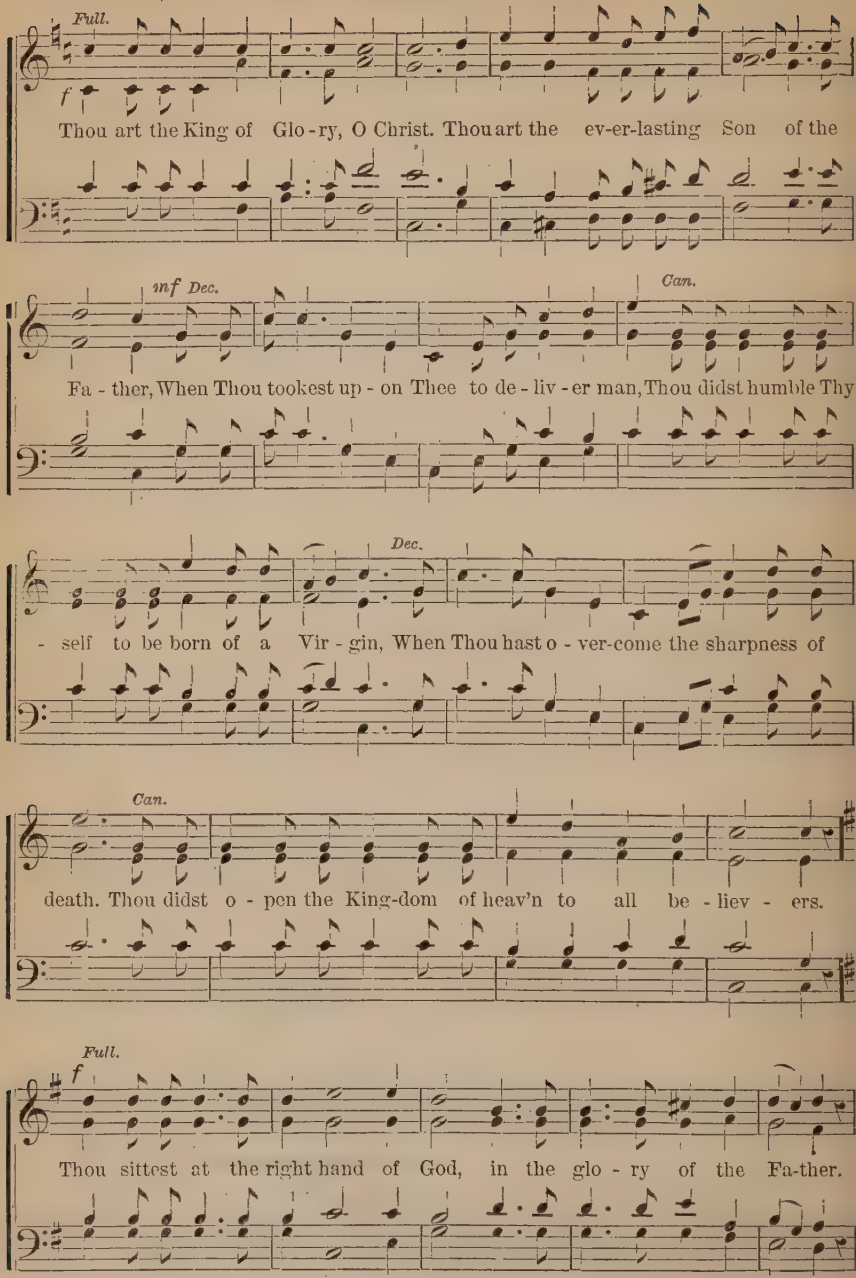
Dr. W. Boyce.

Full.
O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness and
Decani.
come before his presence with a song. Be ye sure that the Lord he is
Cantoris.
Dec.
God: it is he that hath made us, and not we our selves; we are his
Full.
peo - ple, and the sheep of his pas - ture. O go your way in - to his
gates with thanksgiv - ing, and in - to his courts with praise: be thankful un - to

Dec.
him, and speak good of his Name. For the Lord is gra - cious, his
Can.
mer-cy is ev - er - last - ing: and his truth en - du - reth from ge - ne-
Full.
ration to ge - nera - tion. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the
Son; and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - ginning, is
now and e - ver shall be:
now and e - ver.... shall be: world without end, world without end. A - men.

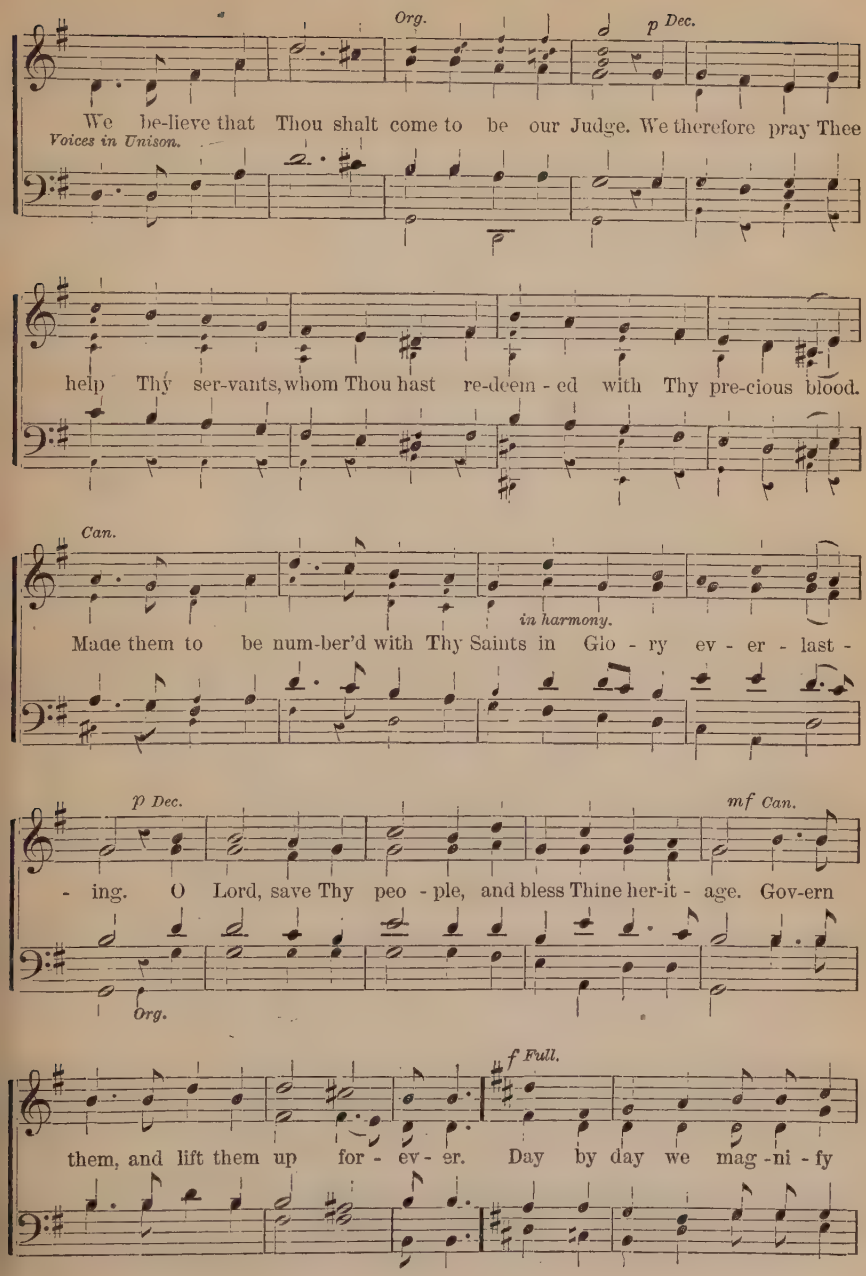
Te Deum in D.

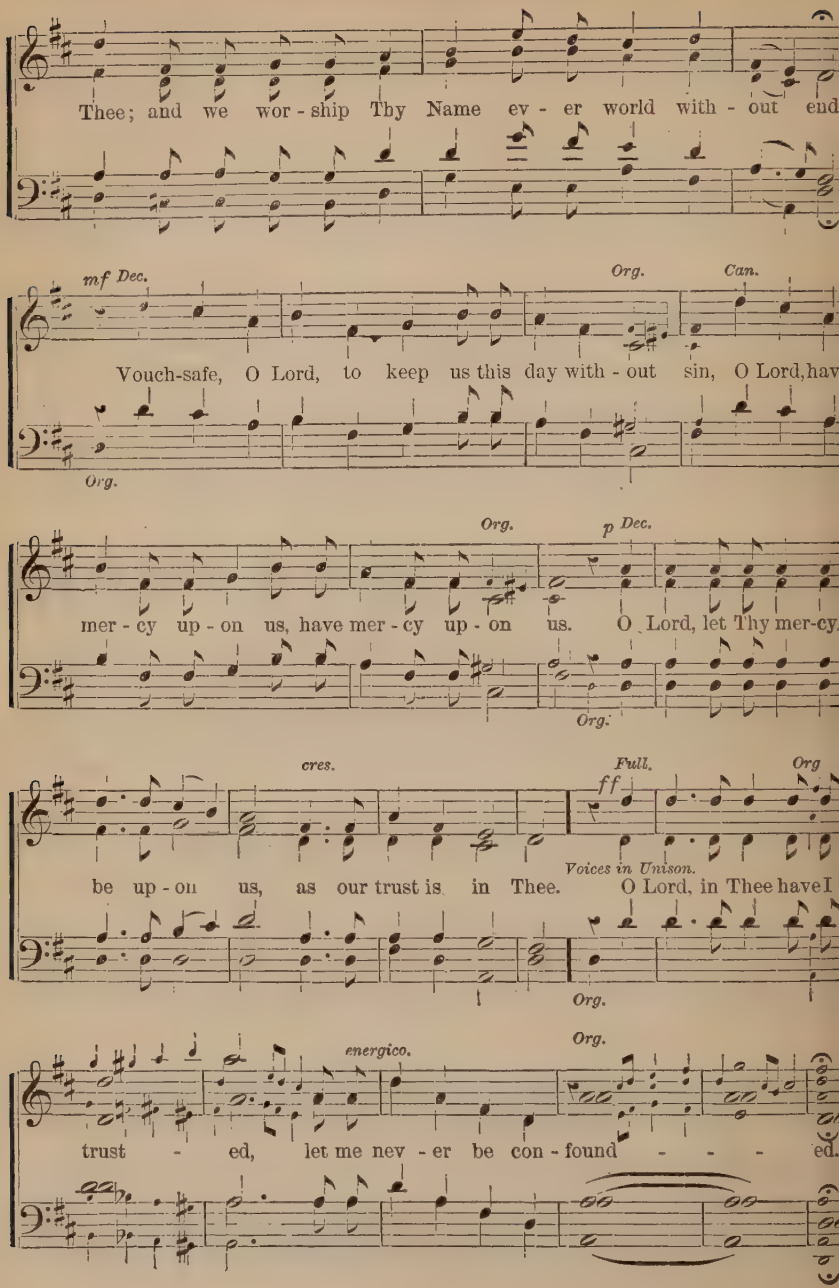
W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.


Allegro. Full.
f
We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the
Org.
Dec.
earth doth worship Thee, the Father ev - er - last - ing. To Thee all an-gel
Can.
cry a - loud; the Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein. To Thee Cher- u- bim and
Full.
ff
Ser - aphim con - tin-ual - ly do cry, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Lord God
Sa - ba - oth; Heav'n and earth are full of the Ma - jes-ty of Thy Glo - ry.

Dec.
Recit. Vivace.
mf
ff Full.
The glo - ri - ous Compan - y of the A - pos - tles praise Thee.
Can.
mf
ff Full.
mf Dec.
The good - ly fel - low-ship of the Prophets praise Thee. The no - ble ar -
Full.
ff
Full.
mf
- my of Mar-tyrs praise Thee. The Ho - ly Church thro'out all the world
Dec.
Can.
doth acknowledge Thee; The Fa-ther of an in - fi-nite Ma - jes - ty; Thine a -
Doc.
dim e p
- dor - a - ble, true, and on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho-ly Ghost the Comfort-er.

Te Deum in D.

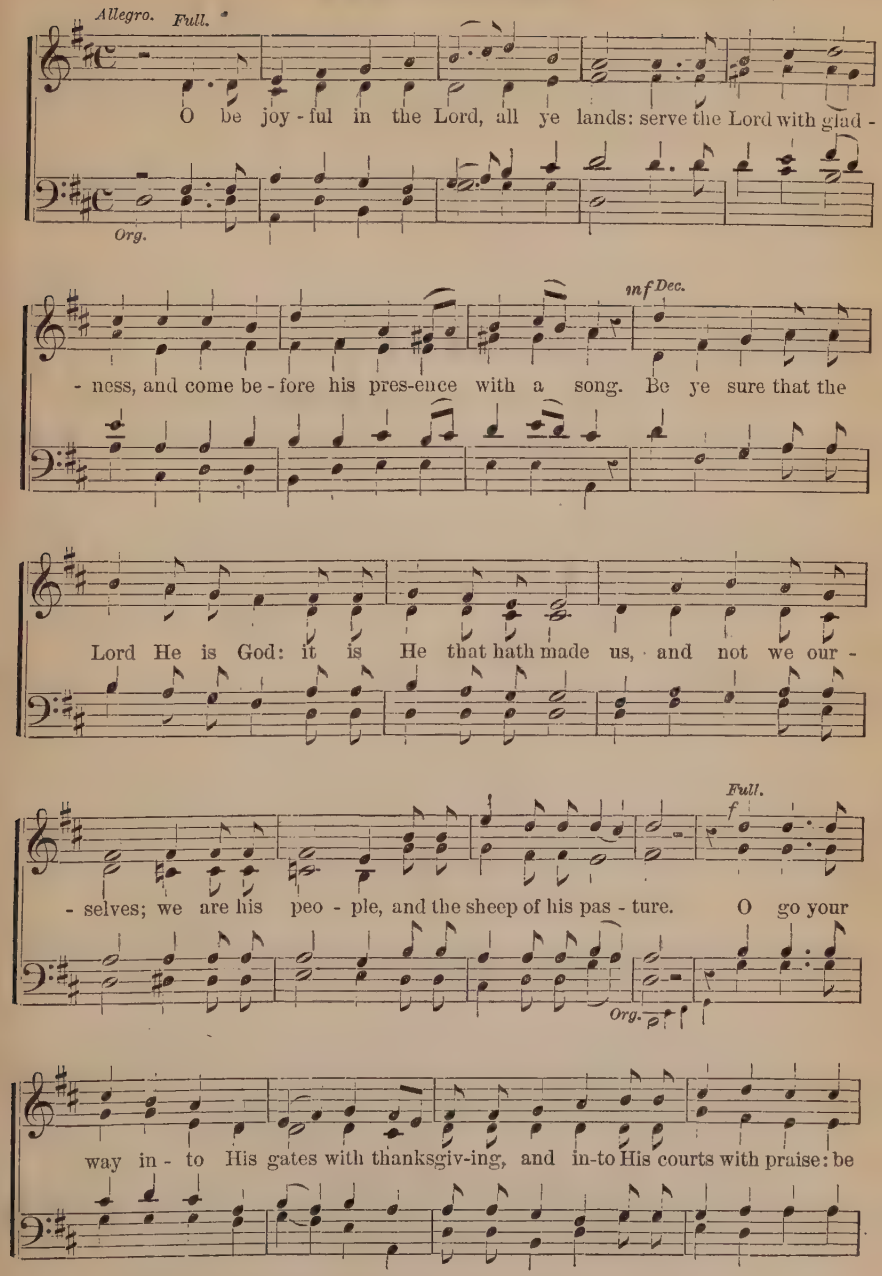

Full.
f
Thou art the King of Glo-ry, O Christ. Thou art the ev-er-lasting Son of the
inf Dec.
Can.
Fa-ther, When Thou tookest up-on Thee to de-liv-er man, Thou didst humble Thy
Dec.
-self to be born of a Vir-gin, When Thou hast o-ver-come the sharpness of
Can.
death. Thou didst o-pen the King-dom of heav'n to all be-liev-ers.
Full.
f
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glo-ry of the Fa-ther.


Org.
p Dec.
We be-lieve that Thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee
Voices in Unison.
help Thy ser-vants, whom Thou hast re-deem - ed with Thy pre-cious blood.
Can.
in harmony.
Made them to be num-ber'd with Thy Saints in Glo - ry ev - er - last -
p Dec.
mf Can.
- ing. O Lord, save Thy peo - ple, and bless Thine her-it - age. Gov-ern
Org.
f Full.
them, and lift them up for - ev - er. Day by day we mag - ni - fy

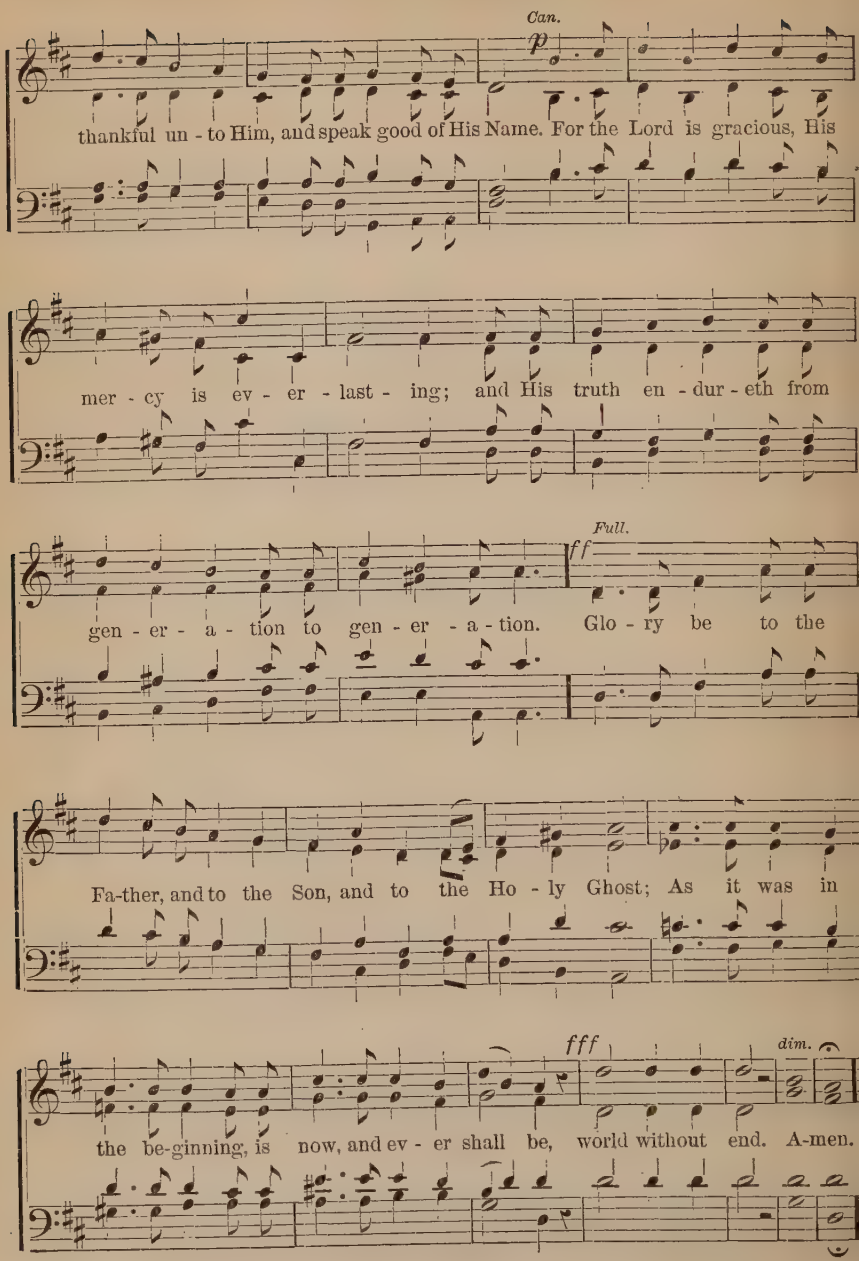
Te Deum in D.

Thee; and we wor - ship Thy Name ev - er world with - out end
mf Dec.
Org.
Can.
Vouch-safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with - out sin, O Lord, hav
Org.
Org.
p Dec.
mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us. O Lord, let Thy mer-cy
Org.
cres.
Full.
Org
ff
Voices in Unison.
be up - on us, as our trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have I
Org.
Org.
energico.
trust - ed, let me nev - er be con - found - - - ed.

Jubilate Deo.

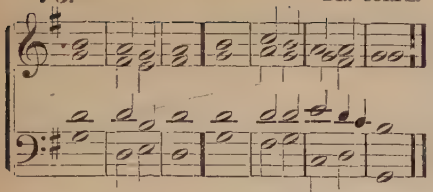
W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.


Allegro.
Full.
O be joy - ful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with glad -
Org.
mf Dec.
- ness, and come be - fore his pres-ence with a song. Be ye sure that the
Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we our -
Full.
f
- selves; we are his peo - ple, and the sheep of his pas - ture. O go your
Org.
p
way in - to His gates with thanksgiv-ing, and in-to His courts with praise: be

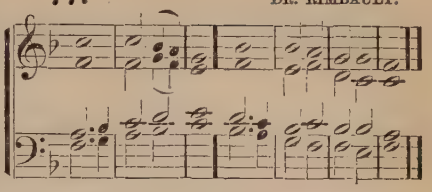
Jubilate Deo.


Can.
p
thankful un - to Him, and speak good of His Name. For the Lord is gracious, His
mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing; and His truth en - dur - eth from
Full.
ff
gen - er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion. Glo - ry be to the
Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in
fff
dim.
the be-ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A-men.

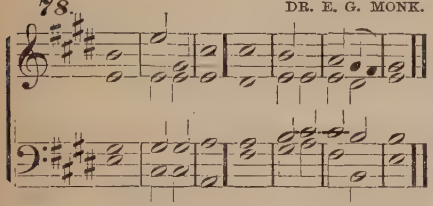
76. DR. CORFE.

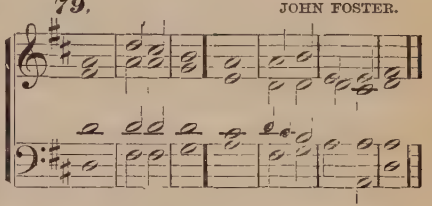


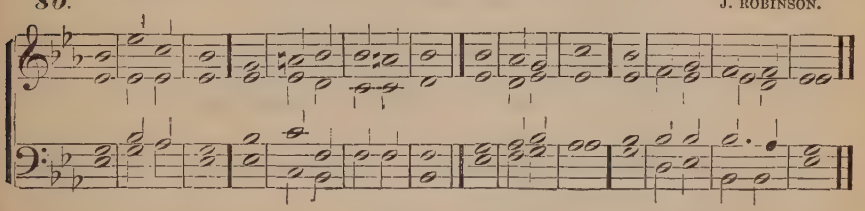
77. DR. RIMBAULT.



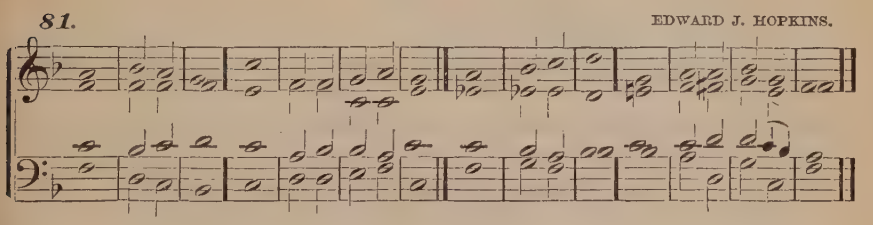
78. DR. E. G. MONK.



79. JOHN FOSTER.

80. J. ROBINSON.



81. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



Psalm c.

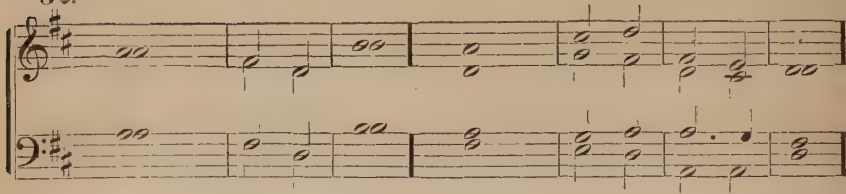
1. O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.
2. Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of his | pasture.
3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise: be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.
4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ev-er- | lasting: and his truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

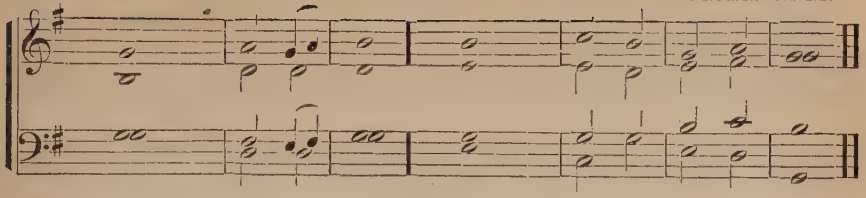
Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

82. OXFORD CHANT.



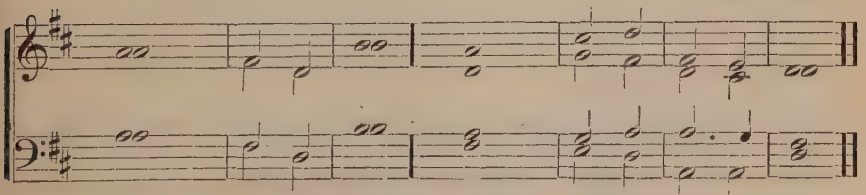
1. O all ye Works of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
2. O ye Angels of the Lord | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
3. O ye Heavens | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
4. O ye Waters that be above the firmament, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
5. O all ye Powers of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
6. O ye Sun and Moon, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify him for | ever.
7. O ye Stars of Heaven, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
8. O ye Showers and Dew, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
9. O ye Winds of God, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify him for | ever.
10. O ye Fire and Heat. | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
11. O ye Winter and Summer, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
12. O ye Dews and Frosts, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
13. O ye Frost and Cold, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
14. O ye Ice and Snow, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
15. O ye Nights and Days, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
16. O ye Light and Darkness, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
17. O ye Lightnings and Clouds, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and magni-fy | him for | ever.

83. ANCIENT CHANT.



18. O let the Earth | bless the | Lord: yea, let it praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
19. O ye Mountains and hills, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
20. O all ye Green Things upon the earth, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
21. O ye Wells, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
22. O ye Seas and Floods, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
23. O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
24. O all ye Fowls of the Air, | bless ye the Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
25. O all ye Beasts and Cattle, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
26. O ye Children of Men, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
27. O let Israel | bless the | Lord: praise him and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
28. O ye Priests of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
29. O ye Servants of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
30. O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
31. O ye holy and humble Men of heart, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

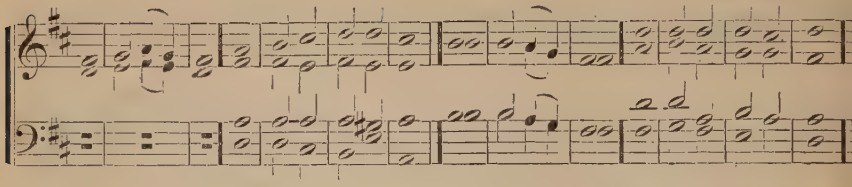
OXFORD CHANT.



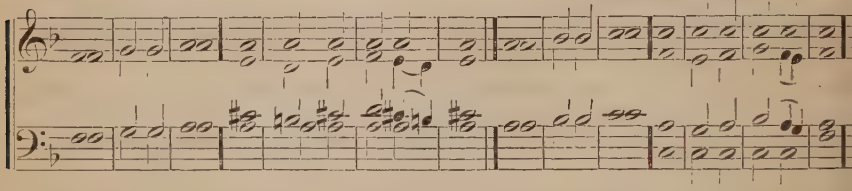
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

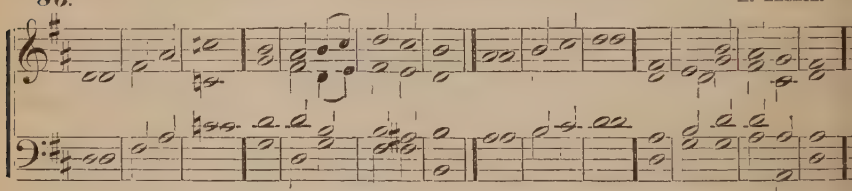
84. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



85. ALFRED BENNETT, MUS. B.



86. H. LESLIE.



1. O all ye Works of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
2. O ye Angels of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
3. O ye Heavens | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
4. O ye Waters that be above the firmament, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
5. O all ye Powers of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
6. O ye Sun and Moon, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
7. O ye Stars of Heaven, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
8. O ye Showers and Dew, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
9. O ye Winds of God, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and magnify | him for | ever.
10. O ye Fire and Heat, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.
11. O ye Winter and Summer, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

12. O ye Dews and Frosts, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

13. O ye Frost and Cold, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

14. O ye Ice and Snow, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

15. O ye Nights and Days, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

16. O ye Light and Darkness, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

17. O ye Lightnings and Clouds, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

18. O let the Earth | bless the | Lord: yea, let it praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

19. O ye Mountains and Hills, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

20. O all ye Green Things upon the earth, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

21. O ye Wells, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him, for | ever.

22. O ye Seas and Floods, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

23. O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

24. O all ye Fowls of the air, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

25. O all ye Beasts and Cattle, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

26. O ye Children of Men, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

27. O let Israel | bless the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

28. O ye Priests of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

29. O ye Servants of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

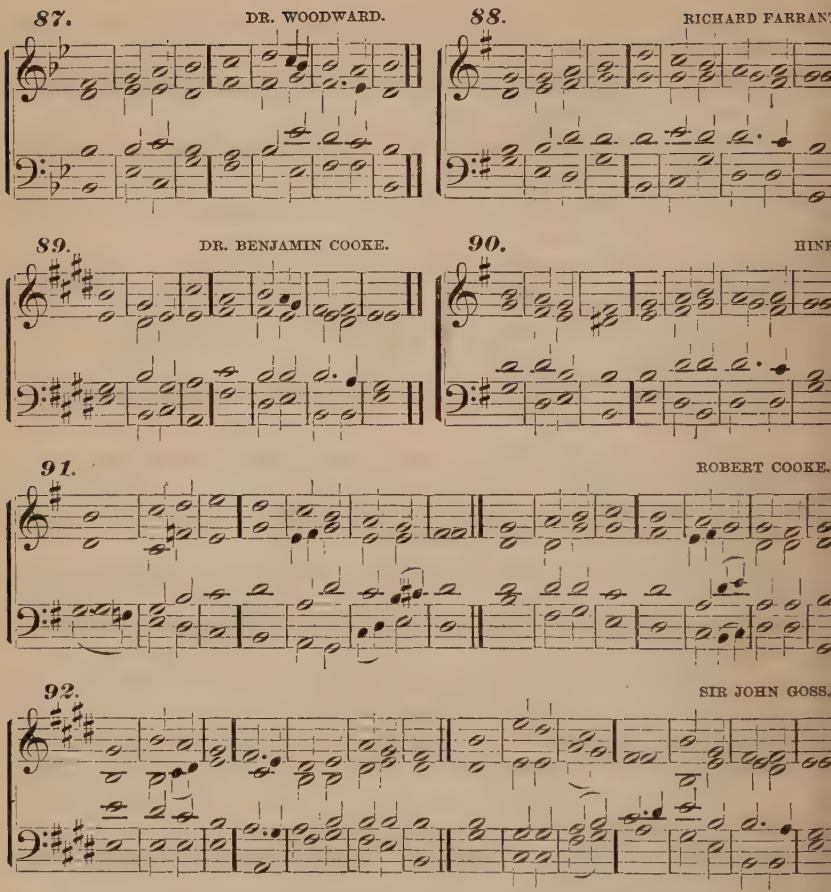
30. O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

31. O ye holy and humble Men of heart, | bless ye the | Lord: praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

Benedictus.



1. Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel: for he hath visited | and redeemed his | people;

2. And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us: in the house of his | ser-vant | David;

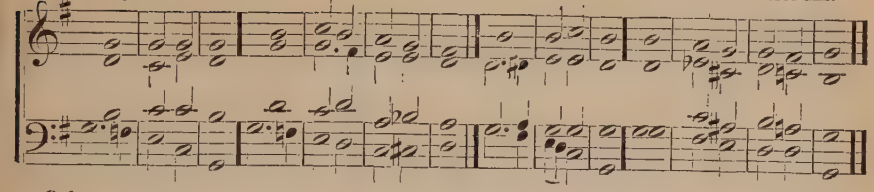
3. As he spake by the mouth of his | ho - ly | Prophets: which ha been | since the | world be- | gan;

4. That we should be saved | from our | enemies: and from the | ha of | all that | hate us.

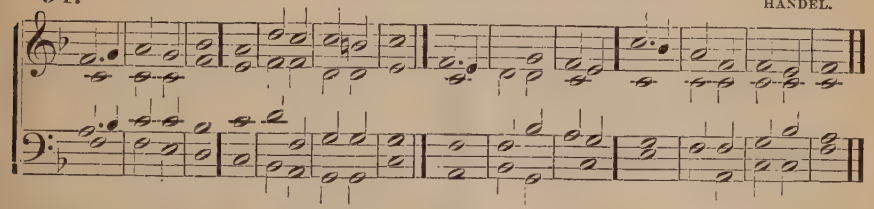
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world | wi out | end. A- | men.

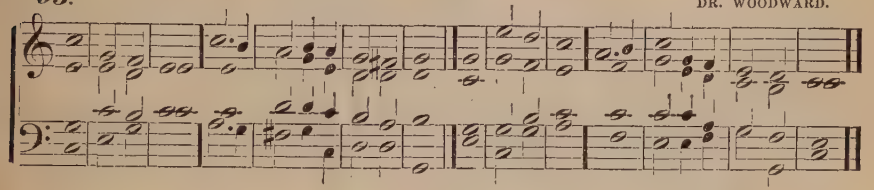
93. DR. EDWARD HODGES.



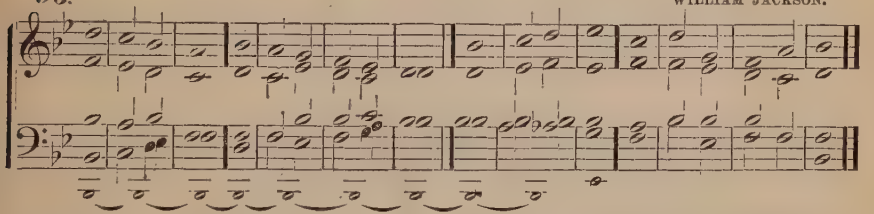
94. HANDEL.



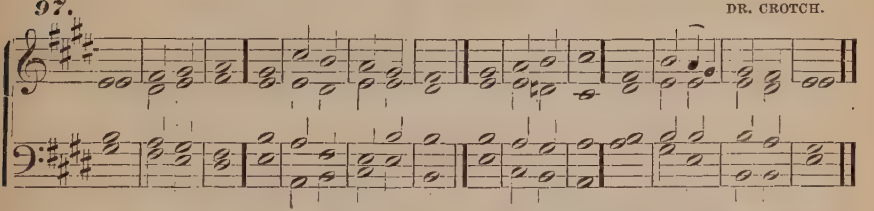
95. DR. WOODWARD.



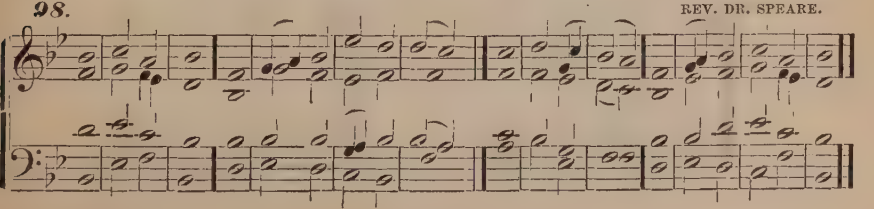
96. WILLIAM JACKSON.



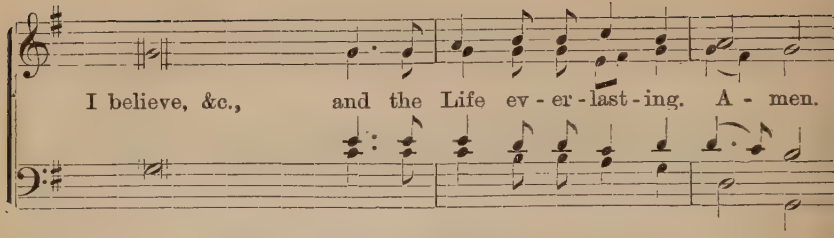
97. DR. CROTCH.

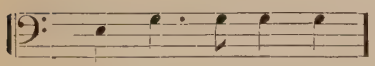


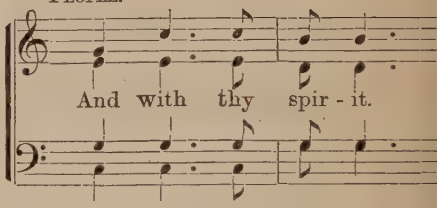
98. REV. DR. SPEARE.



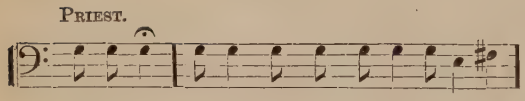
The Apostles' Creed.



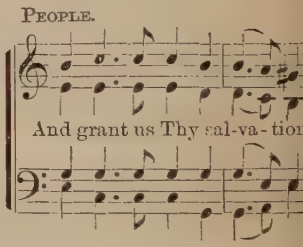
PRIEST.

PEOPLE.



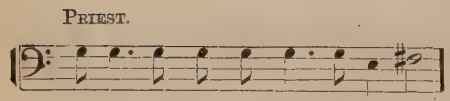
PRIEST.

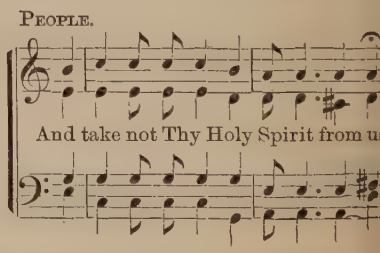


PEOPLE.

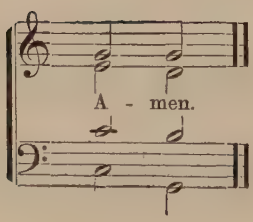


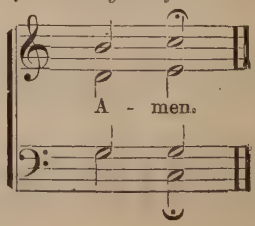
PRIEST.



PEOPLE.

Amens.

After "The grace of our Lord."

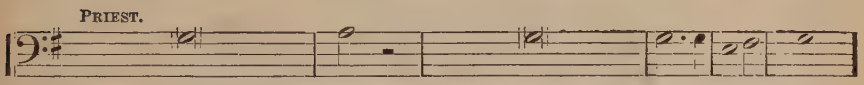




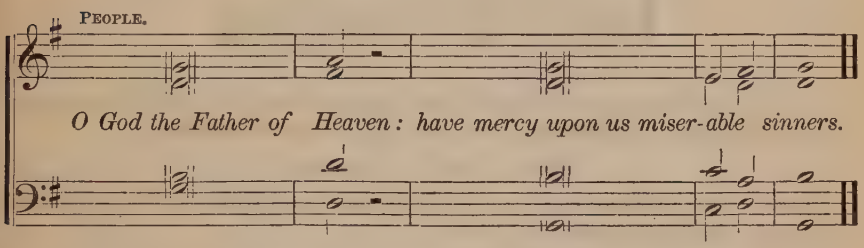
The Litany,

OR GENERAL SUPPLICATION.

¶ *To be used after Morning Service, on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.*



O God the Father of Heaven: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.



O God the Son, Redeemer of the | world: have mercy upon us miser-| able | sinners.

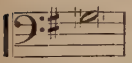
O God the Son, Redeemer of the | world: have mercy upon us miser-| able | sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the | Son: have mercy upon us miser- | able | sinners.

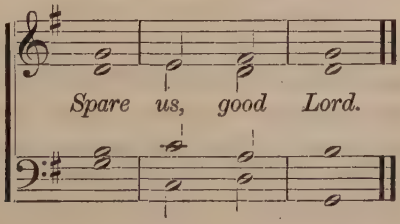
O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the | Son: have mercy upon us miser- | able | sinners.

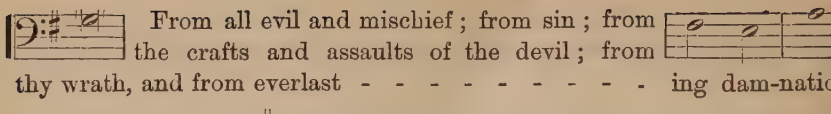
O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one | God: have mercy upon us miser- | able | sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one | God: have mercy upon us miser- | able | sinners.

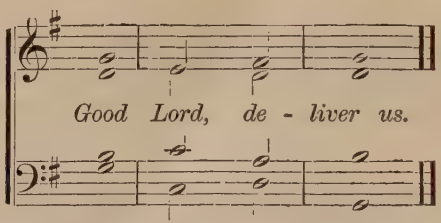


Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our fore-fathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with . . . . . us for ever.





From all evil and mischief; from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlast - - - - - - - - - ing dam-natio



From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocris from envy, hatred, and malice, and all | un- | charitableness,

Good | Lord, de- | liver us.

From all inordinate and sinful affections; and from all the deceits the world, the flesh | and the | devil,

Good | Lord, de- | liver us.

From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famin from battle and murder, and from | sudden | death,

Good | Lord, de- | liver us.

From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all fal doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt thy Word | and Com- | mandment,

Good | Lord, de- | liver us.

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy holy Nativity a Circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting | and Temp- | tation,

Good | Lord, de- | liver us.

By thine Agony and Bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Asce sion; and by the coming of the | Holy | Ghost,

Good | Lord, de- | liver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in t hour of death, and in the | day of | judgment,

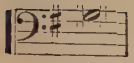
Good | Lord, de- | liver us.

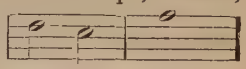
We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it m please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal | in the right | way

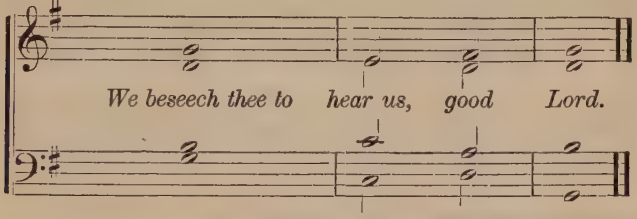
We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and preserve all Christian Rulers a Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to | maintain | trut

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.



That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and  understanding of thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and . . . show it ac-cordingly;



That it may please thee to bless and keep | all thy | people;

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all nations unity, | peace, and | concord;

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

That it may please thee to give us an heart to love and fear thee, and diligently to live after | thy com- | mandments;

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all thy people increase of grace to hear meekly thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits | of the | Spirit;

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

That it may please thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred, and | are de- | ceived;

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up those who fall; and finally to beat down Satan | under our | feet;

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

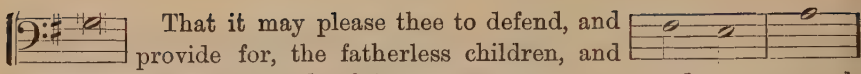
That it may please thee to succour, help, and comfort, all who are in danger, necessity, and | tribu- | lation;

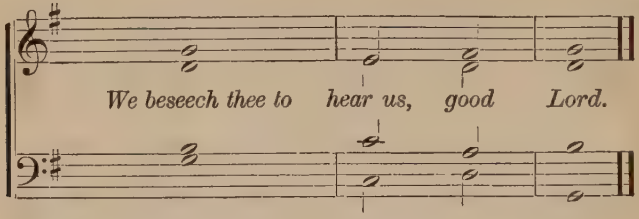
We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

That it may please the to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all women in the perils of child-birth, all sick persons, and young children; and to show thy pity upon all | prisoners and | captives;

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

The Litany.


That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and
widows, and all who are desolate . . . . . and op - pressed;



That it may please thee to have mercy | upon | all men;

We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to | turn their | hearts;

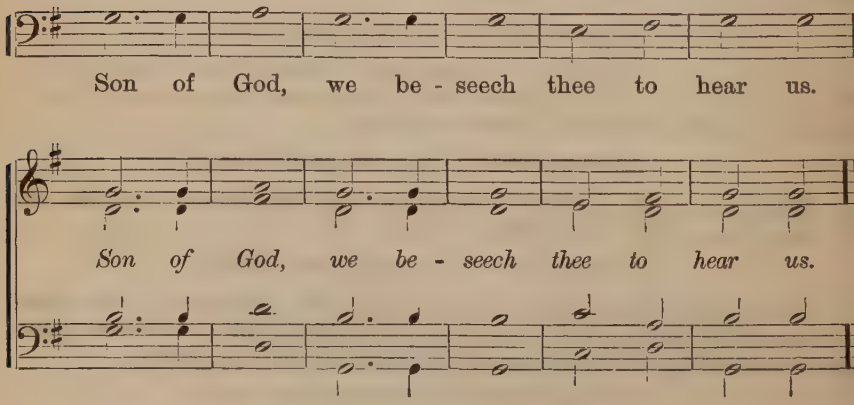
We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

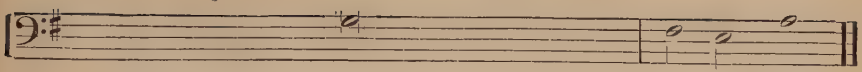
That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we | may en- | joy them;

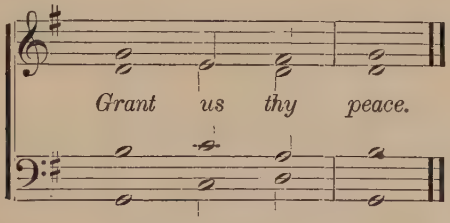
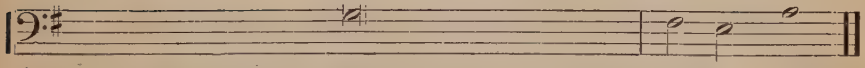
We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.

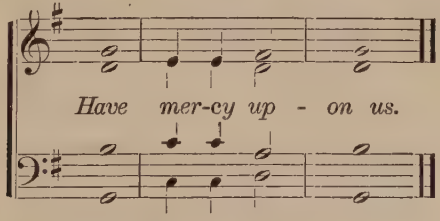
That it may please thee to give us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy | holy | Word;

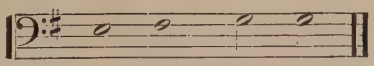
We beseech thee to | hear us, good | Lord.



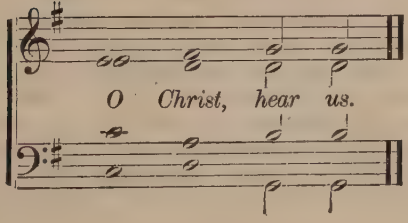


O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world;



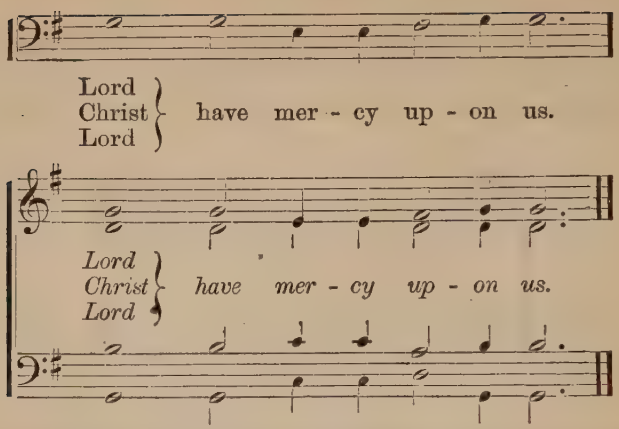
O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world;

¶ *The Minister may, at his discretion, omit all that follows, to the Prayer,* "We humbly beseech thee, O Father," &c.



O Christ, hear us.

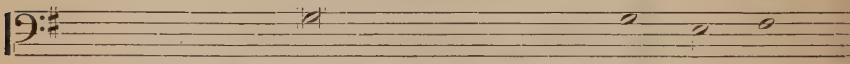


The Litany,

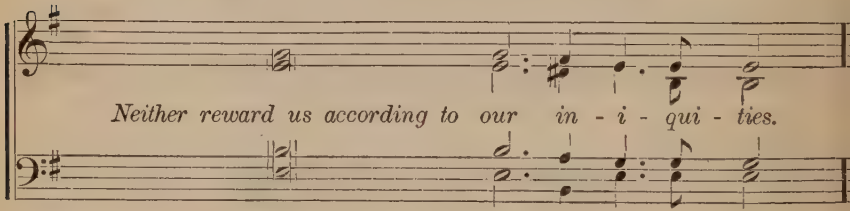


¶ *Then shall the Minister, and the People with him, say the Lord's Prayer.*

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our tres passes, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

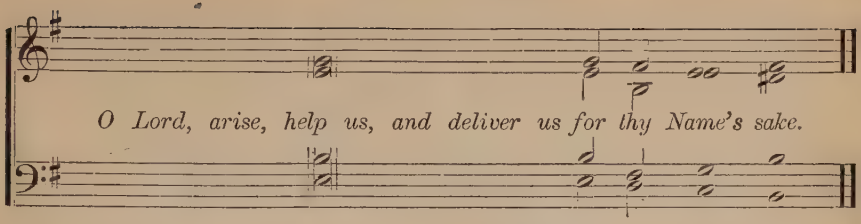


O Lord, deal not with us according to our sins.

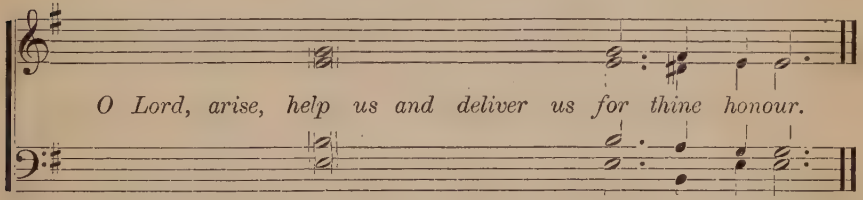


Let us pray.

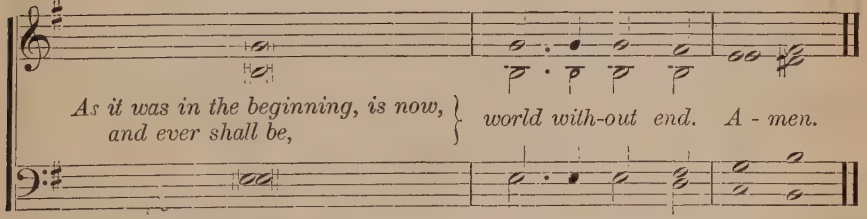
O GOD, merciful Father, who despisest not the sighing o a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful; Mercifully as sist our prayers which we make before thee in all our troubles and adver sities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that thos evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us may, by thy good providence, be brought to nought; that we th servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church; through . . . . . Je-sus Christ, our Lord.



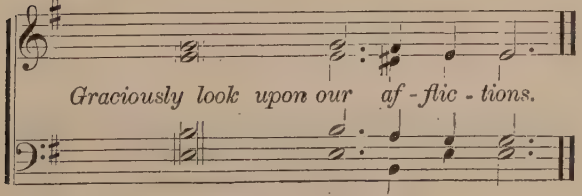
O GOD, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.

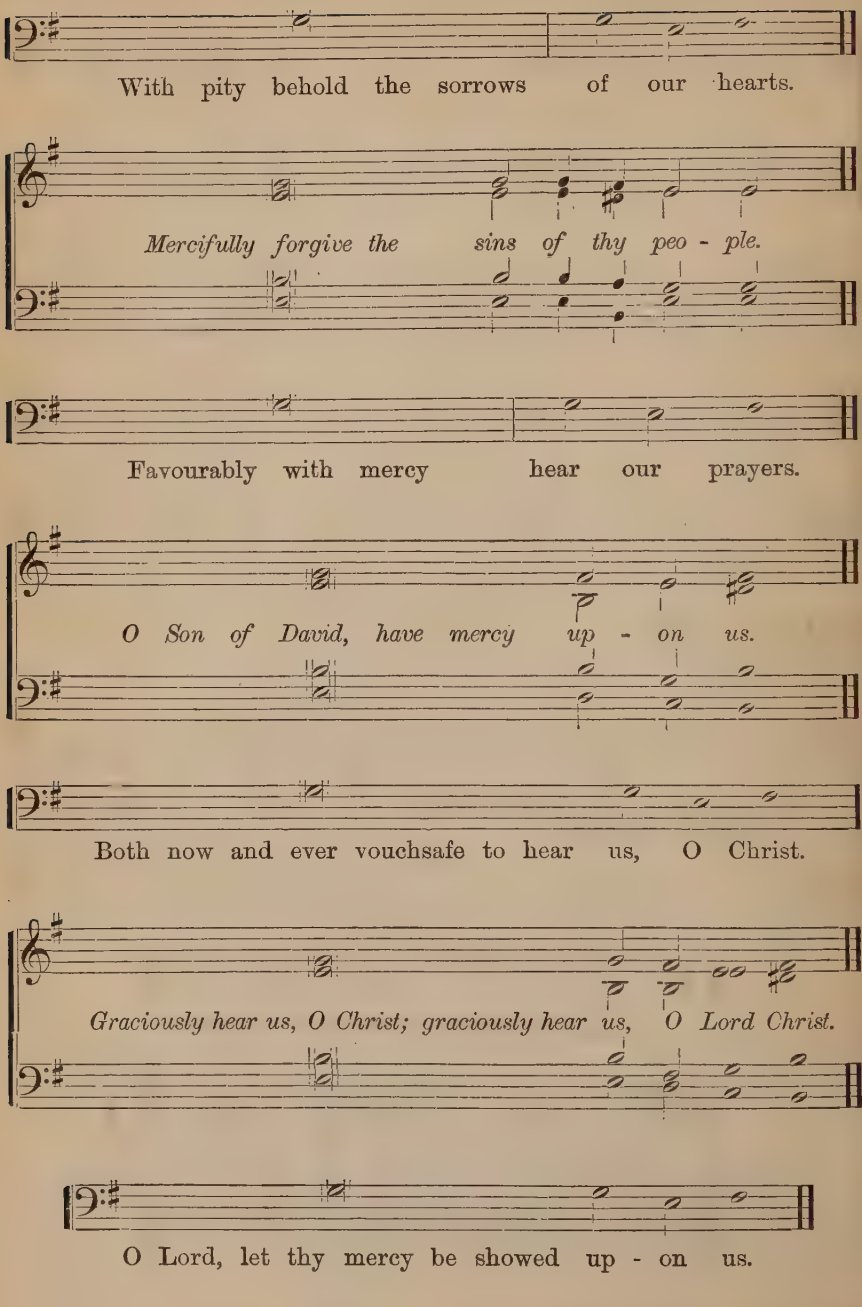


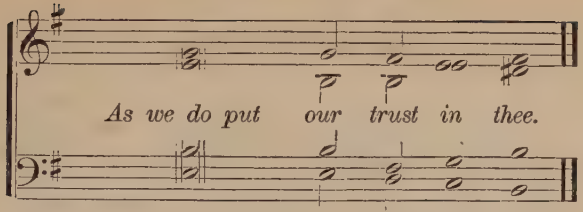
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;



From our enemies defend us, O Christ.

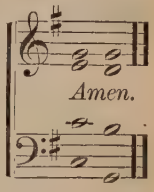



With pity behold the sorrows of our hearts.
Mercifully forgive the sins of thy peo - ple.
Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.
O Son of David, have mercy up - on us.
Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.
Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.
O Lord, let thy mercy be showed up - on us.

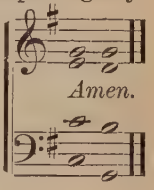


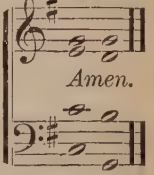
Let us pray.

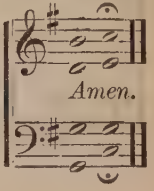
WE humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and, for the glory of thy Name, turn from us all those evils that we most justly have deserved; and grant, that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory; through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord.



A General Thanksgiving.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end.

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

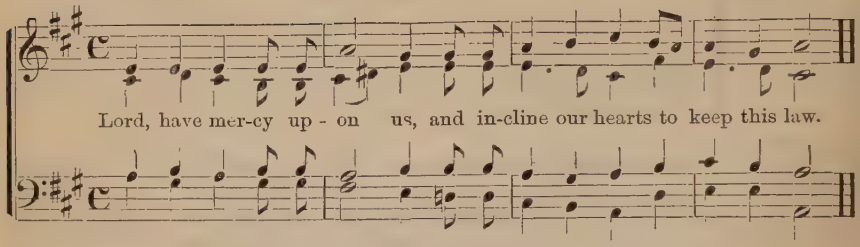
ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.

2 *Cor.* xiii. 14.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, ... be with us all ev-er-more.

Here endeth the Litany.

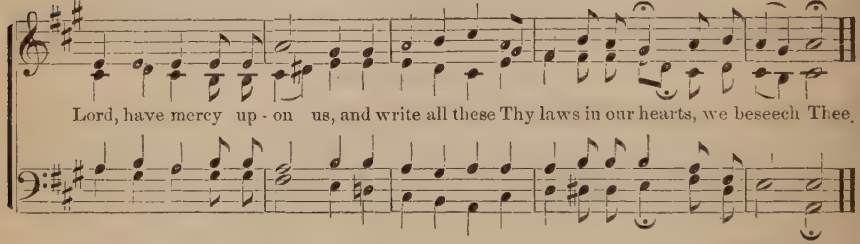
Holy Communion.

Kyrie Eleison.

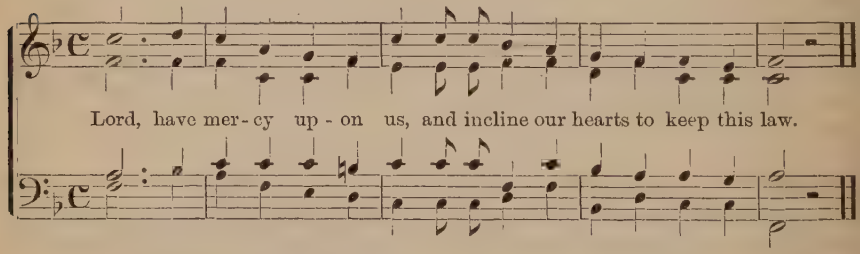
No. 1. DR. ARNOLD.



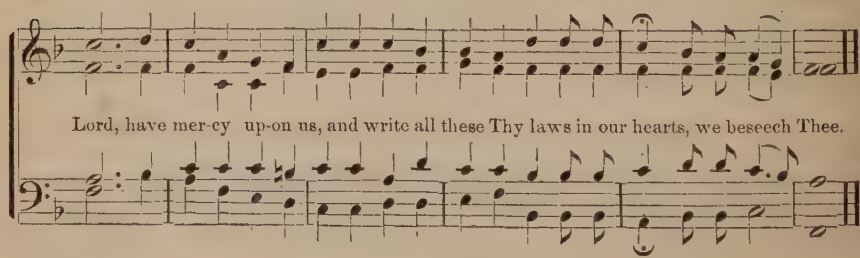
After the Tenth Commandment.



No. 2. DR. NARES.

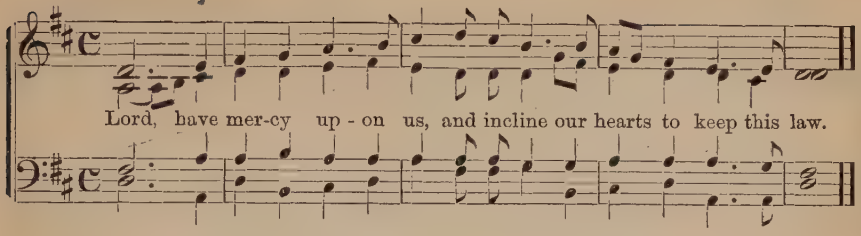


After the Tenth Commandment.

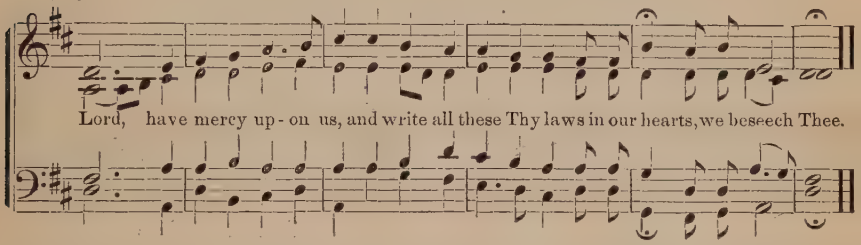


No. 3.

DR. B. ROGERS.

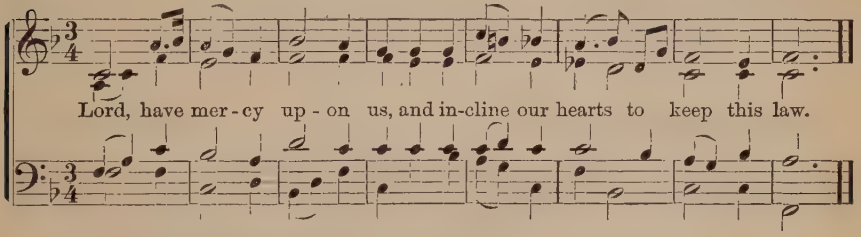


After the Tenth Commandment.

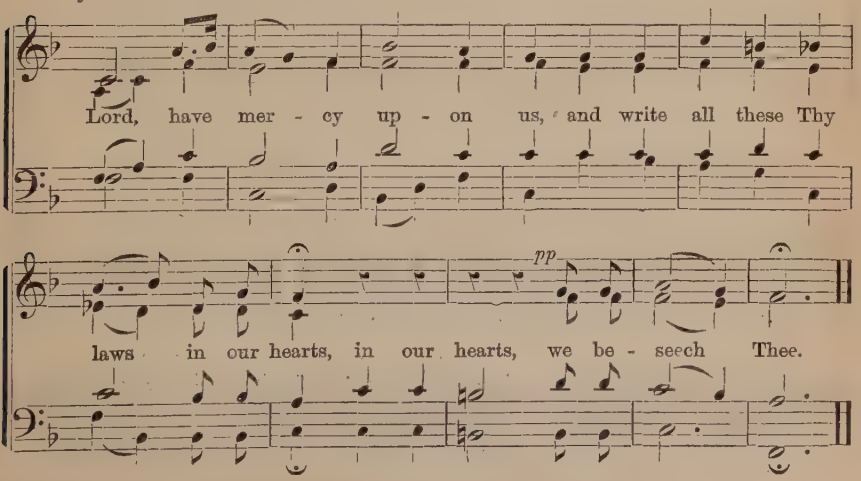


No. 4.

DR. BEXFIELD.

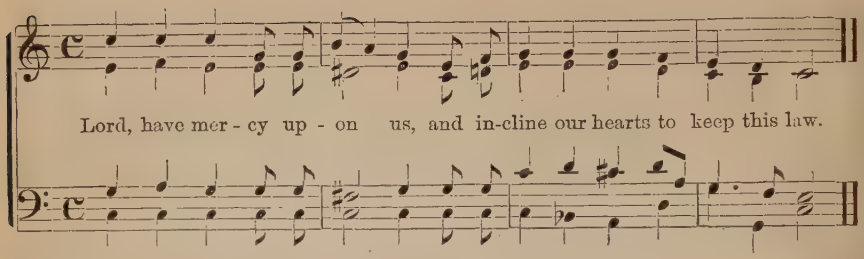


After the Tenth Commandment.

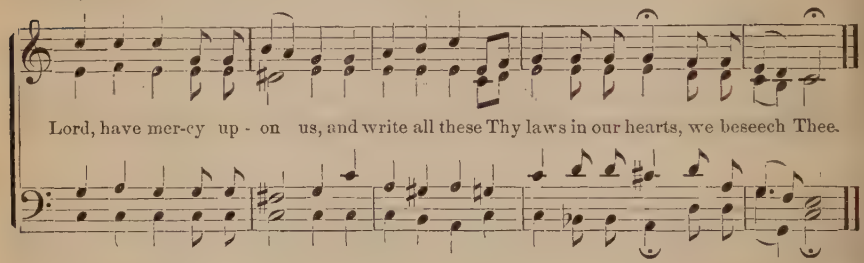


Kyrie Eleison.

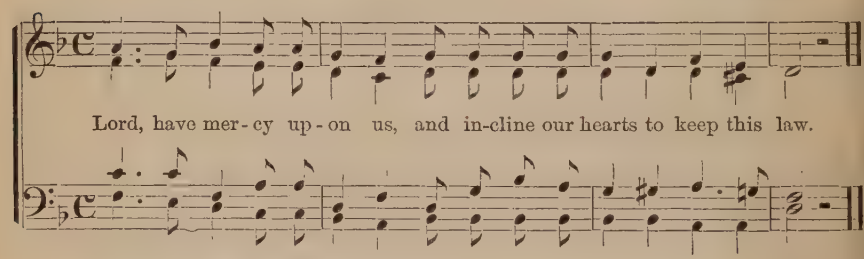
No. 5. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



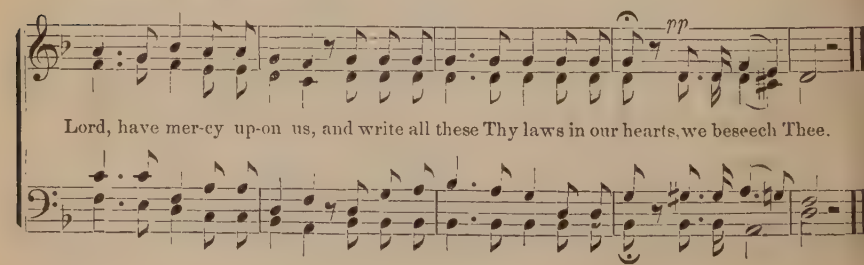
After the Tenth Commandment.



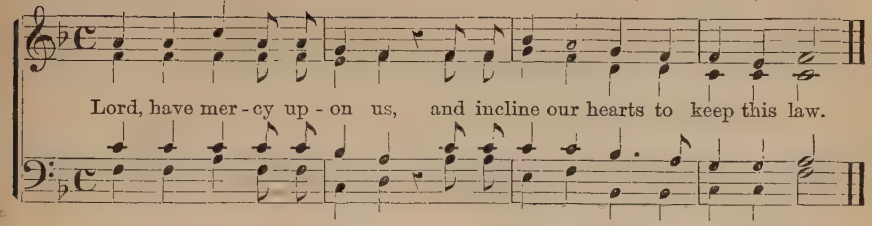
No. 6. (FOR LENT.) ANCIENT THEME.



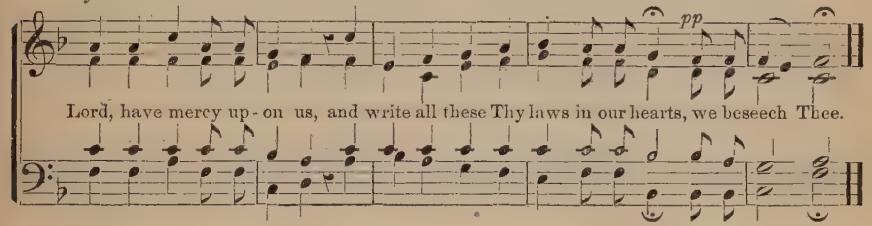
After the Tenth Commandment.



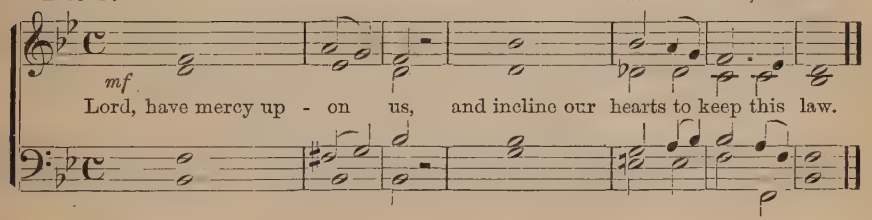
No. 7. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



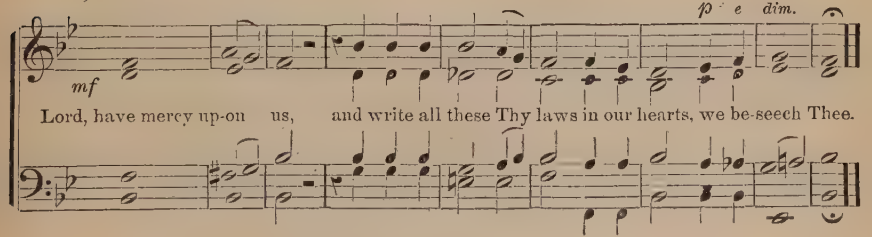
After the Tenth Commandment.



No. 8. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.

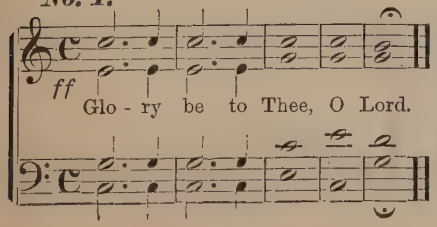


After the Tenth Commandment.

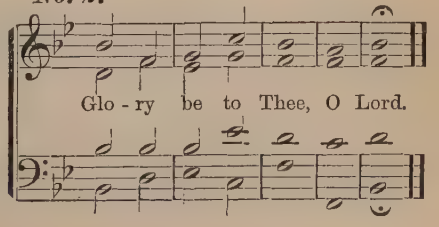


Before the Gospel.

No. 1.

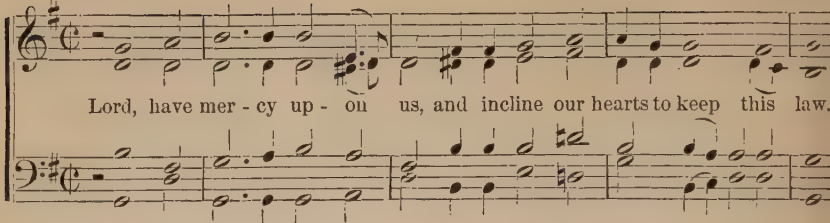


No. 2.

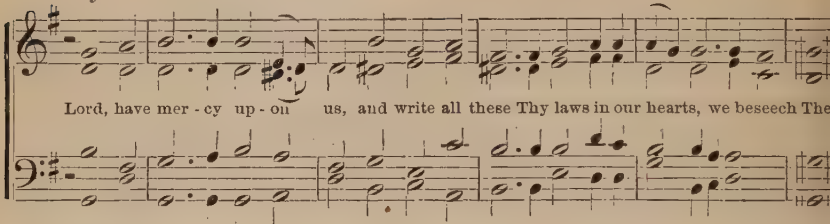


Kyrie Eleison.

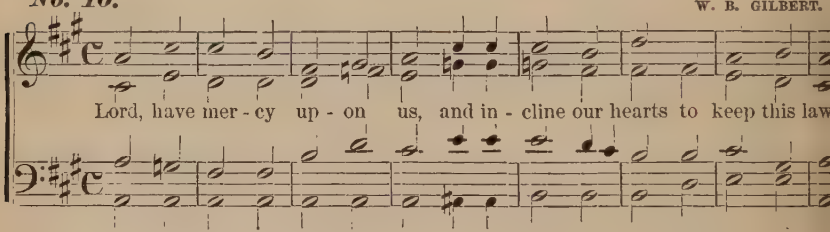
No. 9. DR. ALDRICH.



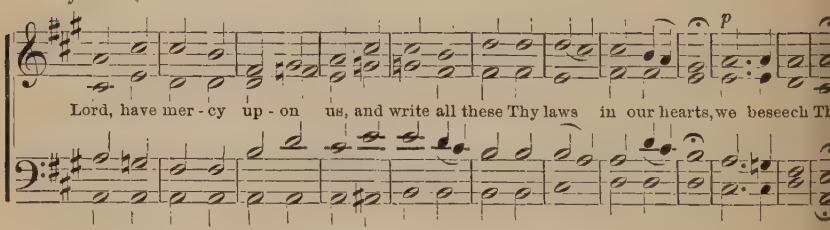
After the Tenth Commandment.



No. 10. W. B. GILBERT.

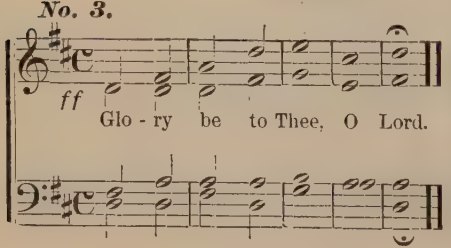


After the Tenth Commandment.

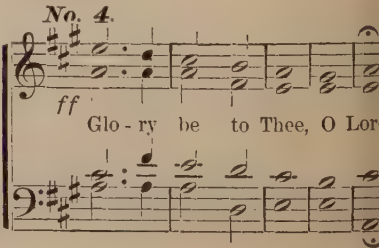


Before the Gospel.

No. 3.



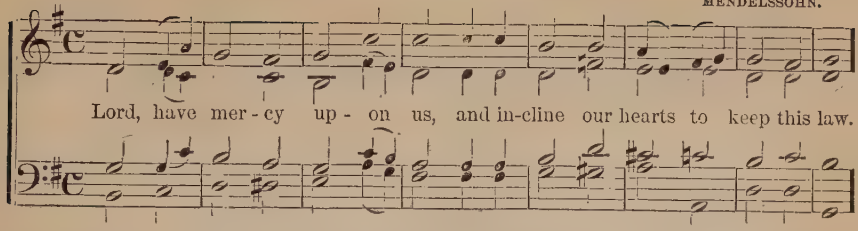
No. 4.



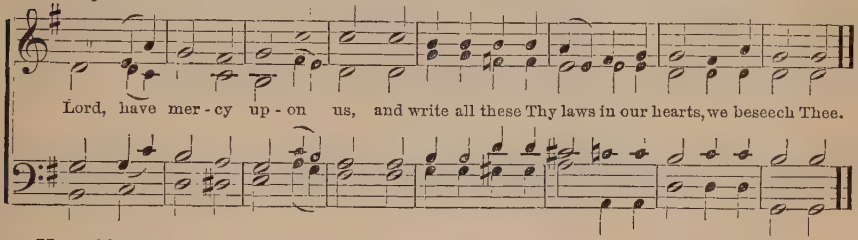
Kyrie Eleison.

No. 11.

MENDELSSOHN.

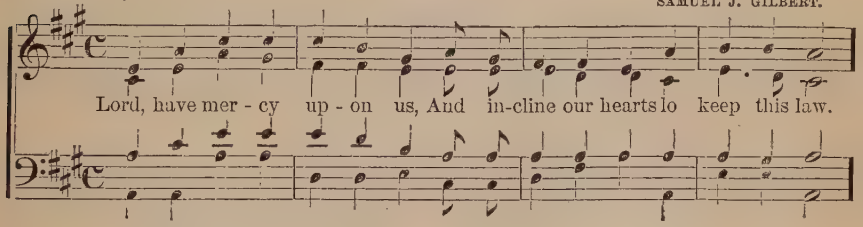


After the Tenth Commandment.

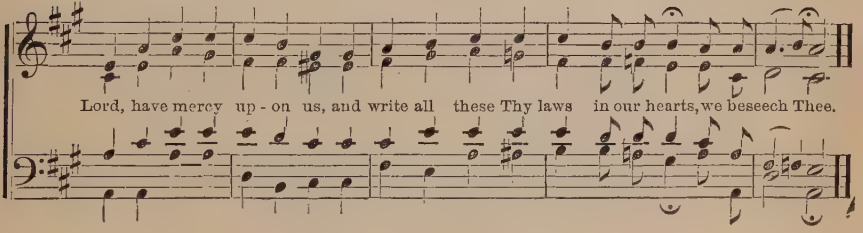


No. 12.

SAMUEL J. GILBERT.

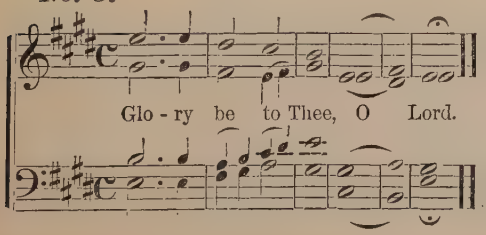


After the Tenth Commandment.

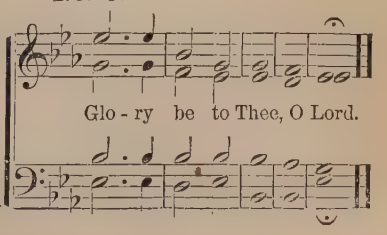


Before the Gospel.

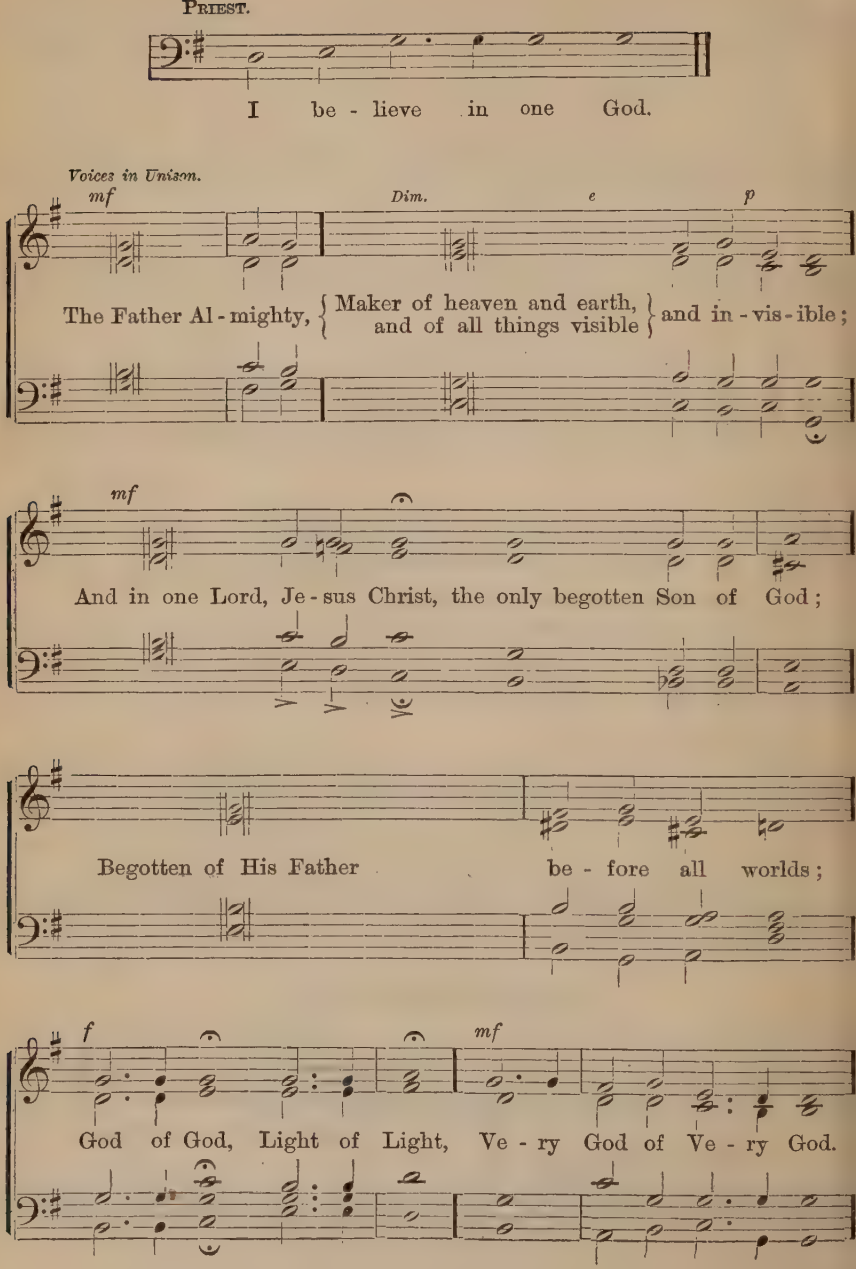
No. 5.

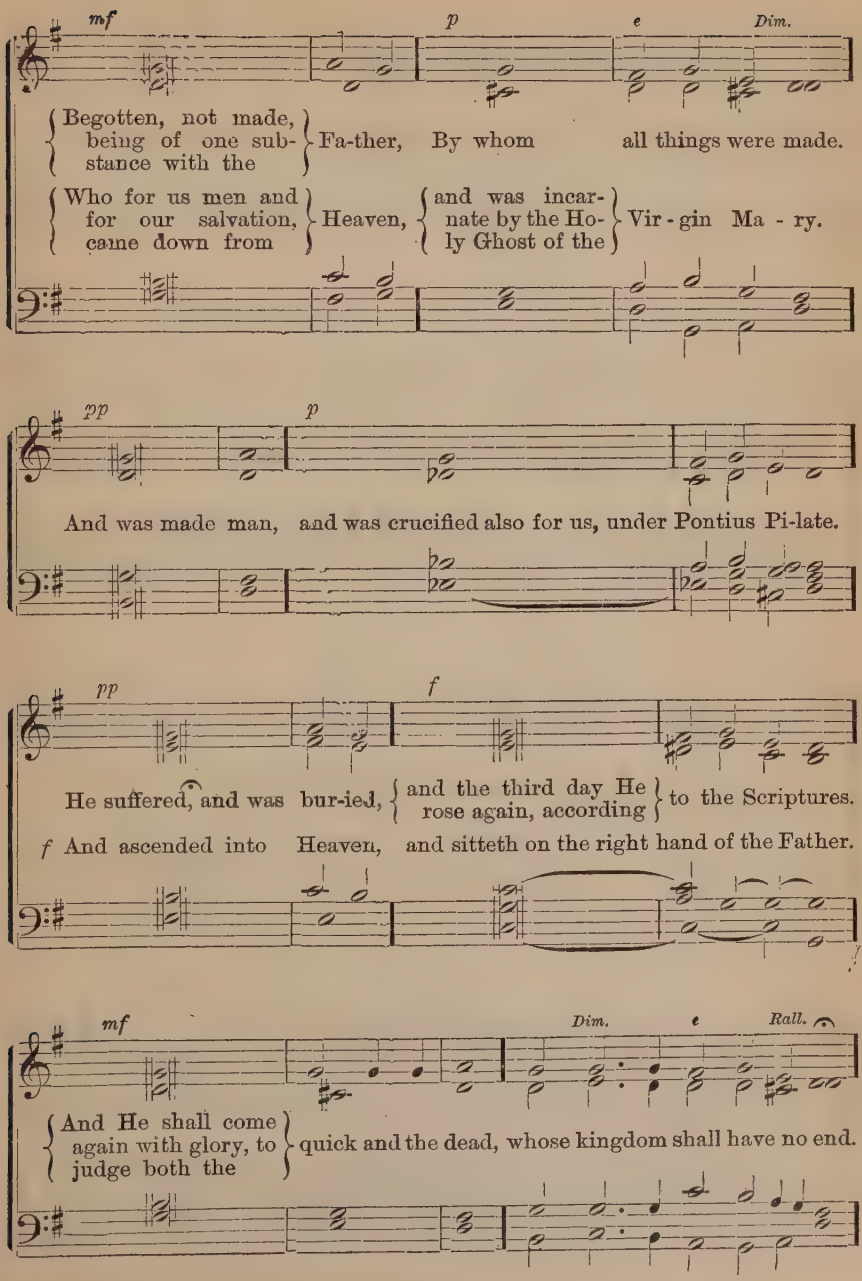


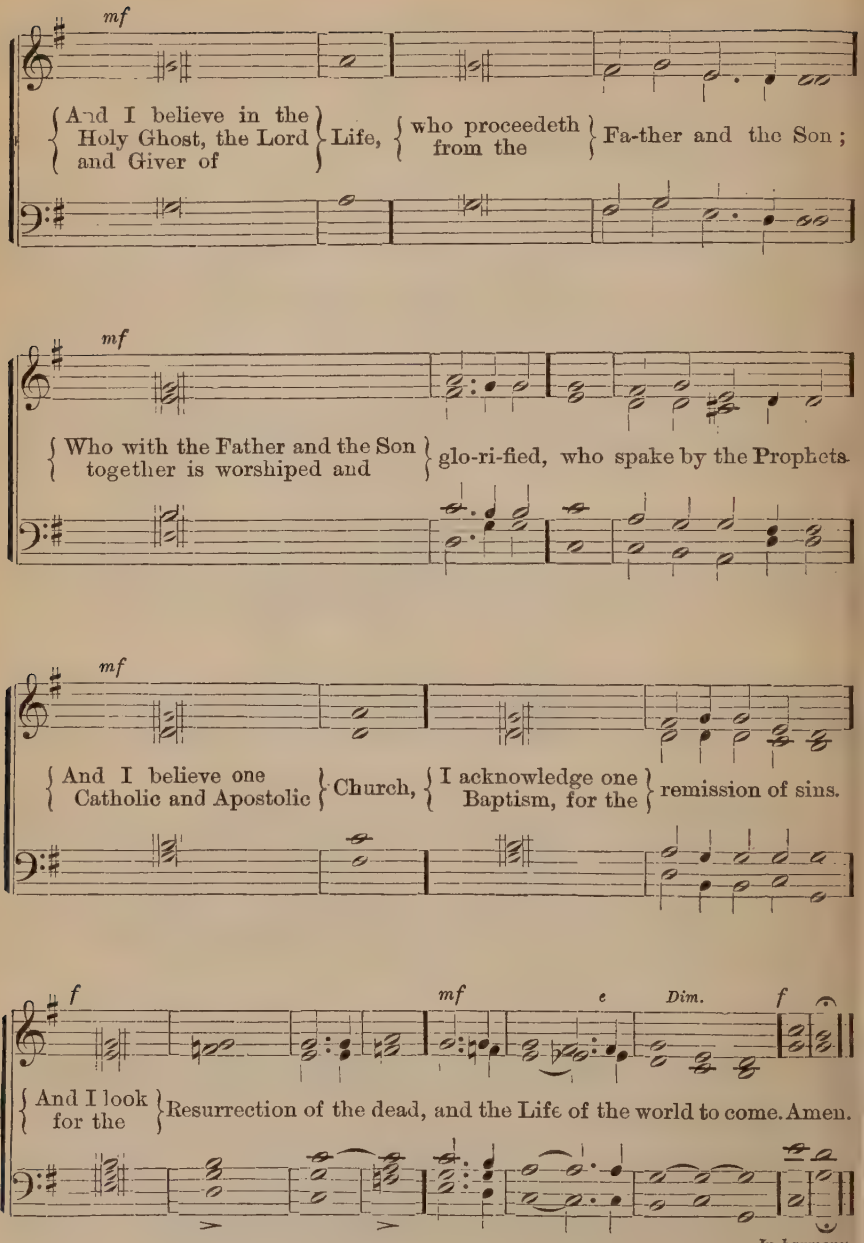
No. 6.

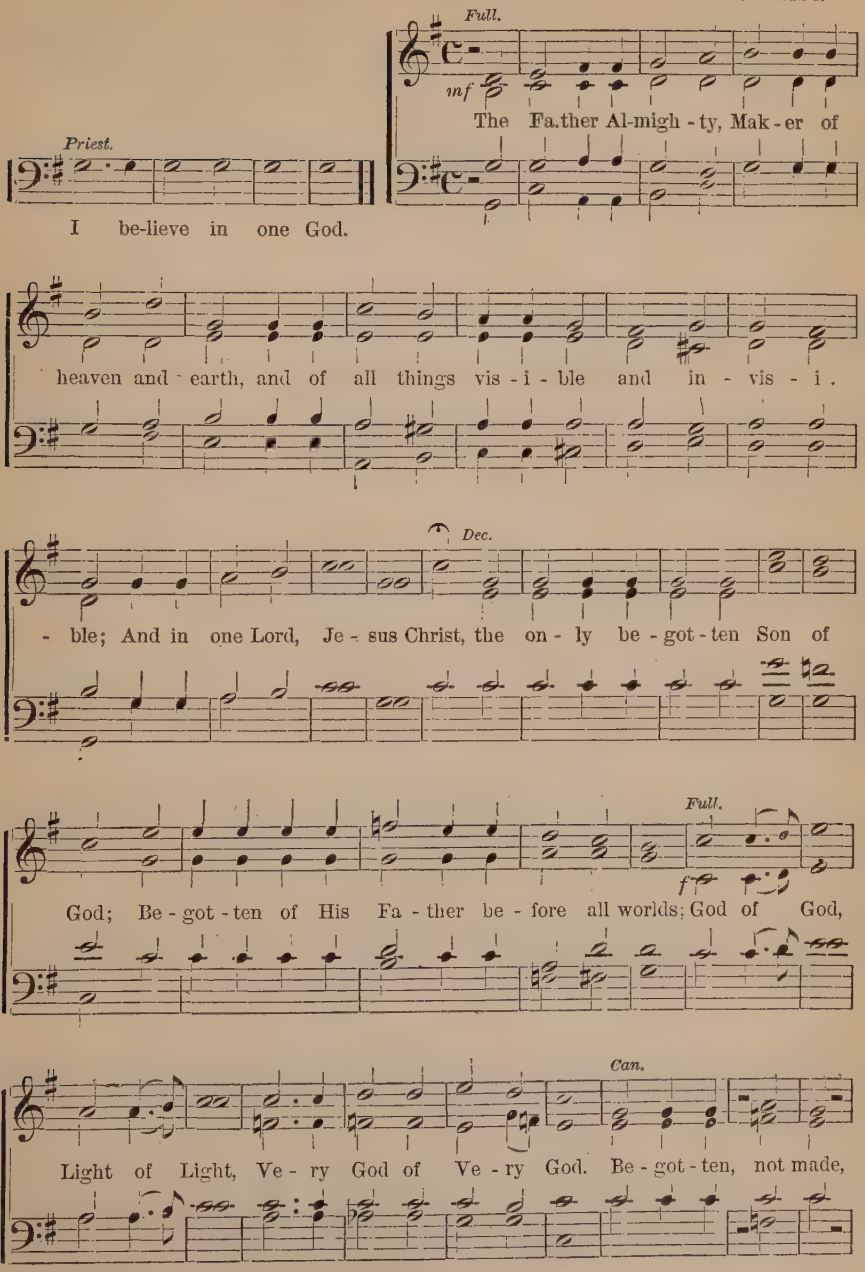


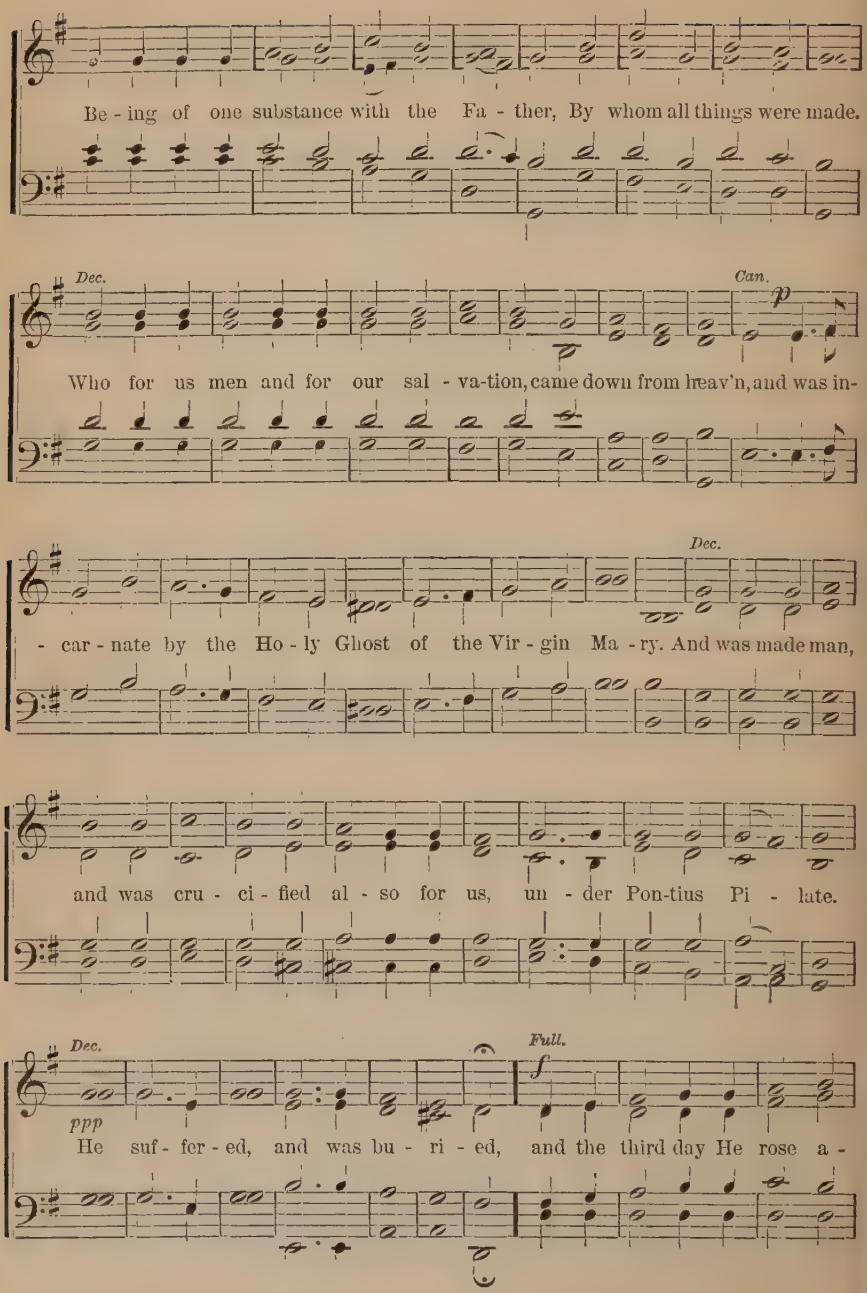
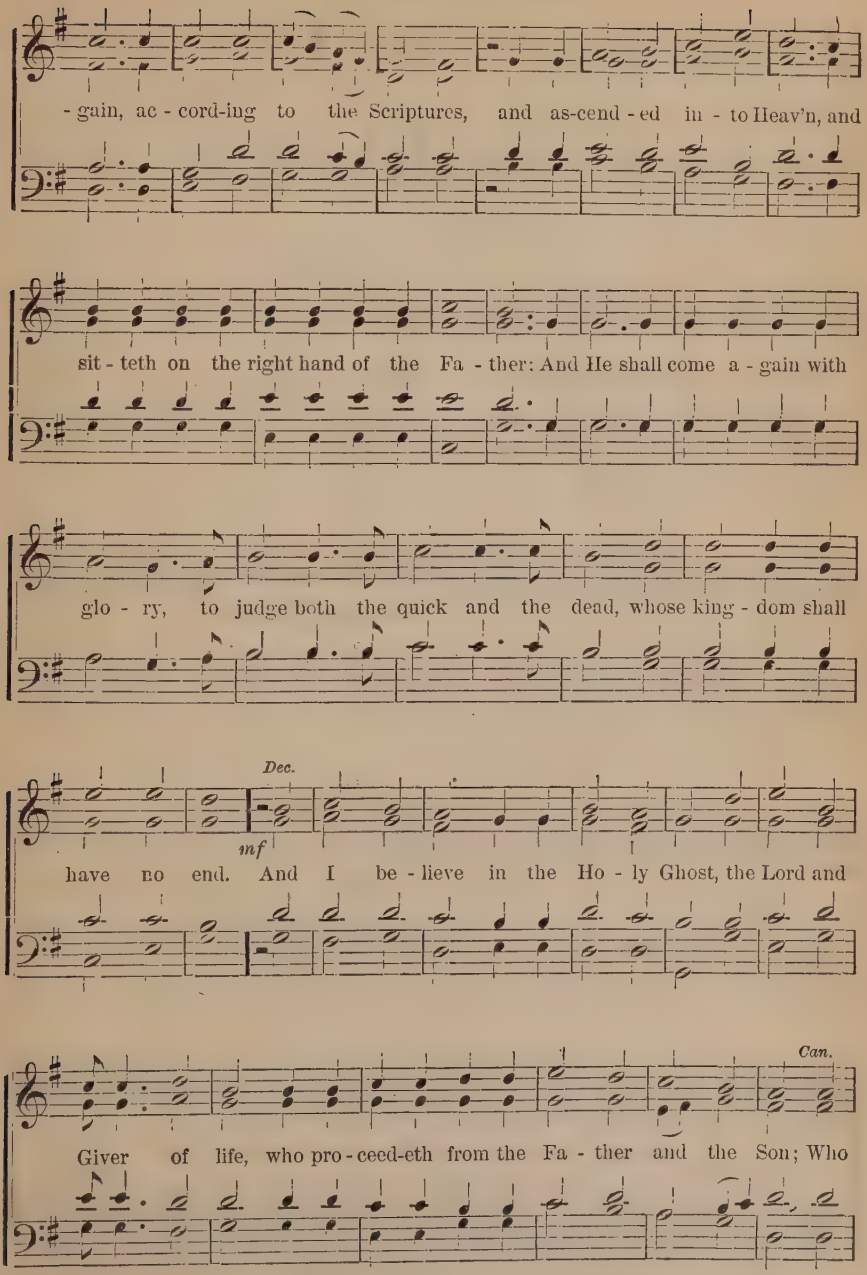
Nicene Creed.

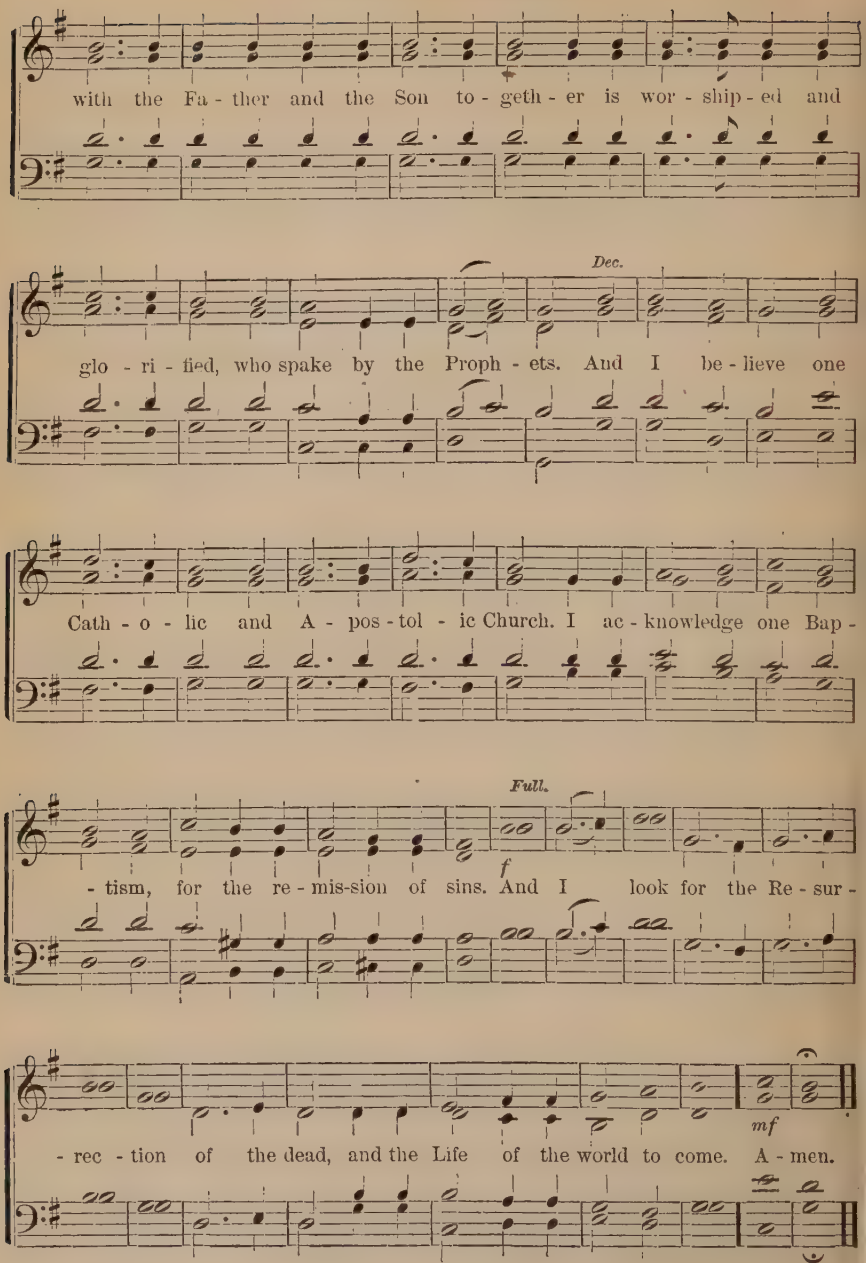

Priest.
I be - lieve in one God.
Voices in Unison.
mf
Dim.
e
p
The Father Al - mighty, { Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible } and in - vis - ible;
mf
And in one Lord, Je - sus Christ, the only begotten Son of God;
Begotten of His Father be - fore all worlds;
f
mf
God of God, Light of Light, Ve - ry God of Ve - ry God.


mf
p
e
Dim.
Begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Fa-ther, By whom all things were made.
Who for us men and for our salvation, came down from Heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Vir-gin Ma-ry.
pp
p
And was made man, and was crucified also for us, under Pontius Pi-late.
pp
f
He suffered, and was bur-ied, and the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures.
f And ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father.
mf
Dim.
e
Rall.
And He shall come again with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead, whose kingdom shall have no end.

Nicene Creed.

mf
And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of
Life,
who proceedeth from the
Fa-ther and the Son;
mf
Who with the Father and the Son together is worshiped and
glo-ri-fied, who spake by the Prophets.
mf
And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic
Church,
I acknowledge one Baptism, for the
remission of sins.
f
mf
e
Dim.
f
And I look for the
Resurrection of the dead, and the Life of the world to come. Amen.
In harmony.

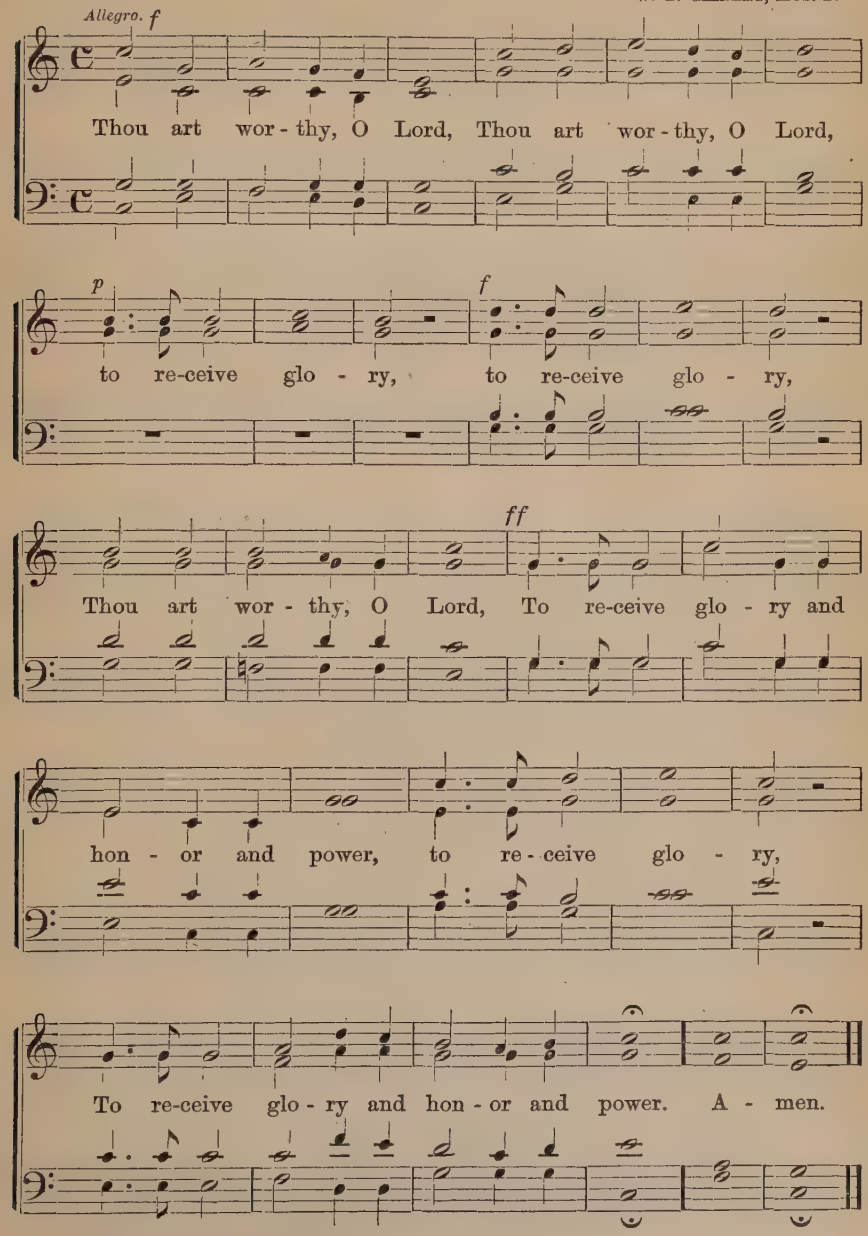
W. B. GILBERT.

Full.
inf
The Fa.ther Al-migh-ty, Mak-er of
Priest.
I be-lieve in one God.
heaven and earth, and of all things vis-i-ble and in-vis-i-
Dec.
-ble; And in one Lord, Je-sus Christ, the on-ly be-got-ten Son of
Full.
f
God; Be-got-ten of His Fa-ther be-fore all worlds; God of God,
Can.
Light of Light, Ve-ry God of Ve-ry God. Be-got-ten, not made,

Nicene Creed.

Be - ing of one substance with the Fa - ther, By whom all things were made.
Dec.
Can.
p
Who for us men and for our sal - va-tion, came down from Heav'n, and was in-
Dec.
- car - nate by the Ho - ly Ghost of the Vir - gin Ma - ry. And was made man,
and was cru - ci - fied al - so for us, un - der Pon-tius Pi - late.
Dec.
Full.
ppp
f
He suf - fer - ed, and was bu - ri - ed, and the third day He rose a -

- gain, ac - cord-ing to the Scriptures, and as-cend - ed in - to Heav'n, and
sit - teth on the right hand of the Fa - ther: And He shall come a - gain with
glo - ry, to judge both the quick and the dead, whose king - dom shall
Dec.
mf
have no end. And I be - lieve in the Ho - ly Ghost, the Lord and
Can.
Giver of life, who pro - ceed-eth from the Fa - ther and the Son; Who

Nicene Creed.

with the Fa - ther and the Son to - geth - er is wor - ship - ed and
Dec.
glo - ri - fied, who spake by the Proph - ets. And I be - lieve one
Cath - o - lic and A - pos - tol - ic Church. I ac - knowledge one Bap -
Full.
f
- tism, for the re - mis-sion of sins. And I look for the Re - sur -
mf
- rec - tion of the dead, and the Life of the world to come. A - men.

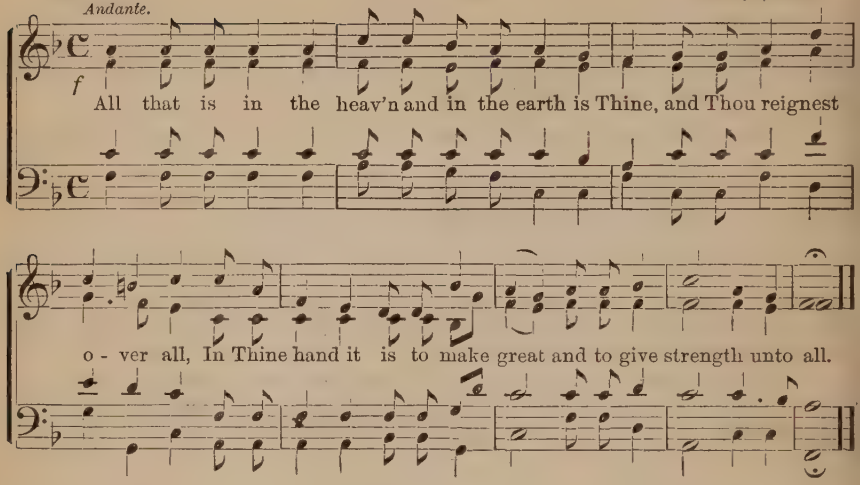
The Offertory.

(When the Alms are presented.)

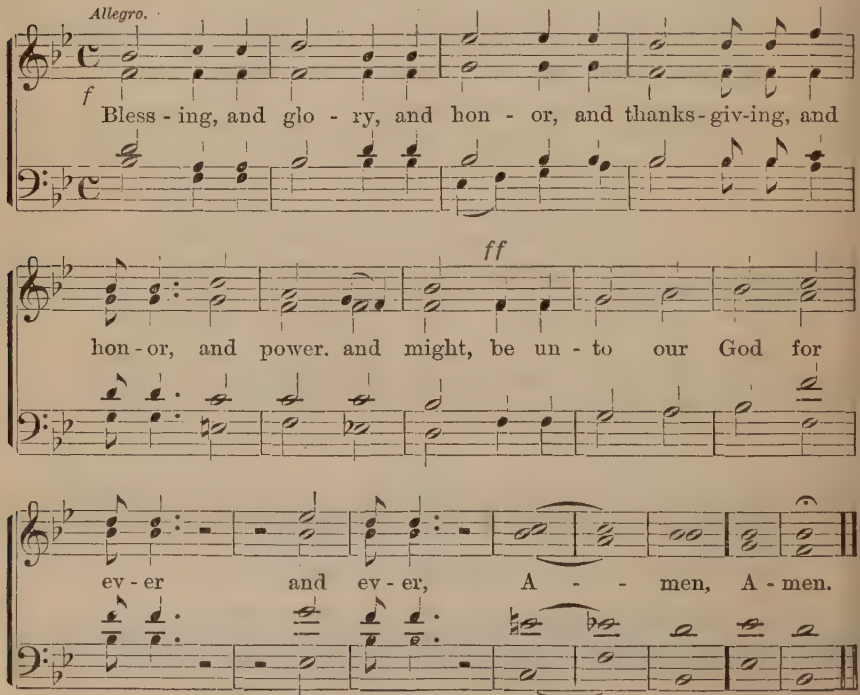
No. 1. Rev. iv. v. 11. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.

Allegro. f
Thou art wor - thy, O Lord, Thou art wor - thy, O Lord,
p
f
to re-ceive glo - ry, to re-ceive glo - ry,
ff
Thou art wor - thy, O Lord, To re-ceive glo - ry and
hon - or and power, to re - ceive glo - ry,
To re-ceive glo - ry and hon - or and power. A - men.

The Offertory.

1 Chron. xxix. v. 11, 12.

No. 2. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.

Andante.
f
All that is in the heav'n and in the earth is Thine, and Thou reignest
o - ver all, In Thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all.

No. 3. Rev. vii. v. 12. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.

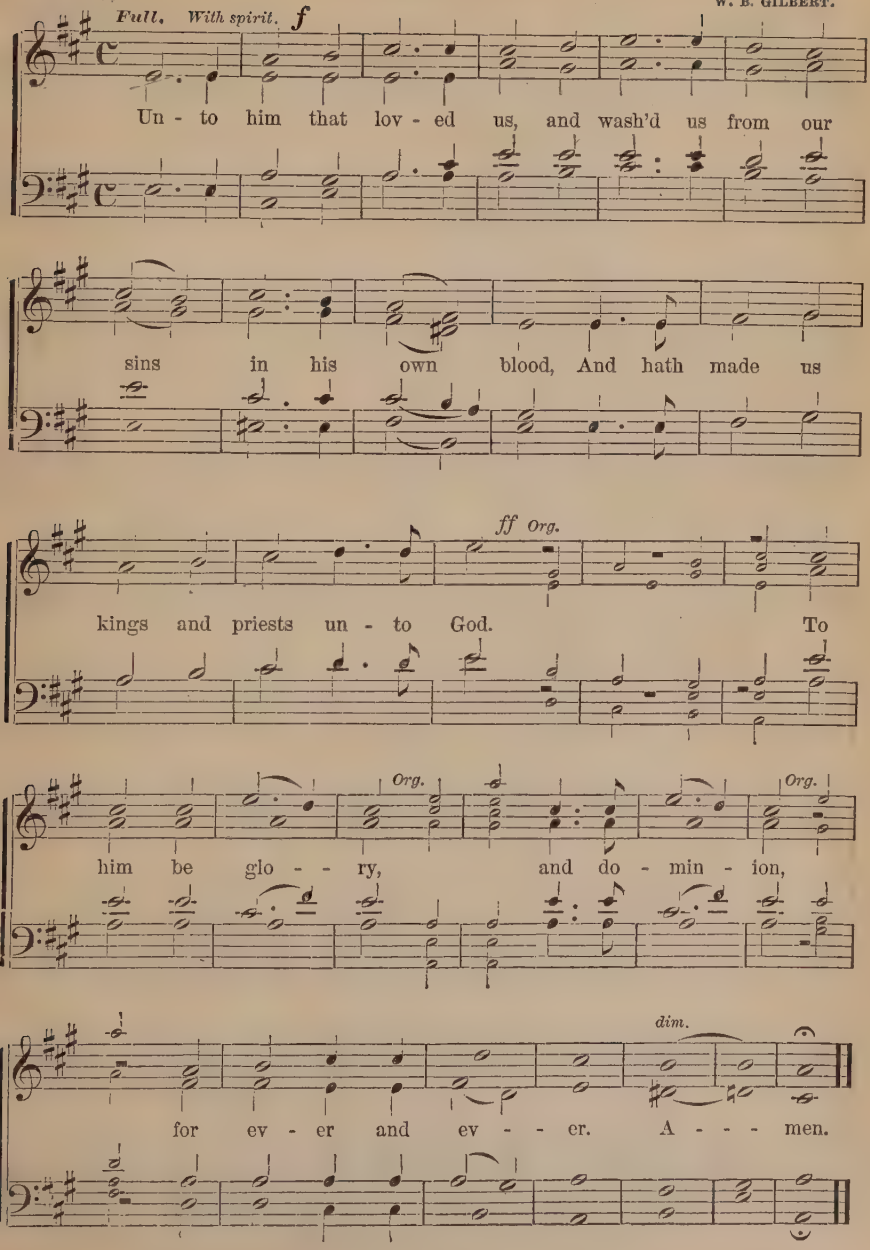

Allegro.
f
Bless - ing, and glo - ry, and hon - or, and thanks-giv-ing, and
ff
hon - or, and power. and might, be un - to our God for
ev - er and ev - er, A - - men, A - men.

The Offertory.

Rev. I. v. 5, 6.

No. 4.

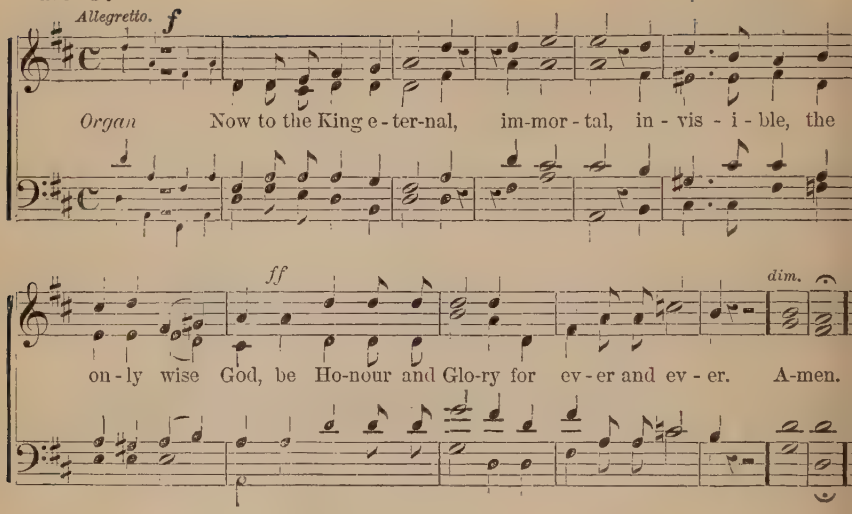
W. B. GILBERT.


Full. With spirit. f
Un - to him that lov - ed us, and wash'd us from our
sins in his own blood, And hath made us
ff Org.
kings and priests un - to God. To
Org.
him be glo - - ry, and do - min - ion,
Org.
dim.
for ev - er and ev - - er. A - - - men.

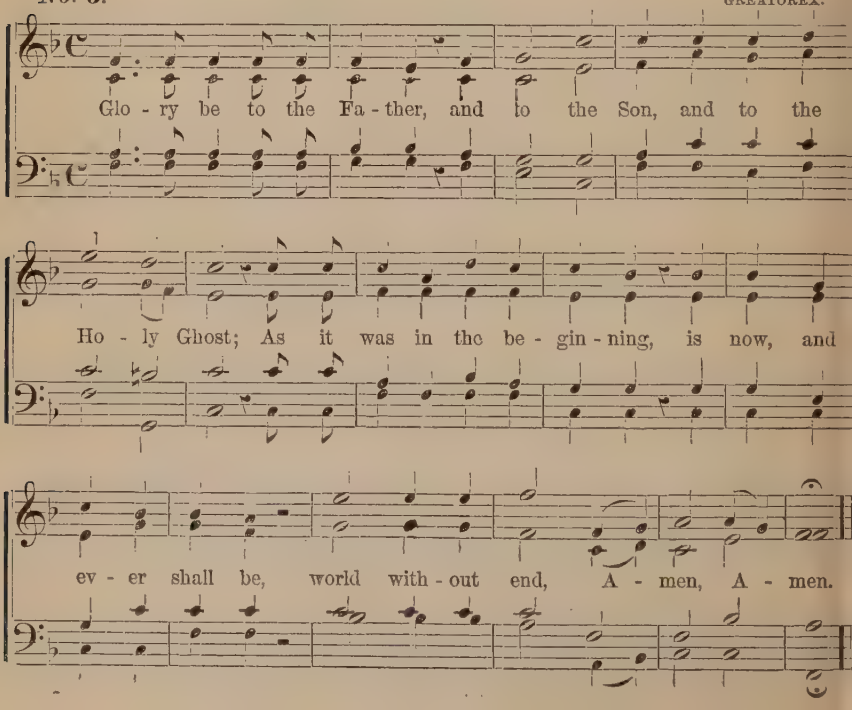
The Offertory.

1st Tim. chap. I, v. 17.

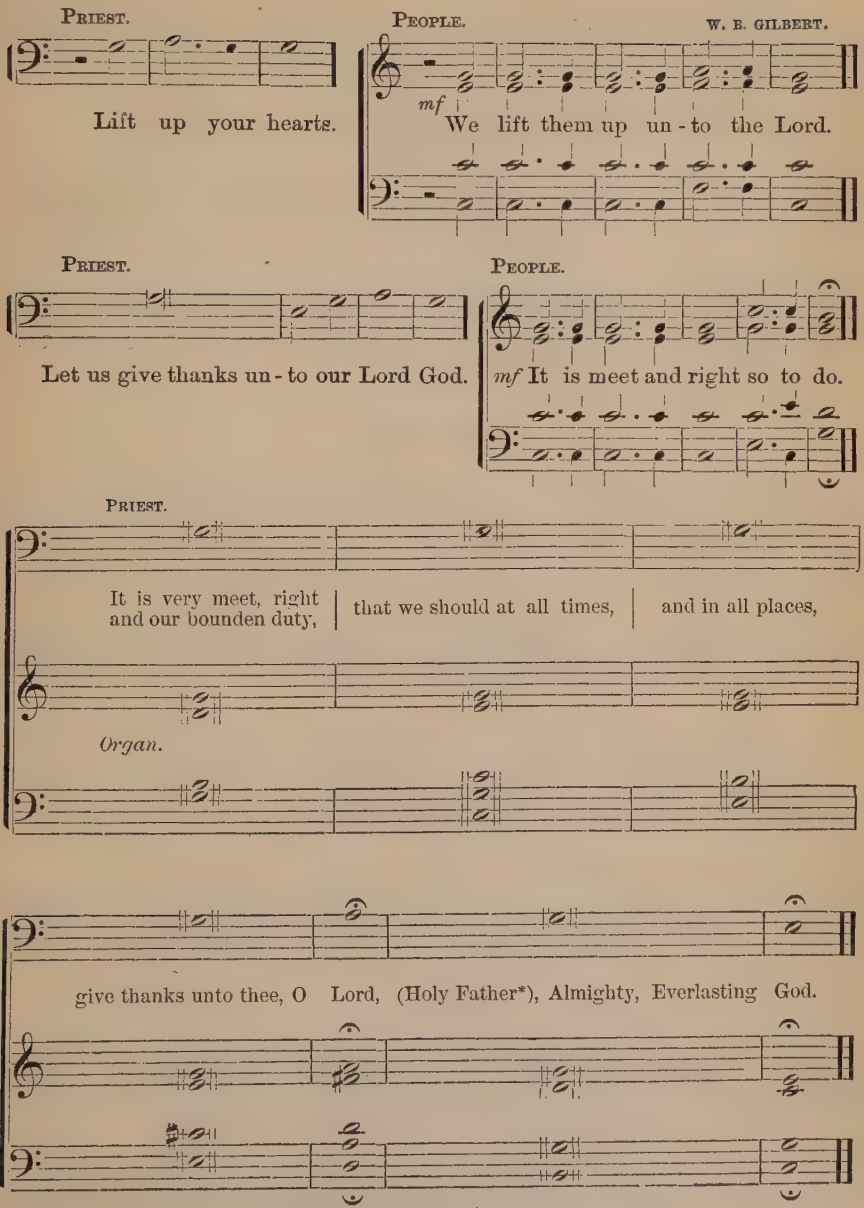
No. 5. W. B. GILBERT.


Allegretto.
f
Organ
Now to the King e - ter-nal, im-mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the
ff
dim.
on - ly wise God, be Ho-nour and Glo-ry for ev - er and ev - er. A-men.

No. 6. GREATOREX.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and
ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - men, A - men.

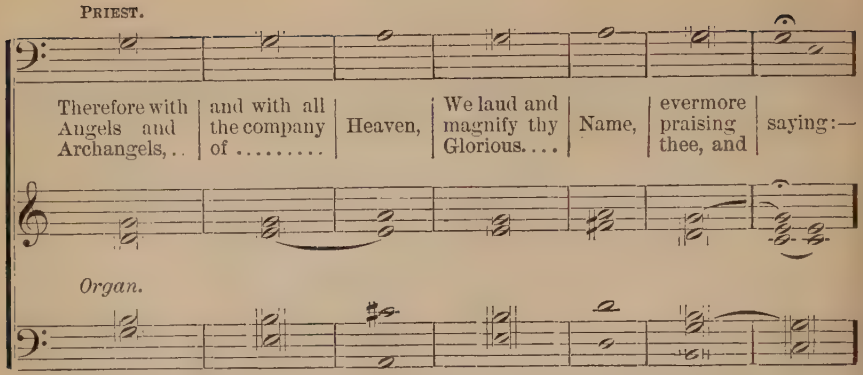
No. 1.


PRIEST.
PEOPLE.
W. B. GILBERT.
Lift up your hearts.
mf
We lift them up un-to the Lord.
PRIEST.
PEOPLE.
Let us give thanks un-to our Lord God.
mf It is meet and right so to do.
PRIEST.
It is very meet, right and our bounden duty,
that we should at all times,
and in all places,
Organ.
give thanks unto thee, O Lord, (Holy Father*), Almighty, Everlasting God.

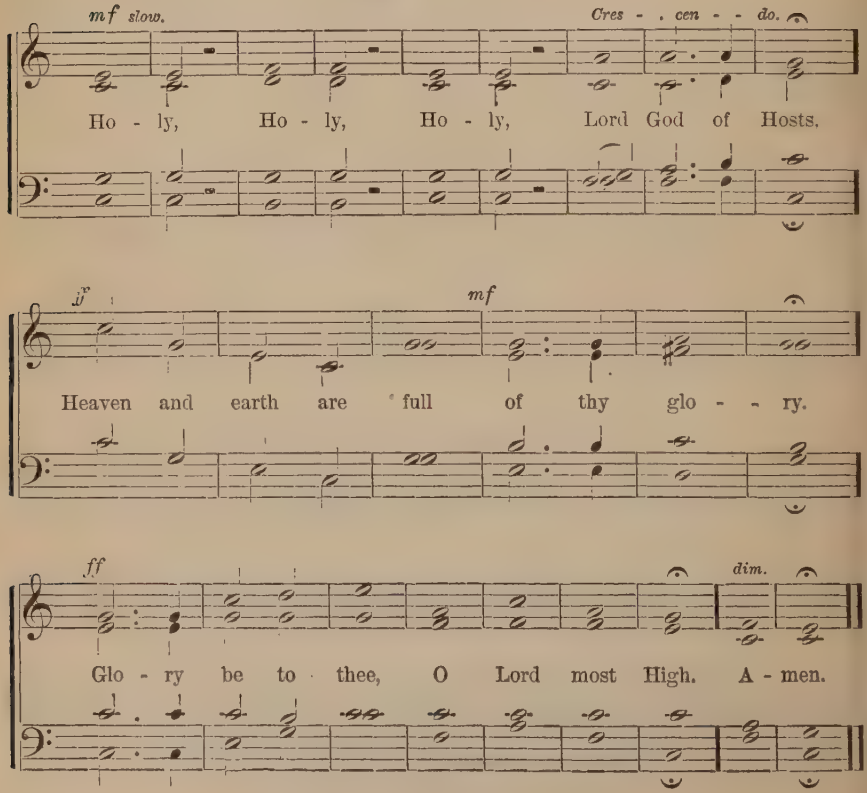
(Preface, if any, on the same reciting note.)

* "Holy Father" omitted on Trinity Sunday.

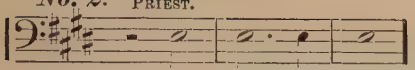
Sursum Corda.



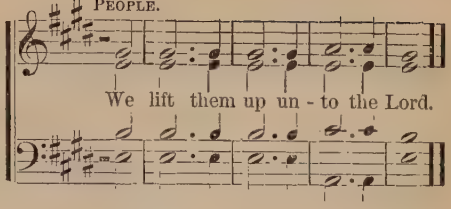
Sanctus.


mf slow.
Cres - . cen - - do.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts.
ff
mf
Heaven and earth are full of thy glo - - ry.
ff
dim.
Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord most High. A - men.

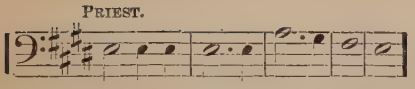
No. 2. PRIEST.



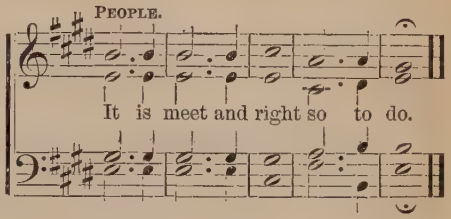
PEOPLE.



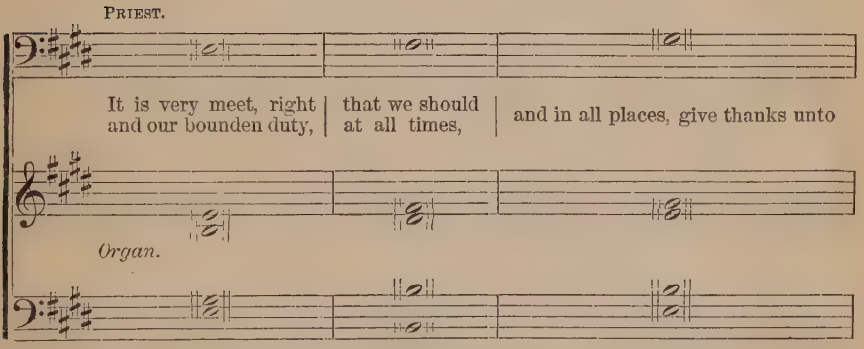
PRIEST.

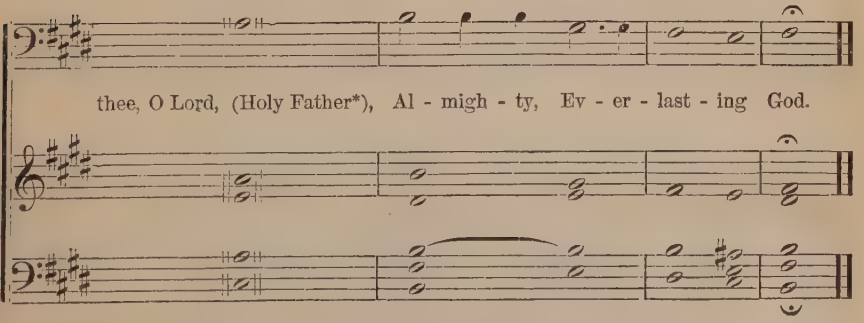


PEOPLE.



PRIEST.



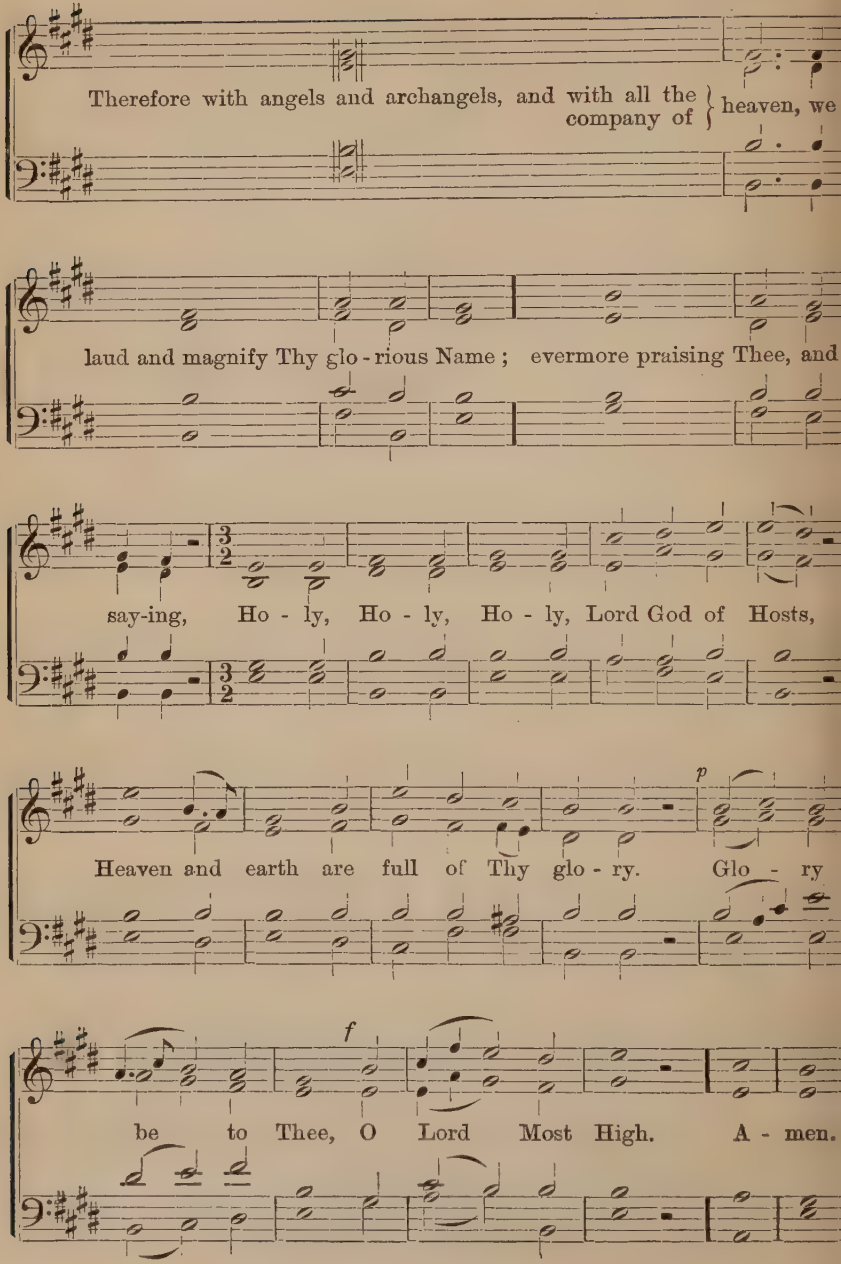


(Preface, if any, in E.)

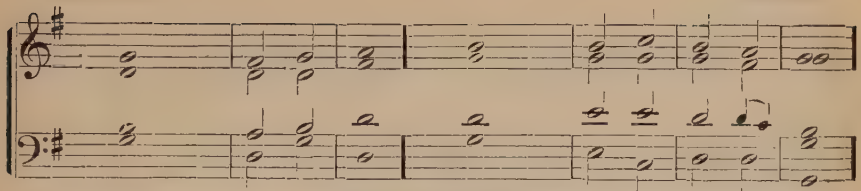
* "Holy Father" omitted on Trinity Sunday.

Trisagion.

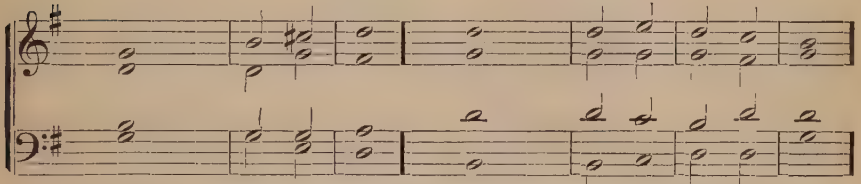
Dr. Camidge.


Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we
laud and magnify Thy glo - rious Name ; evermore praising Thee, and
say-ing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts,
p
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry. Glo - ry
f
be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

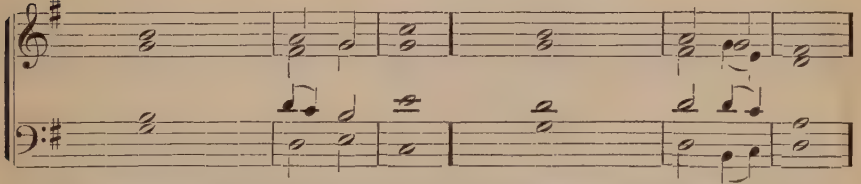
Gloria in Excelsis.

No. 1. OLD CHANT.

GLORY be to | God on | high: and on earth, | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee: we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



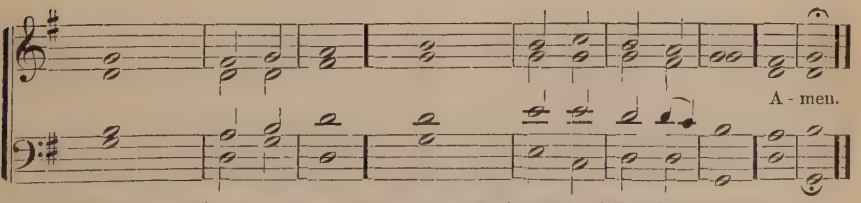
O Lord God, | Heavenly | King: God the | Father | al- — | mighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son | Jesus | Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father.

That takest away the | sins of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world: re- | ceive our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: have mercy | upon | us.

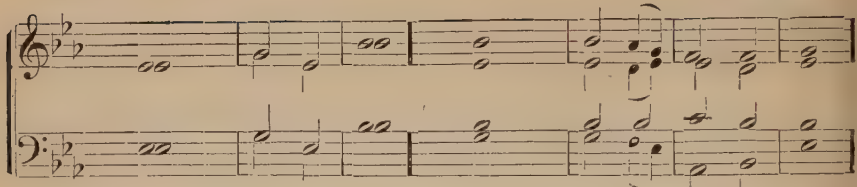


For Thou only | art — | holy: Thou | only | art the | Lord.

Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost: art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father.

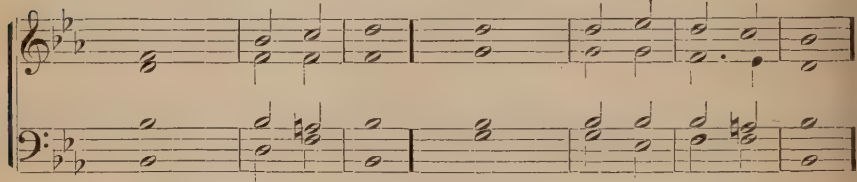
Gloria in Excelsis.

No. 2. CH. ZEUNER.

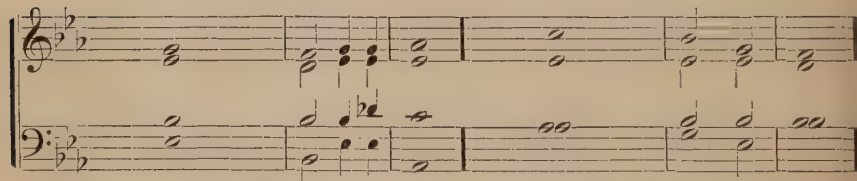


GLORY be to | God on | high: and on earth, | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee: we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



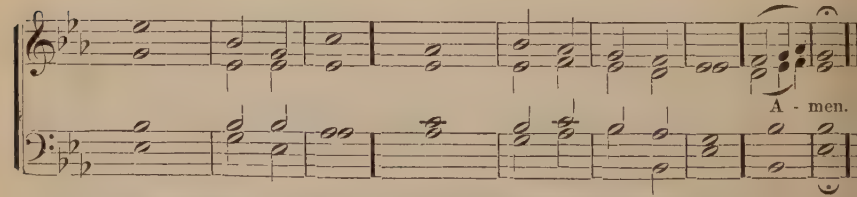
O Lord God, | Heavenly | King: God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son | Jesus | Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father.

That takest away the | sins of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world: have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world: re- | ceive our | prayer.

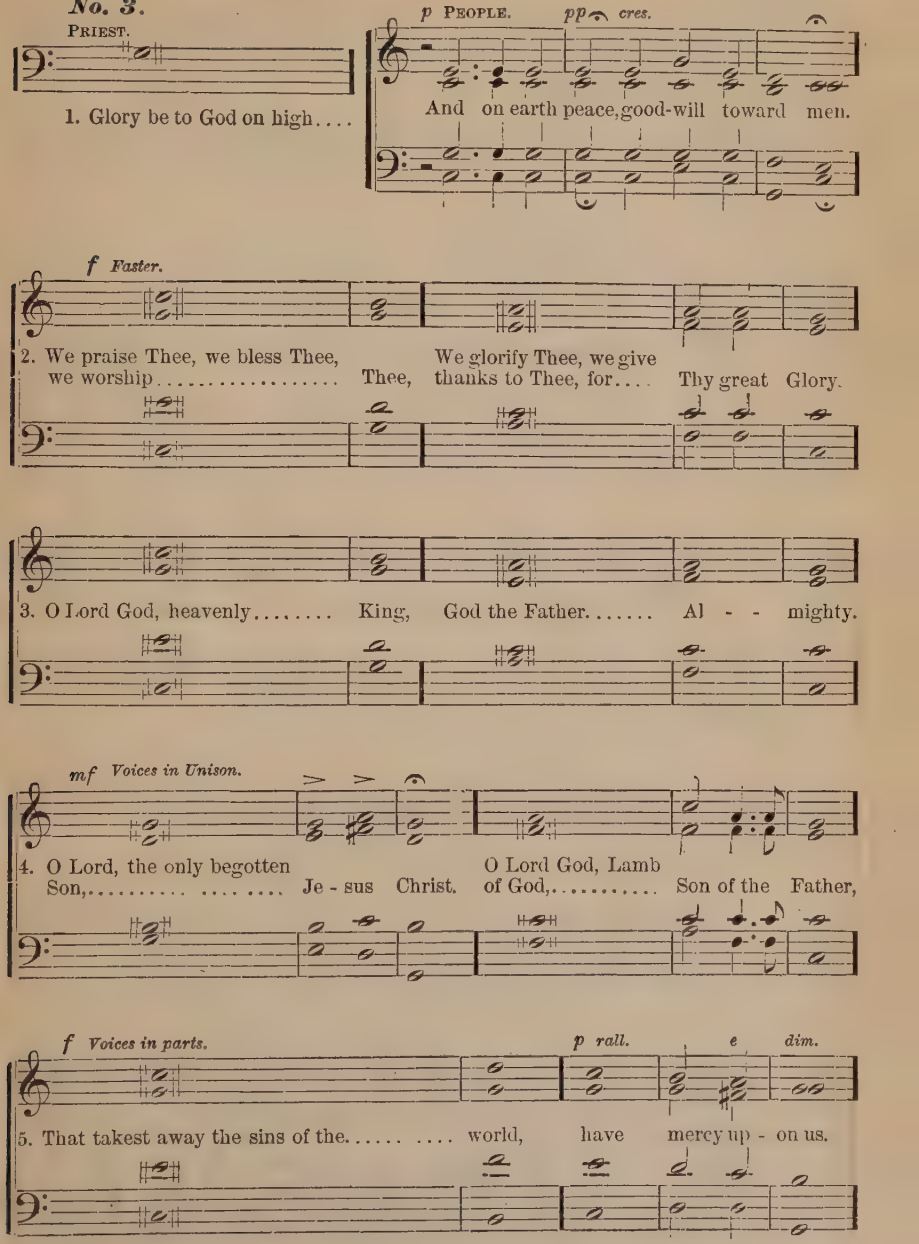
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: have mercy | upon | us.



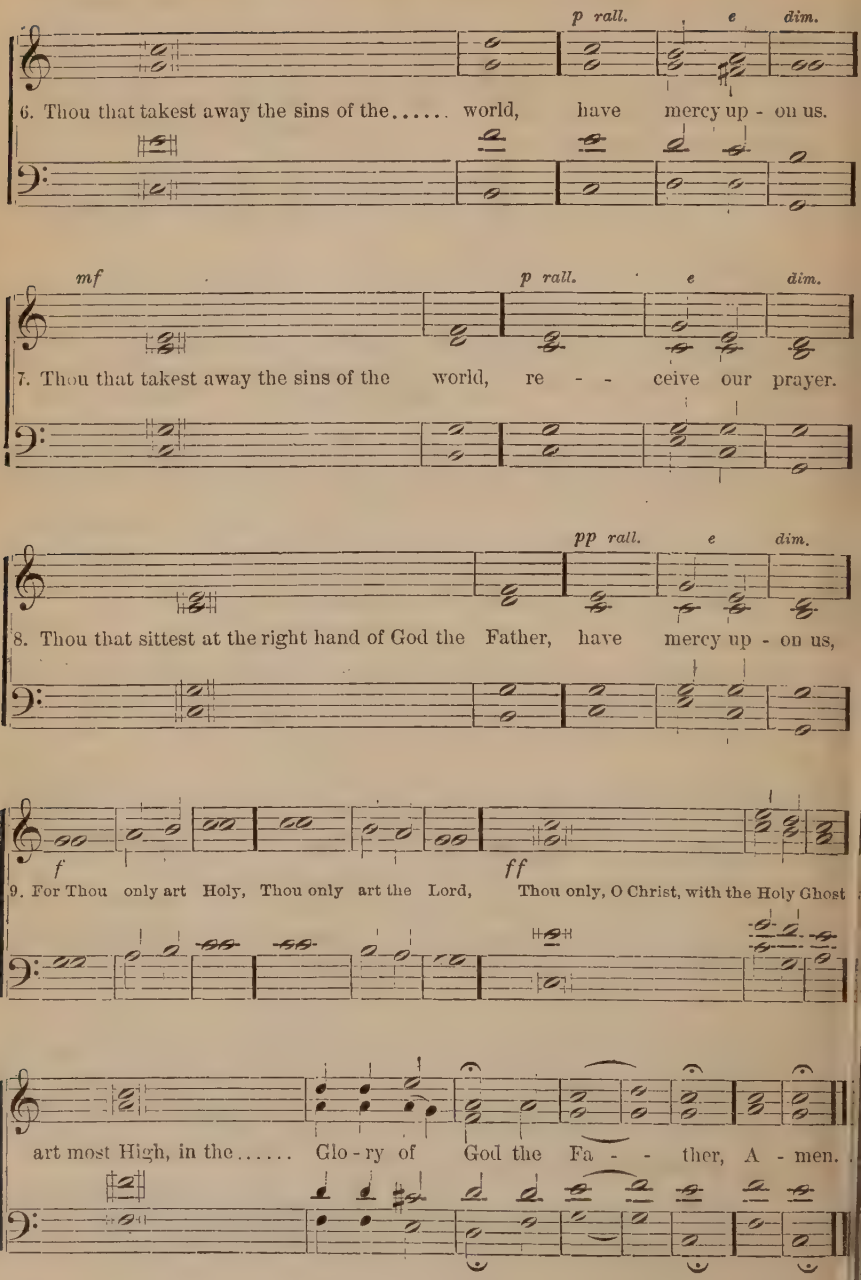
For Thou only | art — | holy: Thou | only | art the | Lord.

Thou, only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost: art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father.

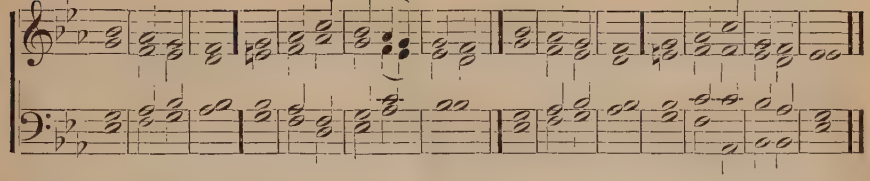
W. B. GILBERT.

No. 3.

PRIEST.
1. Glory be to God on high....
p PEOPLE.
pp cres.
And on earth peace, good-will toward men.
f Faster.
2. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship..... Thee, We glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee, for.... Thy great Glory.
3. O Lord God, heavenly..... King, God the Father..... Al - - mighty.
mf Voices in Unison.
4. O Lord, the only begotten Son,..... Je - sus Christ. O Lord God, Lamb of God,..... Son of the Father,
f Voices in parts.
p rall.
e
dim.
5. That takest away the sins of the..... world, have mercy up - on us.

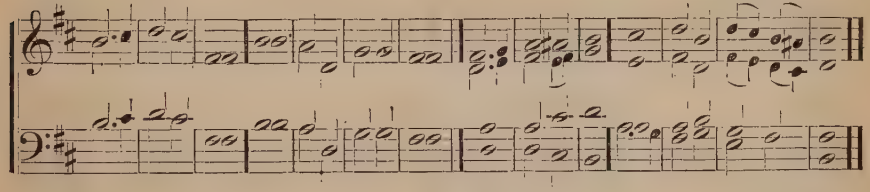
Gloria in Excelsis.


p rall. e dim.
6. Thou that takest away the sins of the..... world, have mercy up - on us.
mf p rall. e dim.
7. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, re - - ceive our prayer.
pp rall. e dim.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy up - on us,
f ff
9. For Thou only art Holy, Thou only art the Lord, Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost
art most High, in the..... Glo - ry of God the Fa - - ther, A - men.

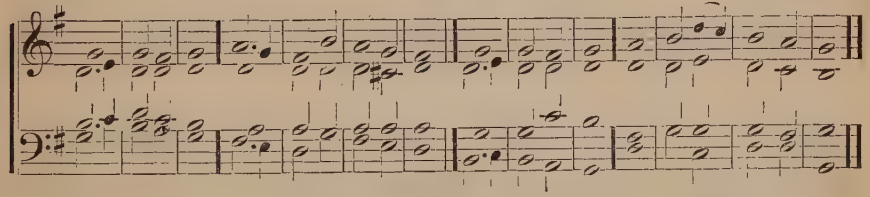
99. DR. WORGAN.



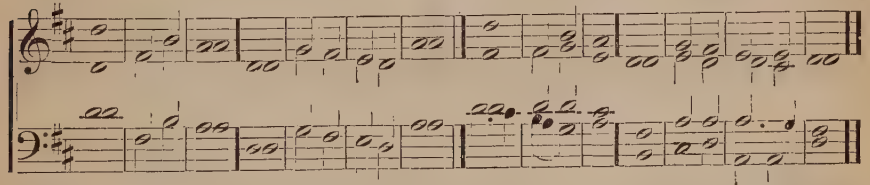
100. DR. BECKWITH.



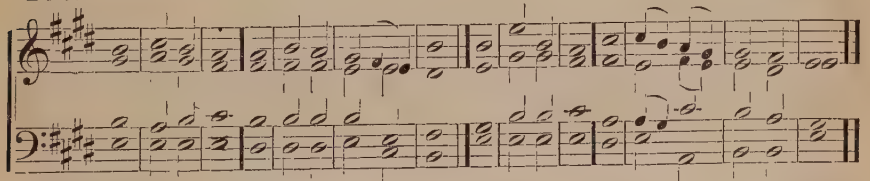
101. S. SPOFFORTH.



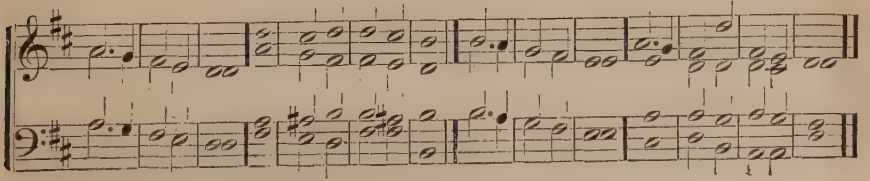
102. DR. BECKWITH.



103. WILLIAM JACKSON.

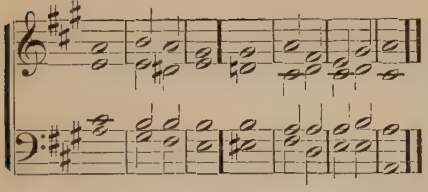


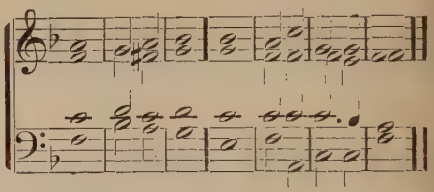
104. H. SMYTH.



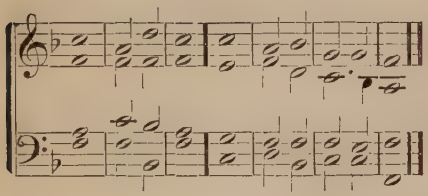
Evening Prayer.

Cantate Domino.

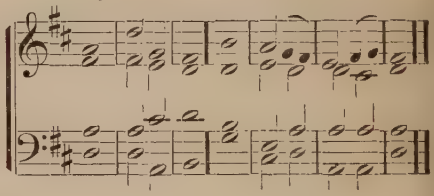
105. REV. W. H. COOKE.

106. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



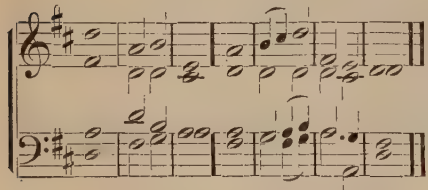
107. DR. RIMBAULT.



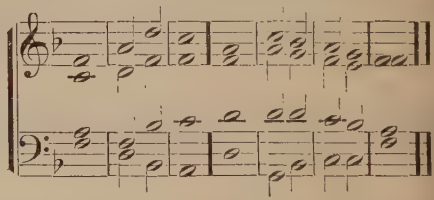
108. DR. AYRTON.



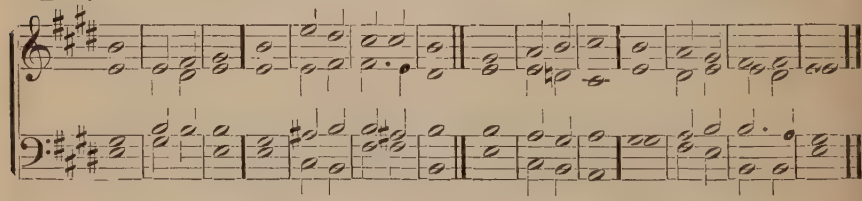
109. DR. W. HAYES.



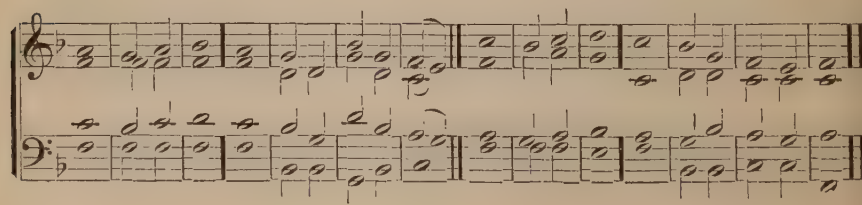
110 JOHN LEMON BROWNSMITH.



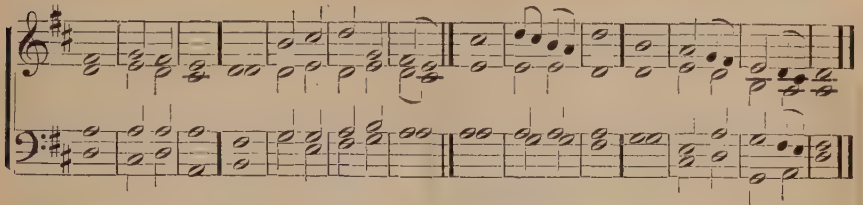
111. DR. RANDALL.



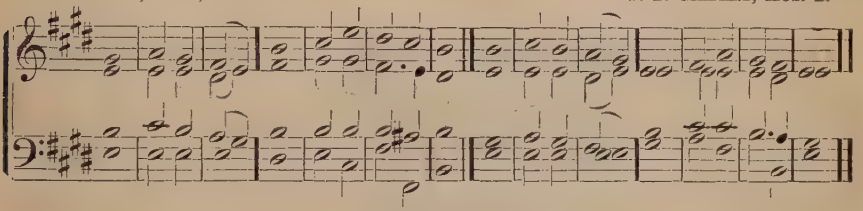
112. ALFRED BENNETT, MUS. B.



113. YORK CHANT.



114. *Recte, Retro, et Canon* W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



Psalm xcviii.

1. O sing unto the | Lord a new | song: for he hath | done —| marvellous|things.
2. With his own right hand, and with his | ho-ly | arm: hath he | gotten him- | self the | victory.
3. The Lord declared | his sal-| vation: his righteousness hath he openly showed | in the | sight of the | heathen.
4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel: and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands: sing, re- | joice,— | and give | thanks.
6. Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp: sing to the harp with a | psalm — | of thanks- | giving.
7. With trumpets | also and | shawms: O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that | there-in | is: the round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord: for he | cometh to | judge the | earth.
10. With righteousness shall he | judge the | world: and the | people | with — | equity.

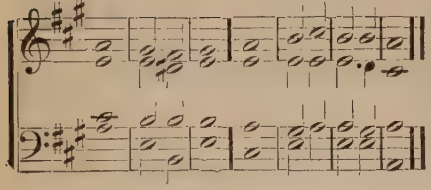
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

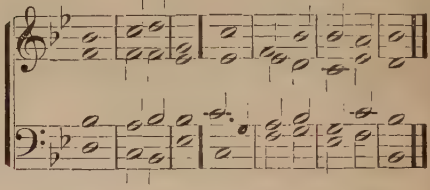
Evening Prayer.

Bonum Est.

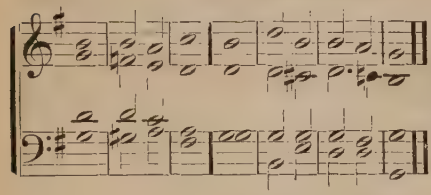
115. REV. S. S. GREATHEED.



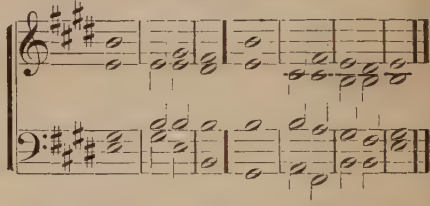
116. DR. HILES.



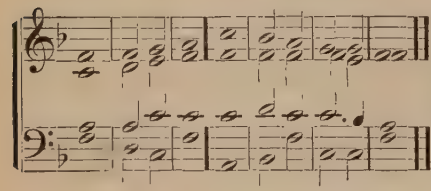
117. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



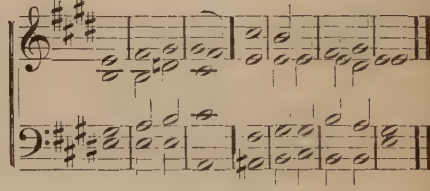
118. RICHARD BELLAMY, MUS. B.



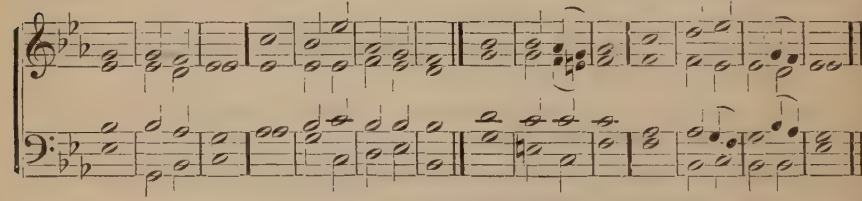
119. RICHARD FARRANT.



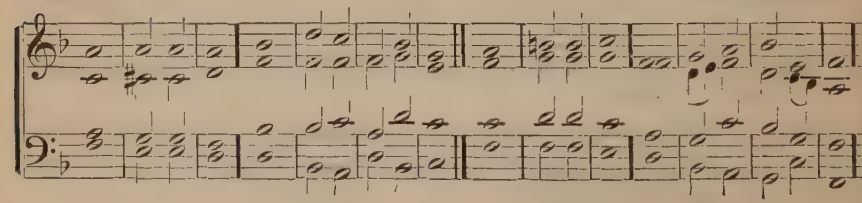
120. DR. HILES.



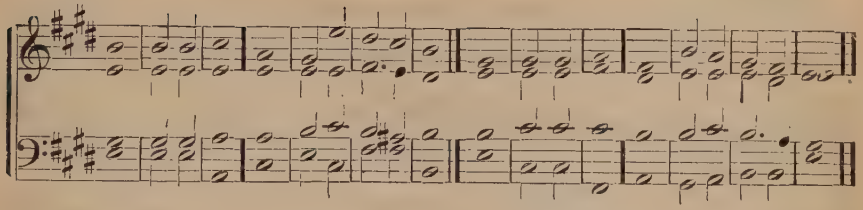
121. SAMUEL MATTHEWS, MUS. B.



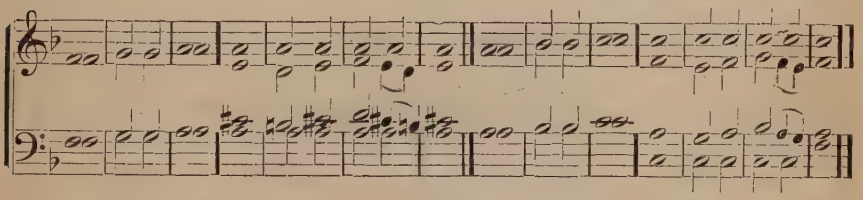
122. DR. WALMISLEY.



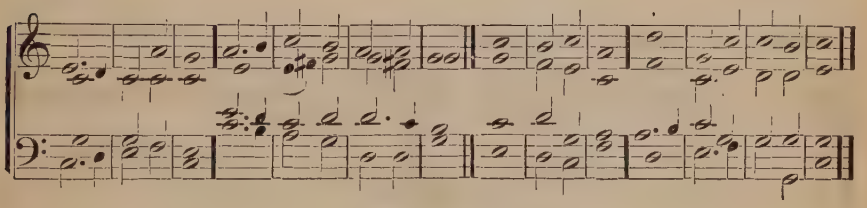
123. SAMUEL WESLEY.



124. ALFRED BENNETT, MUS. B.



125. DR. DUPUIS.



Psalm xcii.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord: and to sing praises unto thy | Name,-- | O most | Highest.

2. To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning: and of thy truth | in the | night — | season;

3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute: upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.

4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works: and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- | a-tions | of thy | hands.

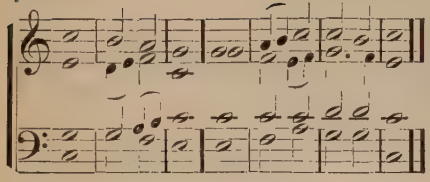
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

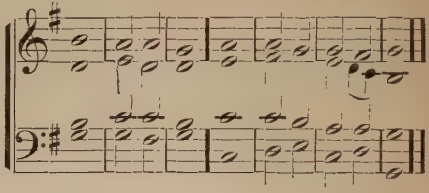
Evening Prayer.

Deus Misereatur.

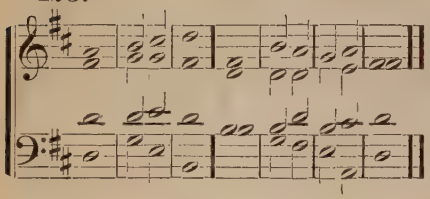
126. DR. AYLWARD.



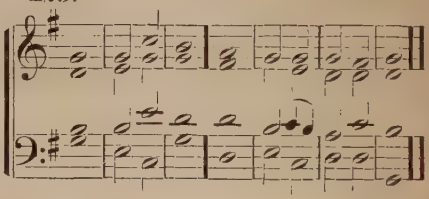
127. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



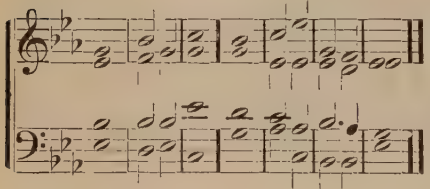
128. G. A. MACFARREN.



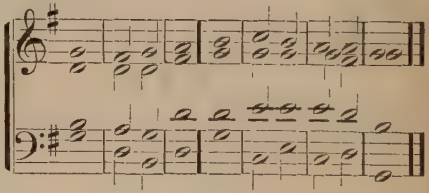
129. A. H. BROWN.



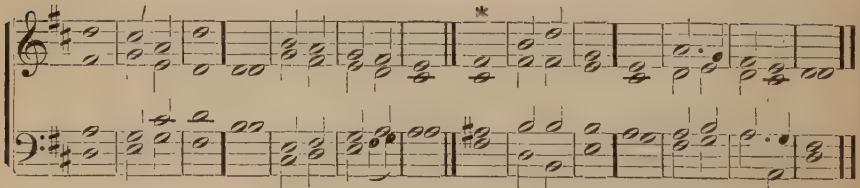
130. REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



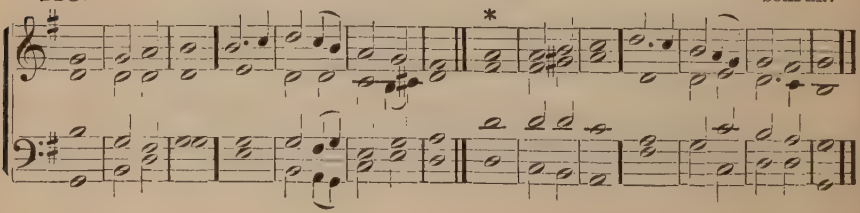
131. SCOTCH CHANT.



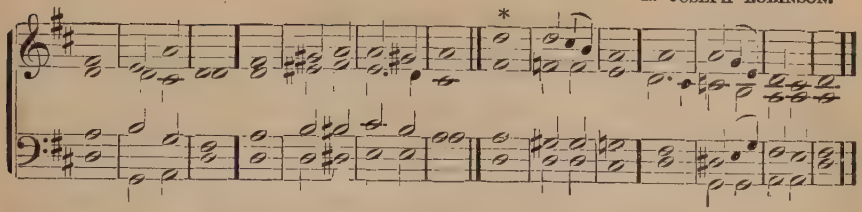
132. JOHN DAVY.



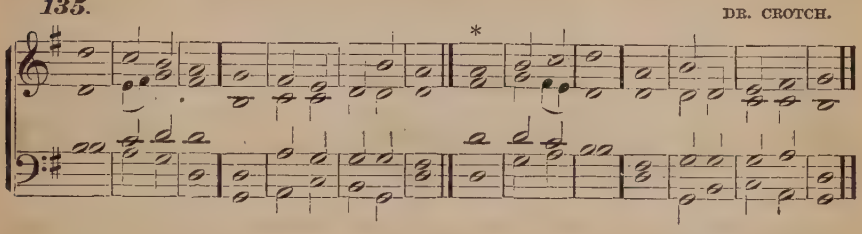
133. SOAPER.



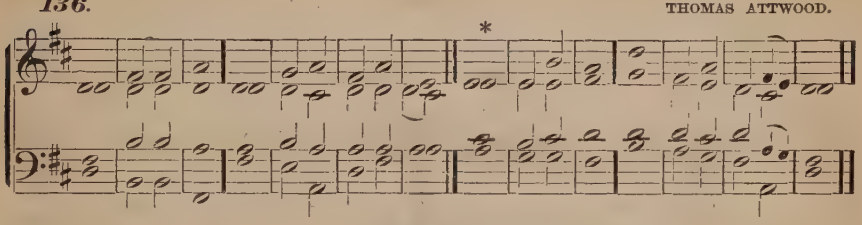
134. DR. JOSEPH ROBINSON.



135. DR. CROTCH.



136. THOMAS ATTWOOD.



Psalm lxvii.

1. God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci-ful | un-to | us.
2. That thy way may be | known up-on | earth: thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3. Let the people praise | thee, O | God: yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
4. O, let the nations rejoice | and be | glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | na-tions | up-on | earth.
5. Let the people praise | thee, O | God: yea, let | all the | peo-ple | praise thee.
6. Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase: and God, even our own | God, shall | give us his | blessing.

*7. God | shall — | bless us: and all the ends of the | world shall | fear — | him.

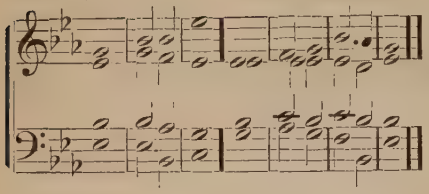
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world | without | end. A- | men.

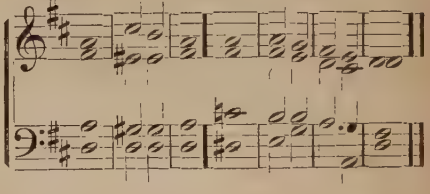
Evening Prayer.

Benedic Anima Mea.

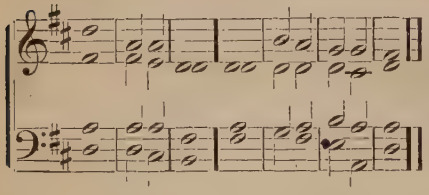
137. E. J. HOPKINS.



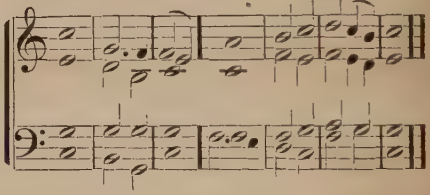
138. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



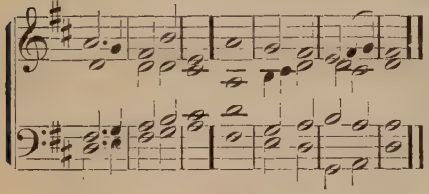
139. J. BATTISHILL.



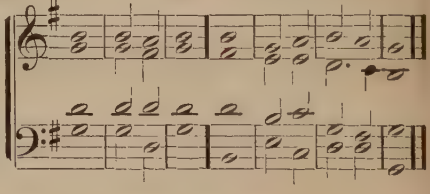
140. DR. W. HAYES.



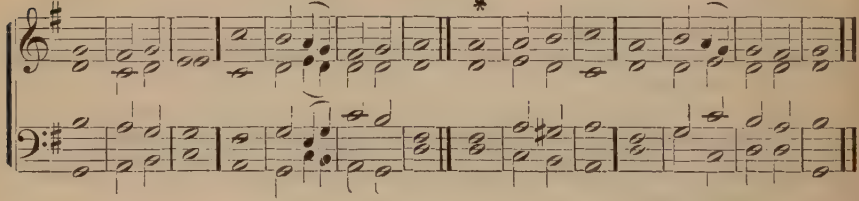
141. JOHN PRATT.



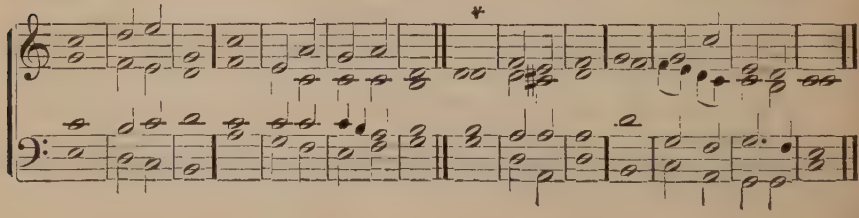
142. ANCIENT MELODY.



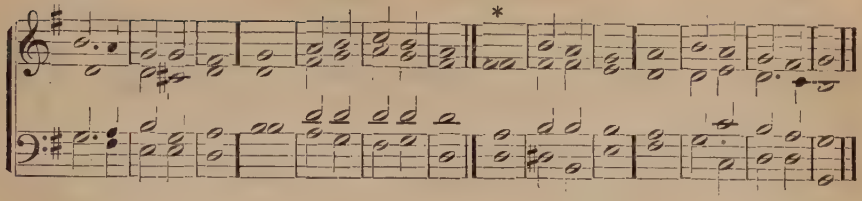
143. DR. DUPUIS.



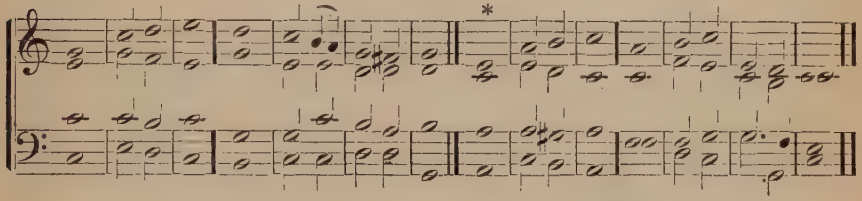
144. THOMAS ATTWOOD.



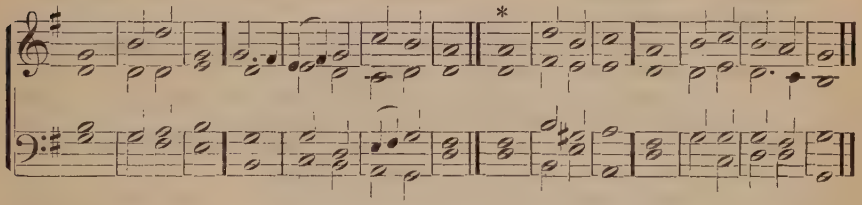
145. DR. R. WOODWARD.



146. W. B. GILBERT, MUS. B.



147. THOMAS NORRIS, MUS. B.



Psalm ciii.

1. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul: and all that is within me | praise his | ho-ly | Name.
2. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul: and for- | get not | all his | benefits.
3. Who forgiveth | all thy | sins: and healeth | all—| thine in-| firmities.
4. Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction: and crowneth thee with | mercy and | lovin-g- | kindness.
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength: ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice— | of his | word.
6. O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts: ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

*7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion: praise thou the | Lord — | O my | soul.

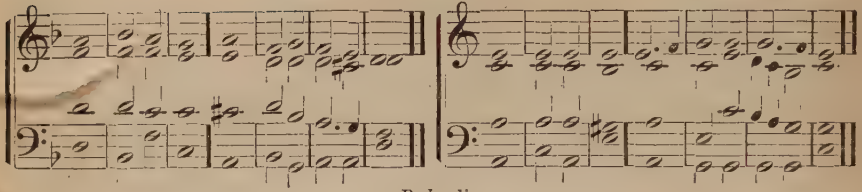
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world without | end. A- | men.

Occasional Canticles.

Miserere mei, Deus.

148. DR. CROTCH. *149.* EXETER CHANT.



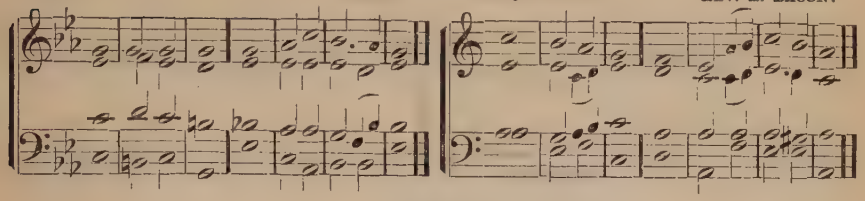
Psalm li.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, after | thy great | goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away | mine of- | fen— | ces.
2. Wash me throughly from my | wick-ed- | ness: and | cleanse me | from my | sin.
3. For I ac- | knowledge my | faults: and my sin is | ever be- | fore— | me.
4. Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and | clear when | thou art | judged.
5. Behold, I was shapen in | wick-ed- | ness: and in sin hath my | mother con- | ceiv-ed | me.
6. But lo, thou requirest truth in the | in-ward | parts: and shalt make me to understand | wis-dom | se-cret- | ly.
7. Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean: thou shalt wash me, and I | shall be | whiter than | snow.
8. Thou shalt make me hear of | joy and | gladness: that the bones which thou hast | brok-en | may re- | joice.
9. Turn thy face | from my | sins: and put out | all— | my mis- | deeds.
10. Make me a clean heart, | O— | God: and renew a right spirit | with- — | in— | me.
11. Cast me not away | from thy | presence: and take not thy Holy | Spir-it | from— | me.
12. O give me the comfort of thy | help a- | gain: and stablish me | with thy | free— | Spirit.
13. Then shall I teach thy ways un- | to the | wicked: and sinners shall be con- | vert-ed | un-to | thee.
14. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God | of my | health: and my tongue shall sing | of thy | right-eous- | ness.
15. Thou shalt open my lips, | O— | Lord: and my | mouth shall | show thy | praise.
16. For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I | give it | thee: but thou delightest not | in— | burnt— | offerings.
17. The sacrifice of God is a | trou-bled | spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, | shalt thou | not de- | spise.
18. O be favourable and gracious | un-to | Sion: build thou the walls | of Je- | ru-sa | lem.
19. Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-offerings | and ob- | lations: then shall they offer young bullocks up- | on thine | al- — | tar.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

De Profundis.

150. REV. W. FELTON. *151.* REV. R. BACON.



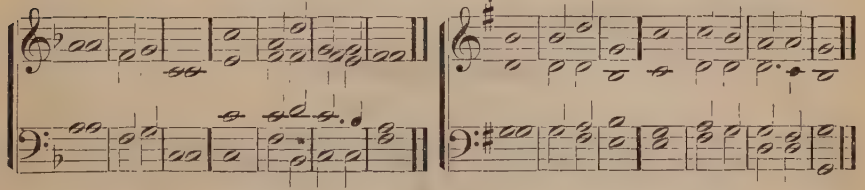
Psalm cxxx.

1. Out of the deep have I called unto thee, | O— | Lord: Lord | hear— | my— | voice.
2. O let thine ears con- | sid-er | well: the | voice of | my com- | plaint.
3. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is | done a- | miss: O Lord, who | may a- | bide— | it?
4. For there is | mercy with | thee: therefore shalt | thou be | fear- —| ed.
5. I look for the Lord; my soul doth | wait for | him: in his | word— | is my | trust.
6. My soul fleeth un- | to the | Lord: before the morning watch; I say, be- | fore the | morn-ing | watch.
7. O Israel trust in the Lord; for with the Lord | there is | mercy: and and with him is | plenteous re- | demp— | tion.
8. And he shall redeem | Is-ra- | el: from | all— | his— | sins.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

Laudate Dominum.

152. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL. *153.* REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY.



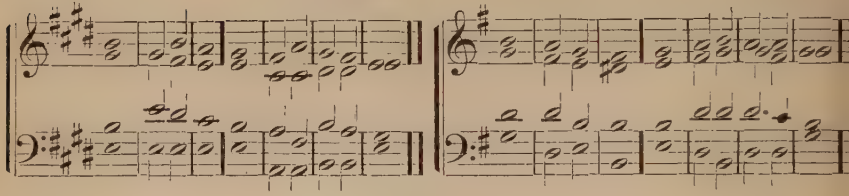
Psalm cl.

1. O praise God in his | ho-li- | ness: praise him in the | firma-ment | of his | power.
2. Praise him in his | noble | acts: praise him according | to his | excellent | greatness.
3. Praise him in the sound | of the | trumpet: praise him up- | on the | lute and | harp.
4. Praise him in the | cymbals and | dances: praise him up- | on the | strings and | pipe.
5. Praise him upon the | well-tuned | cymbals: praise him up- | on the | loud— | cymbals.
6. Let every thing | that hath | breath: praise | — — | —the | Lord.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

Magnificat.

154. JOSEPH BARNBY. *155.* W. HINE.



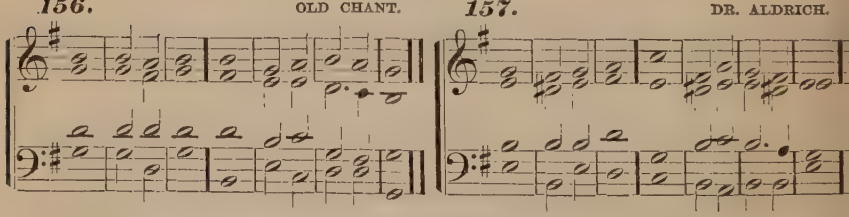
St. Luke 1.

1. My soul doth mag-ni- | fy the | Lord: and my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
2. For he | hath re- | garded: the low-li- | ness of | his hand- | maiden.
3. For be- | hold, from | henceforth: all ge-ne- | rations shall | call me | blessed.
4. For he that is mighty hath magni- | fi-ed | me: and | ho-ly | is his | name.
5. And his mercy is on | them that | fear him: through- | out all | ge-ne- | rations.
6. He hath shewed strength | with his | arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | na-tion | of their | hearts.
7. He hath put down the mighty | from their | seat: and hath ex- | alted the | humble and | meek.
8. He hath filled the hungry | with good | things: and the rich he | hath sent | empty a- | way.
9. He remembering his mercy, hath holpen his | servant | Israel: as he promised to our fore-fathers, Abraham | and his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

Nunc Dimittis.

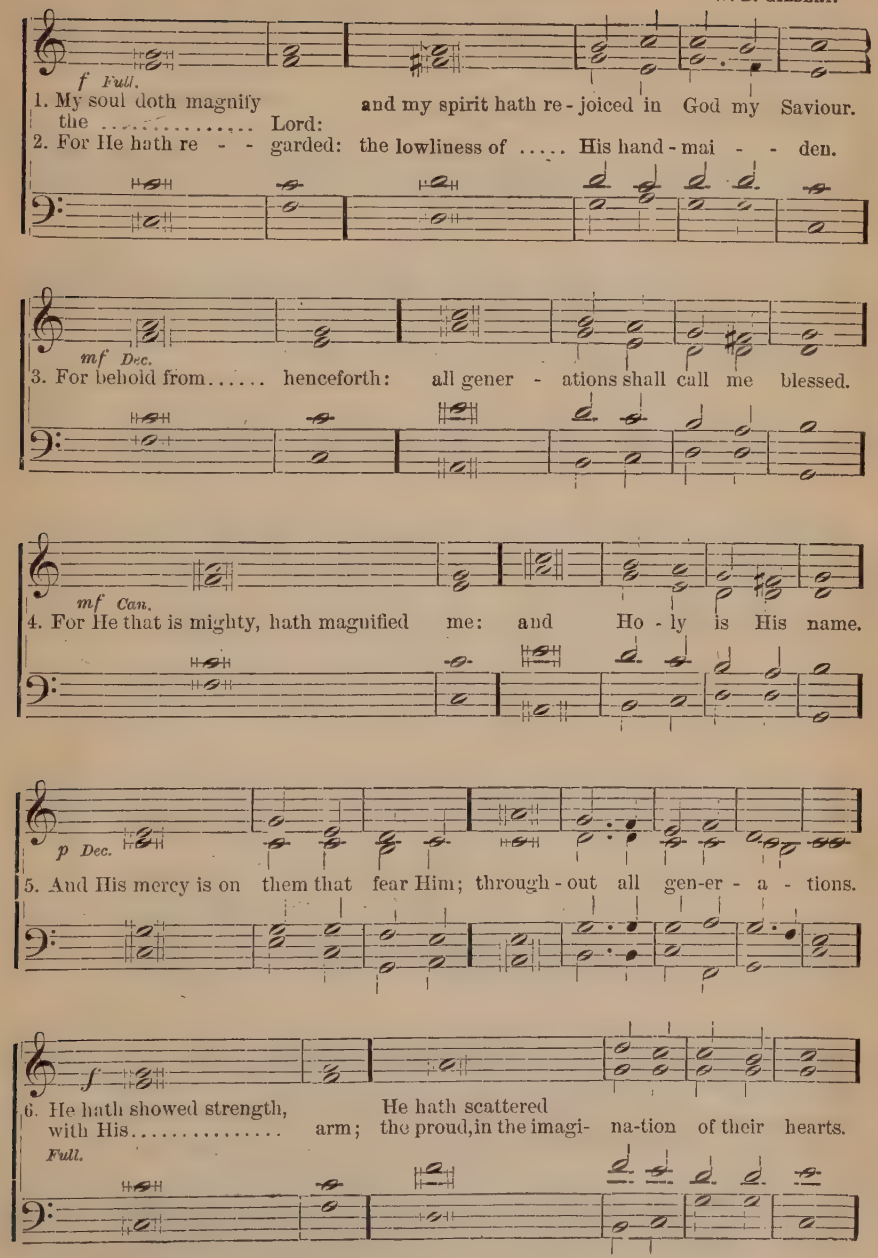
156. OLD CHANT. *157.* DR. ALDRICH.



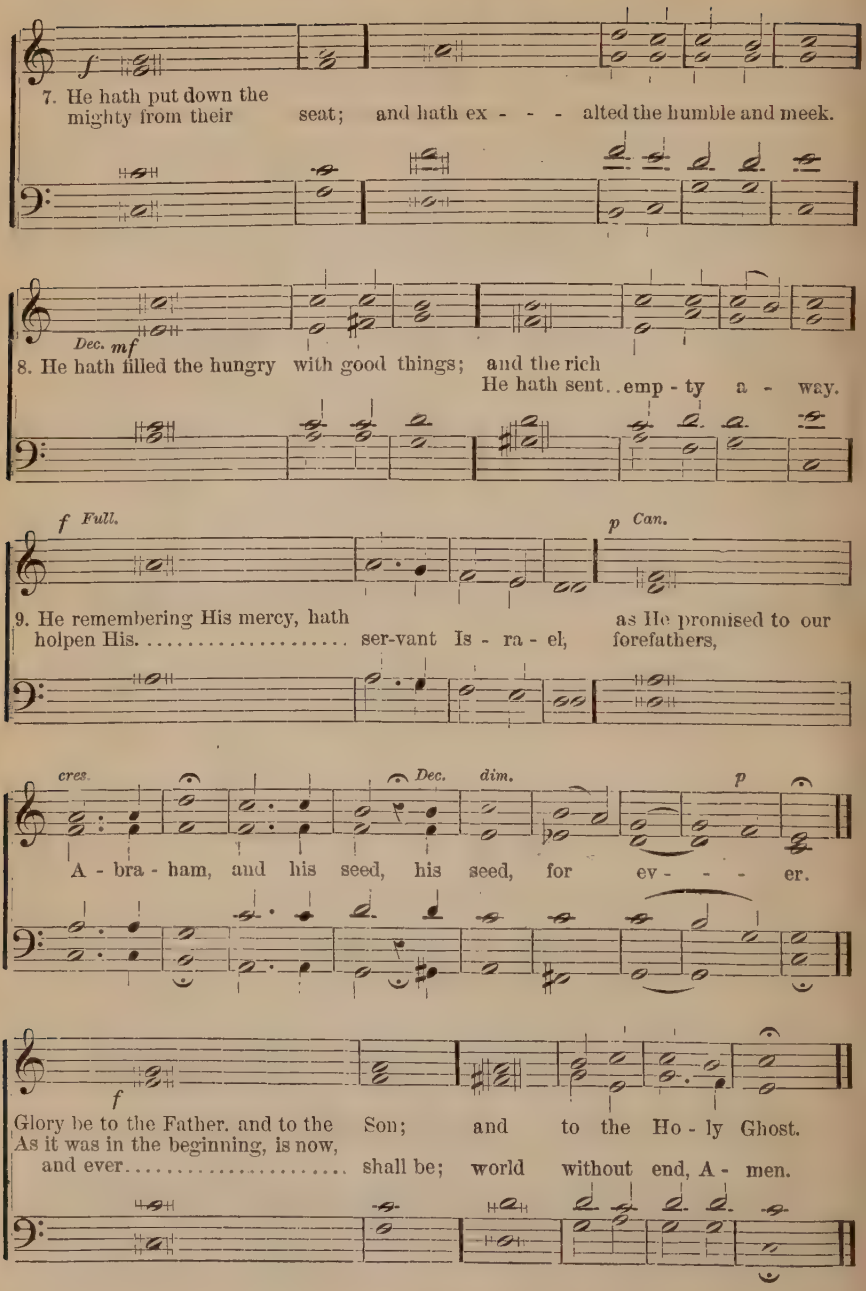
St. Luke ii. 29.

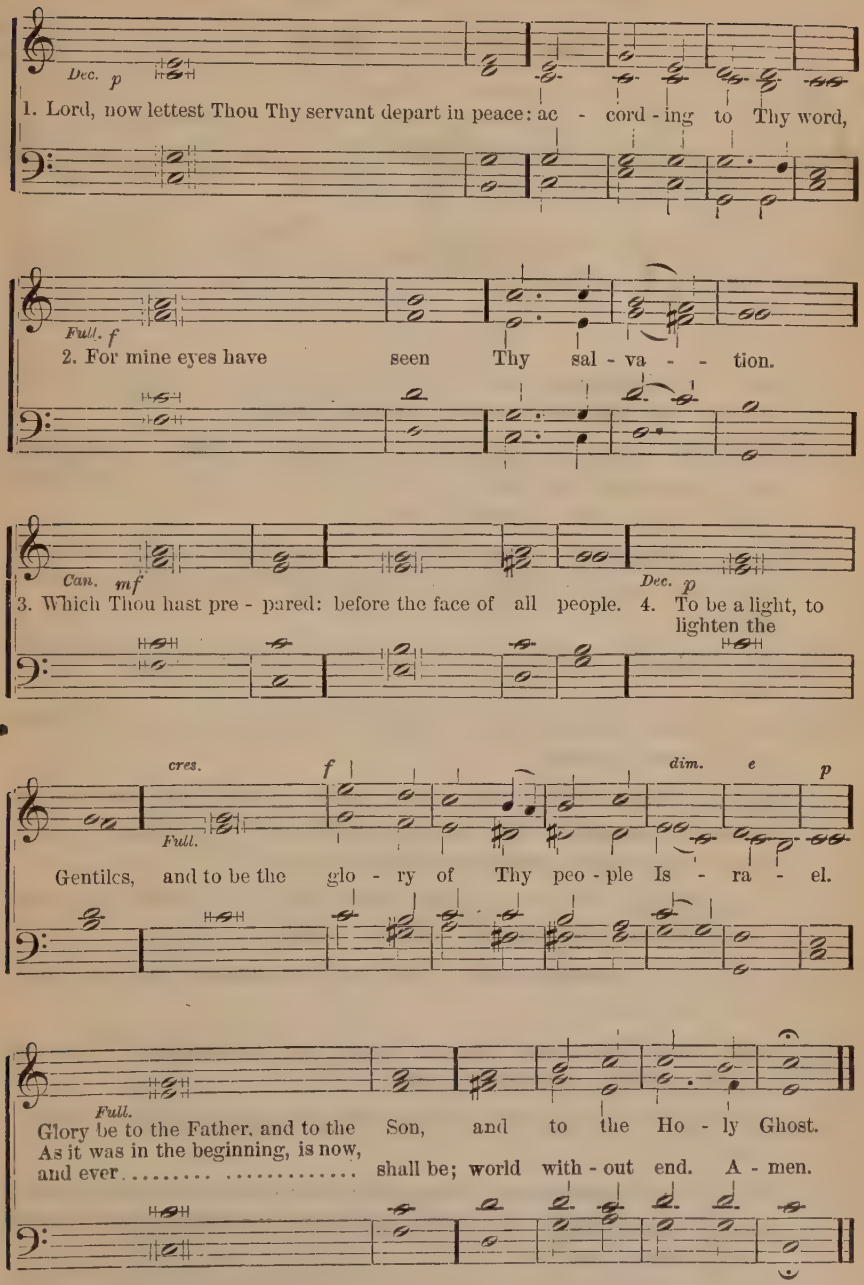
1. Lord, now lettest thou thy ser-vant de- | part in | peace: ac- | cording | to thy | word.
2. For mine | eyes have | seen: thy | —— | —sal- | vation.
3. Which thou | hast pre- | pared: before the | face— | of all | people;
4. To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles: and to be the glory | of thy peo-ple | Israel.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

W. B. Gilbert.

f Full.
1. My soul doth magnify the ..... Lord: and my spirit hath re - joiced in God my Saviour.
2. For He hath re - - garded: the lowliness of ..... His hand - mai - - den.
mf Dec.
3. For behold from..... henceforth: all gener - ations shall call me blessed.
mf Can.
4. For He that is mighty, hath magnified me: and Ho - ly is His name.
p Dec.
5. And His mercy is on them that fear Him; through - out all gen-er - a - tions.
f
6. He hath showed strength, with His..... arm; He hath scattered the proud, in the imagi- na-tion of their hearts.
Full.

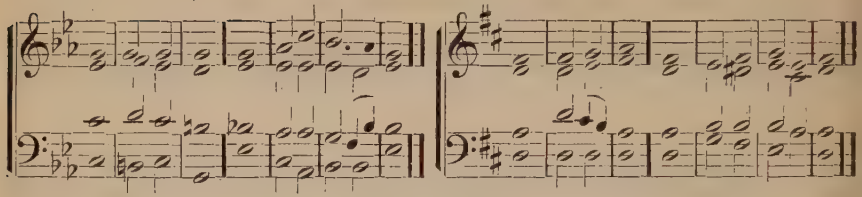
Magnificat.


f
7. He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath ex - - - alted the humble and meek.
Dec. mf
8. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent emp - ty a - way.
f Full.
p Can.
9. He remembering His mercy, hath holpen His. ser-vant Is - ra - el, as He promised to our forefathers,
cres.
Dec.
dim.
p
A - bra - ham, and his seed, his seed, for ev - - - er.
f
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be; world without end, A - men.


Dec. p
1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: ac - cord - ing to Thy word,
Full. f
2. For mine eyes have seen Thy sal - va - tion.
Can. mf
3. Which Thou hast pre - pared: before the face of all people.
Dec. p
4. To be a light, to lighten the
cres.
f
dim.
e
p
Full.
Gentiles, and to be the glo - ry of Thy peo - ple Is - ra - el.
Full.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever ..... shall be; world with - out end. A - men.

Occasional Canticles.

Burial of the Dead.

158. REV. W. FELTON. *159.* L. T. DOWNES.

Psalms xxxix and xc.

1. Lord, let me know my end, and the number | of my | days: that I may be certified how | long I | have to | live.

2. Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span— | long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee, and verily every man living is | alto- | gether | vanity.

3. For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him- | self in | vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall | gather | them.

4. And now, Lord, | what is my | hope: Truly my | hope is | even in | thee.

5. Deliver me from all | mine of- | fences: and make me not a re- | buke, un- | to the | foolish.

6. When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth | fretting a | garment: every man | therefore | is but | vanity.

7. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears con- | sider my | calling: hold not thy | peace— | at my | tears.

8. For I am a | stranger with | thee: and a sojourner as | all my | fathers | were.

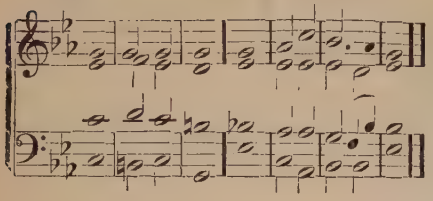
9. O spare me a little, that I may re- | cover my | strength: before I go hence, | and be | no more | seen.

10. Lord, thou hast | been our | refuge: from one gener- | ation | to an- | other.

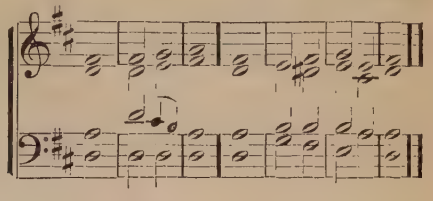
11. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the | world were | made: thou art God from everlasting, and | world with | out— | end.

Burial of the Dead.—CONCLUDED.

158. REV. W. FELTON.



159. L. T. DOWNES.



12. Thou turnest man | to de- | struction: again thou sayest, Come a- | gain ye | children of | men.

13. For a thousand years in thy sight are | but as | yesterday: seeing that is past as a | watch— | in the | night.

14. As soon as thou scatterest them they are even | as a | sleep: and fade away | suddenly | like the | grass.

15. In the morning it is green, and | groweth | up: but in the evening it is cut down, | dried | up, and | withered.

16. For we consume away in | thy dis- | pleasure: and are afraid at thy | wrathful | indig- | nation.

17. Thou hast set our mis- | deeds be- | fore thee: and our secret sins in the | light of | thy— | countenance.

18. For when thou art angry all our | days are | gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a | tale— | that is | told.

19. The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to | fourscore | years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it a- | way, and | we are | gone.

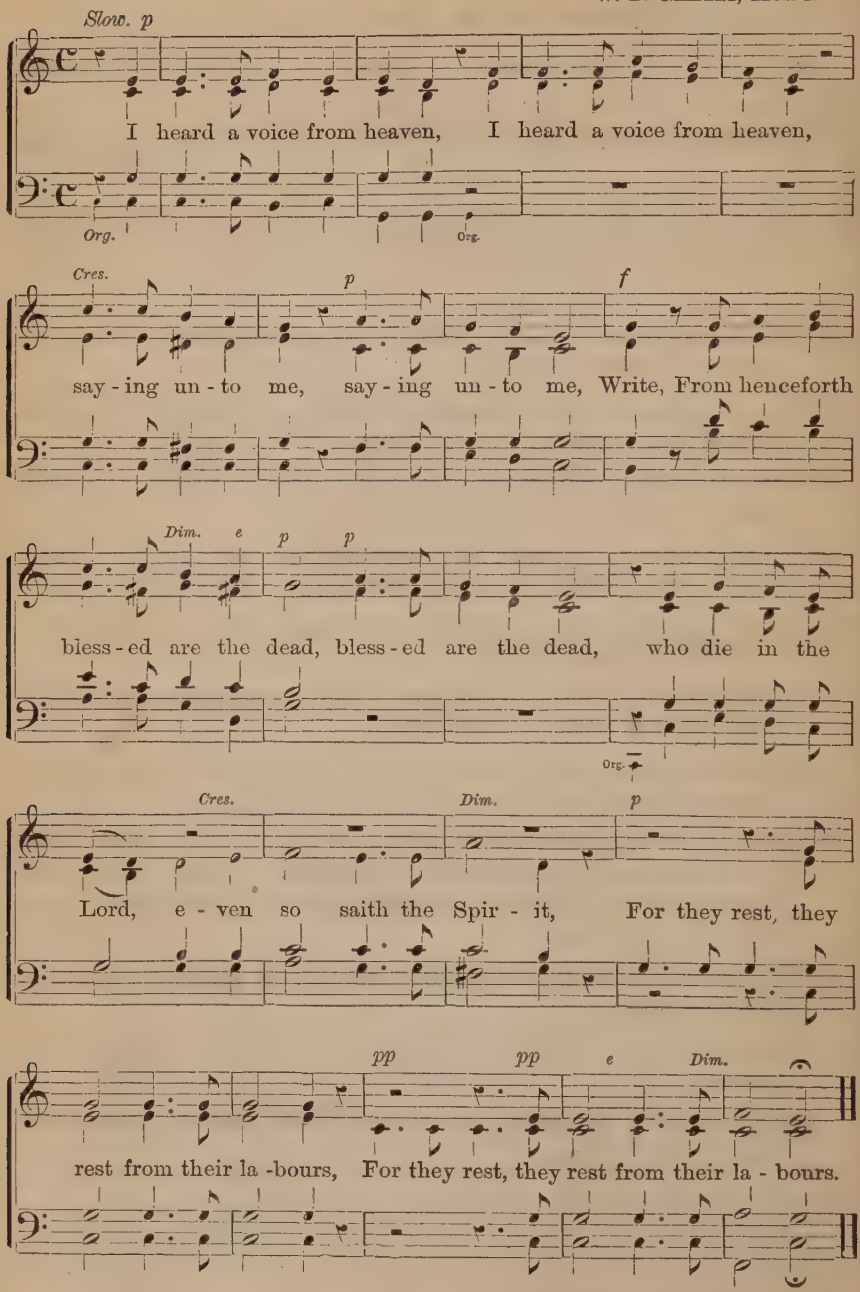
20. So teach us to | number our | days: that we may apply our | hearts— | unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: and | to the | Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: world without | end. A- | men.

I heard a Voice from Heaven.

W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.


Slow. p
I heard a voice from heaven, I heard a voice from heaven,
Org.
Org.
Cres.
p
f
say - ing un - to me, say - ing un - to me, Write, From henceforth
Dim.
e
p
p
bless - ed are the dead, bless - ed are the dead, who die in the
Org.
Cres.
Dim.
p
Lord, e - ven so saith the Spir - it, For they rest, they
pp
pp
e
Dim.
rest from their la - bours, For they rest, they rest from their la - bours.

INDEX TO CANTICLES, &c.

	Page.
Preces and Responses	1
Venite	2–7
Portions of Psalms instead of Venite for—	
Christmas	8
Ash-Wednesday	9
Good Friday	10
Easter Day	11
Ascension Day	12
Whit-Sunday	13
Thanksgiving Day	14
Consecration of Churches	15
Institution of Ministers	16
Te Deums (Chant)	18–29
Te Deum and Jubilate (Havergal in D)	30–33
Te Deum and Jubilate (Gilbert in B♭)	34–37
Te Deum and Jubilate (Heathcote)	38–41
Te Deum and Jubilate (Boyce in A)	42–49
Te Deum and Jubilate (Gilbert in D)	50–56
Jubilate	57
Benedicite	58–61
Benedictus	62
Apostles' Creed, &c	64
Litany	65–73
Kyrie Eleison	74–76
Gloria Tibi	77–79
Nicene Creed (Ancient)	80–82
Nicene Creed (Gilbert in G)	83–86
Offertory	87–90
Sursum Corda	91–93
Sanctus	92–94
Gloria in Excelsis (Old Chant)	95
Gloria in Excelsis (Zeuner)	96
Gloria in Excelsis (Gilbert in C)	97
Cantate Domino	100
Bonum est	102
Deus Misereatur	104
Benedic Anima Mea	106
Miserere mei Deus	108
De Profundis	109
Magnificat (Chant)	110
Nunc Dimittis (Chant)	110
Magnificat } (Gilbert) in C } Nunc Dimittis }	111–113
Burial of the Dead	114
I heard a Voice from Heaven	116

INDEX OF CHANTS.

Double Chants.	No.
Alcock	25
Attwood in C	144
" in D	136
Barrow	63
Beckwith	100, 102
Bennett in E	62
" in F	112, 124
Boyce	9
Cooke in A	59
" in G	91
Cornell	54
Crotch in B	41
" in C	57
" in E	97
" in G	135
Davy	132
Dupuis in D	45
" in E	51
" in C	125
" in G	143
Fitzherbert	22
Flintoff	38
Gilbert in D	84
" in E	114
" in C	146
Goss	92
Goodenough in E	23
" in A	58
Gregory	19
Handel	94
Henley	17
Hodges	93
Hopkins	81
Jackson in B	96
" in E	103
Jones	42
Langdon	18
Lemon in F	20
" in D	24
Leslie	86
Marsh	60
Matthews	121
Maybrick	26
Morley	35
Mornington	7
Norris in A	21
" in G	147
Pye	29
Randal in E	111
Robinson in E	80
Robinson in D	134
Rogers	61
Russell	32
Smart	8
Smyth	104
Soaper	133
Speare	98
Spofforth	101
Turle	48
Walmisley	122
Wesley in G	10
" in E	123
Woodward in C	95
" in G	145
Worgan	99
York Chant	113
Single Chants.	
Aldrich in A	5
" in E	157
Arnold in G	40
Ancient Chant	75
"	83
"	142
Aylward	126
Ayrton	108
Bellamy in E	118
" in F	68
Battishill in A	39
" in E	70
" in D	139
Barrow	4
Bacon	151
Barnby	154
Blow	6
Brown	129
Brownsmith	110
Cooke (B.) in E	89
Cooke (W. H.) in A	105
Corfe	76
Colborne	72
Croft	34
Crotch in B	12
" in E	46
" in D	148
Downes	159
Elvey in F	27
" in B	49
Exeter Chant	149
Farrant in G	88
" in F	119
Felton	150
"	158
Foster	79
Fussell	15
Garrett	67
Gilbert in C	44
" in A	65
" in F	106
" in G 117 in D	138
Greatheed	115
Hayes in B	69
" in D	109
" in C	140
Havergal	152
Hine	37
"	90
Hiles in B	116
" in E	120
Hopkins	139
Humphreys	2
Jones in E	71
" in D	14
MacFarren in B	31
" in D	128
Monk	78
Ouseley in B	28
" in F	53
" in E	64
" in E	130
" in G	153
Parisian in E	73
" in D	74
Pratt	141
Purcell (D)	3
Purcell (H)	33
Rimbault in G	47
" in F	107
Rogers	66
Savage	30
Scotch Chant	131
Stewart in F	11
" in D	56
Tallis in F	1
" in C	50
Tucker	16
Turle	43
Wallace	13
Woodward	52
Woodward	87

Lit
5380
G625
1886

~~783.9~~
~~G62.5~~

Goodrich, A. B., + Gilbert, W. B., eds

~~783.9~~
~~G62.5~~

Lit
5380
G625
1886